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PEARLS OF THE PACIFIC.

PEARLS OF THE PACIFIC.

BY

J. W. BODDAM-WHETHAM,

AUTHOR OF 'WESTERN WANDERINGS.'

'Sea-girt isles,
That like to rich and various gems inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep.'—MILTON.

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THE LITTLE DODO.

Y C 34

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HAWAIIANS DANCING THE HULA

Page 47.

TO THE READER.

A few gems from a casket of precious stones is all that I have to offer you. They would be worthy of your acceptance in their own form, but I am not sure whether they will be so in mine. If they fail to please, I am afraid you must attribute the fault to the setting, and not to the intrinsic value of the jewels.

J. W. B.-W.

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PEARLS OF THE PACIFIC.

CHAPTER I.

DEPARTURE FROM SAN FRANCISCO—SUNNY DAYS—POETRY AND PROSE—LAND HO!—OAHU—FIRST VIEW OF HONOLULU—LANDING—KANAKAS—ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL.

THE bell has been rung warning loiterers ashore; the usual and often pathetic incidents attending the departure of an ocean steamer are over; the gaily spoken "good-bye" has concealed a little trembling of the lips; and the great vessel has swung out from her moorings, and speeds through the smooth water of the bay of San Francisco, towards the Golden Gate. If the future could have been revealed, I wonder how many of our fellow-passengers would have returned in the pilot boat to gladden the vanishing faces ashore, instead of seeking fortune in far distant Australia! Would any have gone back, or would the hopeful trust in fate and fortune have prevailed in spite of disastrous revelations?

The voyage did not commence pleasantly, as directly we were on the broad ocean we were tossed about most unmercifully by the wildest of seas, and the first two days were very cold and dismal. Whatever the poets may say

"A wet sheet and a flowing sea"

are not physically agreeable—at least, not in one's cabin; and mentally are apt to damp the ardour both of present joy and of future anticipation.

For a couple of days the tables were graced with those inevitable precursors of sea-sickness—the ominous ladders or fiddles—and the lamps, curtains, &c., oscillated in the usual inexplicable manner. Then there came an agreeable change. The dark-grey waves of the north, with their foaming crests and clouds of spray, were left behind and were replaced by the gentle undulations of a tropical sea, the waters of which, of a pale blue tint, sparkled in the dazzling rays of the sun. Then the ice of selfish reserve thawed, and people began to make acquaintance. Those who had suffered most from the demon nausea, began to look and feel quite piratical. We ran from side to side to look at a whale, and it was generally allowed that the most ordinary sunset was most gorgeous. Then the stars came out; and although this is by no means an unexpected manifestation of nature, yet they were thought to have a brilliancy and power hitherto unnoticed. In fact, everybody was satisfied with himself and everybody else.

Perhaps at sea a change in external circumstances would sometimes be agreeable; and for exercise one

might prefer some more exhilarating amusement than sea-quoits and walking the deck; but still it is very pleasant in the warm latitudes to lie under the awning, even without other occupation than watching the white sea-birds screaming hoarsely for food round the stern, and at night to doze off with the bright stars shining in silence all around you.

It is worth much to one to rest through days like these; to feel that the cares, and perhaps the sorrows, of every-day life are, for a time at all events, losing their sting; that you are leaving behind the dust of the world's highways, with their oceans of grief and tiny islets of human happiness; and that you are drifting in delicious leisure to some long-wished-for haven, which even yet borders on the realms of dream-land.

For my part, I could hardly realise the fact that I was on my way to scenes that I had pictured to myself since childhood; and that I was at last to compare the accounts which I had read in books with facts observed by myself, thus to form an independent judgment of the wonders of the islands of the South Seas. I had not made up my mind which of the groups in those waters I should visit, as that could be settled at Honolulu; but I think my preference was for the Samoan Islands, or for the Marquesas. Hermann Melville's charming description of the latter, in his delightful "Typee," was constantly before me, and I had a very strong desire to find out the beauteous "Fayaway," that I might be able to convince myself whether there was more of romance or reality in the narrative.

The prospect of spending seven or eight months in those lands with which I had been made so familiar by books, was very captivating; and when lazily stretched out on one of those comfortable, long Chinese cane chairs, I used to fall asleep with a general jumble, in my brain, of gleaming sands, coral reefs, wonderful shells, and a wealth of tropical life, all indescribably mixed up with dusky princesses and nut-brown maids, who were invariably dancing or weaving love-spells under the soft, warm skies, and floating, fleecy clouds that were just visible from the mysterious aisles formed by the golden-tinted palms.

The awakenings from these dreams were, as a rule, of a prosaic order, as they were generally caused either by a request that I would come and make up a rubber at whist—that invariable finale to the day's amusement at sea—or by the discomfort of my position, when some ingenious friend had improved the opportunity afforded by my slumbers, by carefully cording me down to the chair in such a manner that, unless aided by the influence of "spirits," I could not hope for release under less than a quarter of an hour.

So the days slipped quietly by until, on the tenth day out from San Francisco, we saw a peak of the island of Maui; after which we ran past Molokai, and before long beheld the peaks of Oahu, on whose southern side is Honolulu. As we approached the land, we could easily see that the scenery of the island was wild and rugged, rather than tropical. The high, bare volcanic cliffs, all glowing with a pink and

purple hue in the rays of the sun, and of a warm grey tint in the shadows, stood out grandly against the sky, while narrow valleys, covered with the greenest of grasses and low shrubs, cut through the hills in all directions.

After rounding the south-eastern point of the island the scenery became much more interesting, and corresponded more entirely with the expectations we had formed. On the right of us lay Diamond Head—an ancient, hoary crater, of a reddish-brick colour, seamed with great regularity by lava streams, and barren and forbidding, but picturesque in its appearance. Before us was the cocoa-nut grove of Waikiki, the Brighton of the island, whose little thatched cottages looked very cool and pleasant under the tall palms. Green and wooded hills formed a fitting back-ground to the scene, and contrasted with the foaming waves, which fretted and chafed against the outlying coral reef.

On our left, the town of Honolulu was the most attractive feature of the scene. Lying at the foot of a steep and furrowed crater—called the Punch-bowl—and deeply embowered in foliage, it is difficult at first to make out where the town is; but a massive stone church, and a few roofs, in leafy settings, soon point out the locality. It is not until you have made your way into the harbour, through the narrow entrance of the reef, that you can form any idea of the size of the town, or of the beauty of its surroundings. Then you see a broad plain, backed by mountains, through which runs a fertile valley, dotted with white houses,

that decrease in number as they retire from the neighbourhood of spires and flagstaffs. Of the latter, I believe there are more in Honolulu than in any place in the world of the same size. The foreground is occupied by a smooth, rather shallow-looking harbour, enlivened by two men-of-war, and a larger amount of shipping than one would have expected to find in so tiny a capital.

In the meantime the pilot had boarded us, and the listless enjoyment of our sea days was now over. Kindly invitations for visits to be paid at some future day were given by those who were on their way to New Zealand or Australia, and who then little thought that their next landing-place would be on a Fijian reef. People who had hardly exchanged a word during the voyage, began to feel that they might have made pleasant friendships, while others who had chummed with everybody, rather regretted their hasty confidences; but all seemed sorry to think that the happy life on board would soon be a thing of the past. Stewards, especially those who had neglected us hitherto, now vied with one another in conferring useless favours, and hoped that we would be passengers in their ship on the return voyage; stewards on board ship, and porters on land, are all imbued with the same instinctive feelings of regard for passengers at the last moment. Amidst a general farewell we landed at the wharf, only to receive a cordial welcome from friends to their island home. As the arrival of a steamer is not an every day occurrence at

Honolulu, the wharf was crowded with spectators, anxious to see the new comers; and for a retiring individual the landing must be almost as painful as it is at Folkestone and Dover when the steamer arrives from France. Carriages, express-waggons, fruit-sellers, men and women on horseback, the latter in the brightest of colours, and adorned with floating garlands of green leaves and flowers, were all mixed together, and as all were talking at the top of their voices, and in the shrillest of tones, the scene was most picturesque and animated.

There was a good sprinkling of white faces in the crowd, but the prevailing colour was certainly brown. There were dark-eyed, laughing girls, with yellow and scarlet flowers twined in their black hair; swarthy youths, shining with cocoa-nut oil, and arrayed in cast-off naval uniforms, also with gay flowers and wreaths decking their heads and necks; native dandies in all the pride of tall hats and spectacles; and stately matrons, well up to the Hawaiian standard of beauty—fatness—and all apparently glad to see the foreigners, as the latter were to see them.

It was dark when we drove up to the hotel, but we knew that we passed under tall, shady trees, and drew up at some steps leading to cool, spacious verandahs and fresh, airy rooms; and, in fact, as we afterwards discovered, we were in a first-class hotel, when we had only expected to find moderately comfortable lodgings. Up the pillars of the verandah, and round the eaves, scrambled beautiful plants of the passion-

flower and other creepers, whilst the garden was full of many rare trees, shrubs, and flowers.

I did not manage to get much sleep that night, as, irrespective of two or three mosquitoes which sneaked in under my netting, there was a good deal to think of and to keep one awake, for we had arrived at a very exciting time. Both a funeral and an election were in prospect—not everyday affairs—for the funeral was that of a king, and the election was that of his successor, Lunalilo having lately died, and the throne of Hawaii being vacant.

CHAPTER II.

GREETINGS—WALK BEFORE BREAKFAST—ASPECT OF HONOLULU—THE NATIVES—DRESS—THE PALACE—NATIVE CHURCH—ENGLISH CHURCH—TRADITIONS—HAWAIIAN HISTORY—THE TABOO—RANK—THE CONSTITUTION—CLAIMANTS FOR THE CROWN.

THE first and most noisy salutation was given at 1.15 a.m, and the second at 5 a.m, and after constant observation I found that these were the hours invariably chosen by the poultry of Oahu to make night hideous. Oriental gallinæ have the same absurd habit; but I fancied it was an old Eastern custom, and was disagreeably surprised to find it in all its integrity in a small island in the North Pacific. Besides, although the cock, as a conscientious bird, feels compelled to warn workmen of the hour, yet, as a rule, one cock is sufficient to arouse twenty workmen, whereas in Honolulu there cannot be less than one workman to twenty cocks. If one bird chooses to make a mistake about the hour, it is no reason why all the rest should contradict him, and raise endless discussions. However, a glorious tub, and a walk

in the fresh morning air, made amends for trifling discomforts; and by breakfast time I had already made the acquaintance of many of the beauties of the town.

Honolulu is a quaint, charming little spot, like a slice of Southern Europe in a tropical setting. Here are two-storied houses, with deep verandahs and porticoes, standing in detached gardens, filled with brilliant flowers and blossoming shrubs. There are white dusky streets, shaded by all sorts of tropical trees; green lawns and cocoa-nut palms; old walls covered with magenta-hued bougainvillias, which outshone the more delicate colours of heliotropes, fuchsias, and geraniums, and the wax-like blossoms of the mami-apple-tree. A church-spire is occasionally seen peeping out of a grove of mango, tamarind, and indiarubber-trees. The scene altogether is very neat, trim, and orderly; the great drawback being that there is not enough of it.

The island is not the Paradise of liberty that it was a century ago, when the first travellers were welcomed by splendid half-nude girls, who came in all innocence to welcome the strangers with fruits, flowers, and dances. Now the missionaries have changed their morals and their costume, at all events the latter, for they dress—at least many do—in Manchester fashions a few years behind the time; they carry umbrellas, and the men wear paper collars. Most of the Hawaiian women, however, wear only a long loose garment, like a night-gown, falling to the feet, without being con-

fined at the waist, and it must be confessed that this robe is very becoming to their dusky beauty. Of course this sun-kissed race has a great fondness for colours and finery, and the effect of the graceful "holuku" is often spoilt by a once fashionable bonnet, trimmed with a profusion of flowers, feathers, and faded ribbons. Tawdry jewelry, of the pinchbeck order, is, alas, much admired; and the fresh flower necklace is often supplemented by a string of glass beads, and lockets, and brooches of false stones; of which style of jewelry America exports to these islands about seven or eight thousand dollars' worth annually.

They are not pretty, these Hawaiian women—not many of them, at all events—but they have soft, gentle, dark eyes, and beautifully shaped little brown hands and feet. They are a well-formed race, and evidently take pride in their personal appearance. The men dress usually in the European style; but a snow-white shirt often does duty for coat and waistcoat, and as this is invariably ornamented with a long green wreath, their appearance is sufficiently picturesque.

At a hundred yards or so from the hotel stands the palace—a very unpretending building, enclosed by a high coral wall. Ugly wooden gates—of which there are three—lead into the grounds, and as on the occasion on which I saw them they were each draped in black, and guarded by a very unhappy-looking native sentry in the saddest of uniforms, the general appearance was melancholy.

A short distance beyond stands the native stone

church, in a grove of feathery algeroba trees. It is a large building, and is regarded by the Hawaiians with much pride; and with good reason, for it is a monument of their perseverance and liberality, and a record of what can be accomplished by a poor nation, whose heart is in the work which they have determined to complete. The entire cost was about thirty thousand dollars, and this sum was raised by voluntary contributions. Native workmen gave their time and labour without pay; stone was cut from the surrounding reef; timber was brought by hand from the mountains; glass was imported; and after five years' incessant toil the church was dedicated. The corner-stone was laid in 1838—less than twenty-five years after the Islanders had first heard of the Bible.

The zeal exhibited in the building of this church offers a striking contrast to that shown by a more civilized people at the present day. In the precincts of the present small English church at Honolulu may be seen the commencement of what, years and years ago, was intended to be the Cathedral. The ground plan may be traced by moss-covered stones some inches in height. The greater part of the requisites for building purposes is, I believe, in bond at Honolulu, and, as far as I can ascertain, likely to remain there.

Josh Billing says very truly, "Mi private opinyun is —that virtew is better than gold, but i also hav bin told that 10 dollars in gold will go farther towards bilding a church, than all the piety ov Moses."

On returning to the hotel I found I had only just

time for a hurried breakfast, as we—Major Wodehouse, H.B.M.'s Commissioner-General, and myself—had to start at once to the "House," to witness the election of a sovereign. Before proceeding with our account of the events of that day, it may be useful to give a general idea of the history of the Hawaiian nation from the reign of Kamehameha I., and a short description of the government, in order the better to understand the present peculiar state of affairs.

Tradition, songs, conjecture and priestly invention alone tell the story of the Hawaiian people up to the commencement of the present century. Family, as well as national, history was handed down from generation to generation by word of mouth, and there are still living old women who will drone out to you ancient tales dating as far back as the deluge; for the Hawaiians have their deluge as well as we have ours. Their tradition is that the large island of Hawaii was produced by the bursting of an egg which had been laid on the water by a bird of great size, and that there was no other land. Did not the instinct of our own forefathers, too, give utterance to this oracle: "Everything springs from the egg; it is the world's cradle?"

The Hawaiians also have a legend that the sun was once held in his course by the god Maui, in order that his wife might finish her work before dark. They likewise have their "pool of Siloam," called "Wai-ola-loa"—the waters of enduring life—by bathing in which the diseased, aged, and ugly were restored to health, youth, and beauty.

Kamehameha the Great is the first king of whom we have any authentic account, and from whose time history began to collect and preserve facts of national interest.

This man brought the great island of Hawaii and the other islands under the same rule; before his time they were divided under different chiefs. From all accounts he was a lusty savage of great personal strength, and in every sense the "father of his people." On his death-bed he made the prophetic remark, "My kingdom will not end," a saying which has not been justified by more recent events. Kamehameha II. abolished the "taboo," a system of prohibition which was very oppressive to the people. Amongst other regulations men and women were not allowed to eat together, nor even food cooked in the same oven.

The "taboo" also enforced perfect silence from man and beast during certain rites. Trees and fruit when worth anything were tabooed; but it would be impossible to enumerate all the operations of that mysterious symbol which carried with it a power that no civilized code of laws has ever been able to establish. Chiefs and priests appear to have been the only ones benefited by it. It is strange that not only the principles of the "taboo," but also the word itself, should be almost identical in the different groups of islands in the Pacific.

In Hawaii it is "kapu," in Samoa "tapu," and in Fiji it is pronounced "tambu;" the only notable difference being in some of its applications and the

degree of punishment enforced by its infringement. The meaning of the word is, as is well known, "set apart," or "reserved."

But to return to the king. He abolished idolatry before the arrival of the American missionaries in 1820, curtailed the power of the priests, and although his motives may not always have been very high-principled, yet he succeeded in improving the condition of his people. As a reward his right to the throne was disputed by several of the widows of the late king, who claimed rights under the feudal laws of the land. A peculiarity of the Hawaiians is the taking of rank from the mother, in memory of an ancient saying of that people that, "while to every child it is a matter of comparative certainty who was his mother, yet his paternal derivation admits of the profoundest doubt." The king died and left his kingdom to his two sons, Liholiho and Kanikevouli (hanging in the blue sky). Kapiolani, one of the first Christian converts, was their mother. She died in 1823. Liholiho visited England, and shortly afterwards died of the measles, so his brother ascended the throne with the title of Kamehameha III.

This king was the real founder of the liberties and civil rights of his people, and in 1839 signed the Magna Charta of the Hawaiian islands. During the next year he conferred a Constitution on his people, restricting his own power and that of the chiefs. He made the people land-owners, and recognised the three great divisions of a civilized monarchy.

In 1845 he employed an able lawyer to prepare a

digest of the existing laws, with such improvements as the circumstances of the country required, and it was adopted in the following year by the nobles and representatives of the Hawaiian Legislature in Council assembled.

It was this king who once contemplated making over the islands to the United States, so perplexed and annoyed was he at the uncalled-for interference of Foreign Powers, particularly of France. He died in 1854, and was succeeded by Kamehameha IV., a grandson of the first Kamehameha. In 1856 he married Emma Rooke, the daughter of a Hawaiian chief by the granddaughter of John Young, who landed on Hawaii in 1790. He built a hospital, which he called after his Queen, and died in 1863. Kamehameha V., the last king of the dynasty, changed the Constitution approved of by Kamehameha III., and wished to give his office more importance in the administration of the Government, and to limit the popular suffrage by certain qualifications of personal income, property, and intellectual acquirements. He therefore called a Convention to alter the Constitution, and this Convention made a determined opposition to his wishes. After five weeks' discussion the Convention was dissolved, and the King declared his intentions in an address, the purport of which was that he was sorry they could not agree, but that as he was King he intended to alter the Constitution of Kamehameha III. This he did, and by so doing, it is popularly supposed, he extinguished the line of the Kamehamehas.

By that Constitution all political power was centred in the hands of the King, who could do no wrong, but left that to his Ministers. To purify the dynasty, stringent restrictions were placed upon royal marriages. The throne could only be occupied by one of the Royal blood—a descendant of the ancient chiefs—and if the reigning monarch was without an heir, he had the privilege of appointing a successor, the choice being confirmed by the House of Nobles or Upper House of the Legislature, and announced during the Session of the same, and previous to the death of the King. Failing in either of these, the election to the throne was placed in the hands of the Legislature, who were, however, compelled to make their selection from among the nobles, and it was understood that the candidate showing the "best blood" was entitled to the crown.

On the death of Kamehameha V. in 1872, without issue, Queen Emma, the widow of Kamehameha IV., tried to secure the Legislative vote; but there was so little question as to the relative merits of the two candidates that Lunalilo was unanimously elected. And now Lunalilo had just died, also without issue, and without nominating a successor; consequently the throne was vacant, and Queen Emma had again taken the field, this time with more chance in her favour, as the position of her opponent, David Kalakaua, a chief of some rank, was only on a par with her own.

It was to witness this election that we hastened down to the Court-House, where the Legislature had been summoned to meet in extraordinary session.

CHAPTER III.

A PROCESSION—THE HALL OF LEGISLATURE—IMPORTANT DISCOVERY—THE BALLOT—ATTACK ON COMMITTEE—APPEAL TO QUEEN EMMA—ATTACK ON THE COURT HOUSE—FOREIGN INTERVENTION—HONOLULU IN REPOSE—INSTALLATION OF THE KING—KALAKANA—PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT—THE REGALIA—KAHILIS.

N our way to the Legislative Hall, we met the first signs of the approaching struggle in the form of a procession of between two and three hundred of the adherents of Queen Emma marching down the street, with drums beating and colours flying. About a thousand people were assembled round the Court-House, a moderate-sized coral building, with one side facing the public street, the remaining three being enclosed by iron railings which encircled the grounds.

There was so little expectation of any opposition to the election of Kalakaua shown by the Ministry, that no measures whatever had been taken to protect the Hall; but Wodehouse was by no means so sanguine about a peaceful termination of the day's proceedings, and had given orders to the officer commanding

H.M.S. 'Tenedos' to hold his men in readiness to land at a moment's notice, a precaution fully justified by the result. Similar notification had been issued by the representative of the United States to the commanders of the U.S. war-ships 'Tuscarora' and 'Portsmouth.'

The numerous manifestoes issued by the leaders of both parties, the many meetings held, and the enthusiastic hand-bills daily published, setting forth the claims of their respective candidates, to say nothing of the openly expressed opinion of the natives in and around Honolulu that Queen Emma was the people's choice, might surely have opened the eyes of the Ministry to the fact that such a thing as a riot was not improbable. But they were either wilfully blind, owing to their being unable to deal with a disturbance, should it occur, without foreign aid, or they could not interpret signs which were evident to perfect strangers. It must be allowed, however, that the position was one of some difficulty, as the native forces could not be depended on, and it was highly undesirable to call in foreign assistance if it could possibly be avoided.

The Legislative Hall was on the second story of the building, and on entering we found three quarters of it occupied by the Assembly, the remaining quarter overflowing with anxious spectators, whites and browns. The desks of the Nobles and Representatives were arranged in a semi-circle around that portion of the hall assigned to them, the upper part being occupied by the throne, draped in black, and the dais of the

President. On the right of the dais were the seats reserved for the Ministers, Consular representatives, &c.

The roll of Nobles and Representatives was called at twelve o'clock precisely, and all responded except one member, who was absent from the country, there being thirty-four Representatives and eleven Nobles present. Among the thirty-four there was only one white member; but this was the first occasion on which there was only a single representative of the white population.

The first question raised was whether the Representatives of 1872, or those of 1874, were the proper persons to elect a sovereign. This seemed to me a most important point; but it created a great deal of merriment amongst the members, probably because the Representative who drew attention to it was the funny man of the House, and, in addition to loquacious powers of no mean order, possessed the talent peculiar to all true Hawaiians, of being able to fire off perpetual jokes, the points of which I could not understand though they were translated to me, but possibly their point was lost in passing through the ordeal of interpretation. This question was referred to the judges of the Supreme Court, when it was discovered that as the House was not yet organized, there was at present no Legislative Assembly, but merely an assemblage of persons. The credentials of the Representatives were then examined by a Select Committee, who eventually reported them to be in due and legal form.

The oaths were finally administered to each member, a ceremony which appeared to settle the question as to whether the Representatives of 1872 or those of 1874 were the persons entitled to elect a sovereign. Whether the decision was legal or not I cannot say, but it must be remembered that the term of office for the members of 1872 had not yet expired, and consequently that for the newly-qualified ones could not have commenced. Why, when the summons was issued for an extraordinary session, the new representatives hastened to the capital instead of the old, has never been satisfactorily explained, not by the adherents of Kalakaua at all events; Queen Emma's party has a theory of its own.

After the Prime Minister had read the announcement of the death of Lunalilo, the balloting for his successor commenced; Kalakaua, who had occupied his seat among the Nobles having previously left the Hall. The whole proceedings were carried on both in English and Hawaiian, and in a most orderly and Parliamentary manner; but the shouting and cheering which were heard going on outside, betokened that those who were holding forth to the mob indulged in a more fiery and inflammatory mode of address than was considered proper in the Hall of Assembly. The result of the ballot was the election of Kalakaua by a vote of thirty-nine to six for Queen Emma.

As soon as this announcement was made by the President there was some cheering from the crowd outside, but it was mingled with fierce yells and cries of

rage. As the proceedings were then over, Wodehouse and myself left the Hall, and passed through the grounds into the street. There we found several angry orators, of the lowest class, exciting the passions of their hearers against the Representatives who, they said, had deceived the people in making Kalakaua king.

Presently the Committee appointed to wait on the newly-elected king issued from the Court-house and entered a carriage. An attack was immediately made upon them by the mob. In an instant the carriage was a wreck; the occupants were dragged out, and severely beaten with weapons made from the vehicle. They managed, however, to regain the shelter of the Court-house by a back way.

A white man who was endeavouring to rescue one of the unfortunate Committee, was felled to the ground by a tremendous blow on the top of the head, and would probably have been killed, if Wodehouse, who happened to be near, had not stood over him until he was carried away.

The shouts and yells of the mob were now rather appalling, and the confusion was not diminished by several native horsemen with lassos, who rode about indiscriminately, with the evident intention of strangling somebody. It was certainly satisfactory to know that the mad creatures had no wish to injure any foreigner, but only wanted to wreak their vengeance on the native Representatives who they knew had voted against Queen Emma.

Before long the rioters pushed aside the guardians of

the gate, and the Court-house was then besieged on all sides. Loud cries were immediately raised for the appearance of the members; and when one of these was seen at an upper window, his appearance seemed at once to drive the infuriated rabble quite mad.

There was nothing to protect the building. The few native police had, at the commencement of the riot, joined the mob; the native soldiers had refused to give any assistance; the members of the Ministry and a number of the Nobles, who might still have exercised some authority, had managed to escape—looking very pale as they walked through the angry crowd. Consequently, the Court-house and its legislative occupants were left to the tender mercies of a blood-thirsty horde. In order to save them, Wodehouse now went to Queen Emma, and begged her to come down and speak to the people. This she at last consented to do; but, as she never appeared, evil counsels must have prevailed over her better nature.

At last the besiegers got tired of waiting for the Representatives to come to them, and so made preparations to go to the Representatives. A stone thrown at one of the windows was the signal for a general attack, and in less time than it takes to describe the fact, there was not a single pane of glass left. Battering rams, manufactured on the spot from the destroyed carriage, were brought to bear upon the doors both front and rear, and, as they yielded after a few rushes, the building was soon in the hands of a crowd of raging devils.

The members, with several of the judges and other

officials, were now in the upper portion of the building. For a time, after gaining admission, the mob employed itself in the destruction of the papers, books, and furniture in the offices of the Attorney-General, of the Judges, and of the Police Court. The first intimation that the attack on the Representatives had begun was the appearance of one of them at a window, from which he stepped out on to the ledge and looked about eagerly for means of escape. But there were none, as a descent from where he was standing would only have placed him in the hands of a crowd who were waiting for him underneath; and so, with the most despairing look I have ever seen, he re-entered the room, at the door of which his pursuers were already knocking. In a few minutes he was thrust out at the front door, horribly beaten and streaming with blood. Others followed, maimed and mutilated in a terrible manner, only to receive from those outside a repetition of outrages similar to those they had already suffered. One man paid all he had—about a hundred dollars—to get free from his captors, and then received a double allowance of violence from the others. It was a cruel sight to see these unfortunate men, torn and stained, thrust out into the hands of their wild assailants; death staring them in the face, and with but little hope of rescue. A few foreigners were active in endeavouring to save the poor creatures, but generally the fury of the wretches had exhausted itself before these victims of popular fury could be reached.

Eventually a squad of marines from the 'Tuscarora' and 'Portsmouth,' and shortly after from the 'Tenedos,'

marched up to the Court-house, and took possession of the grounds and building. A Gatling gun pointed at the front door had such an effect on the rioters that they disappeared from the Hall as quickly as they had entered it, and the majority, dropping their clubs and weapons, mingled with the crowd, which gradually melted away. Some arrests were made on the spot, but a large party marched off to Queen Emma's residence, and there renewed their boastful addresses, until a party of marines dispersed them.

The interior of the Court-house presented a most woful appearance. All the windows and window-sashes were broken to pieces. Valuable private and public documents were strewn over the floors, utterly destroyed. The furniture was, indeed, useless, except for firewood, and neither a chair nor a table had a leg to stand upon. Desks, benches, and even the stair-railings, had been converted into weapons of war; while law books had evidently done their duty in the attack, and now lay scattered about in pools of blood through which flowed rivers of ink. Fire could not have gutted the building more completely; and it is wonderful to think how such an amount of devastation could have been executed in so short a time.

There can be little doubt that if the armed force had not arrived in time, indiscriminate violence, robbery, and arson would have been the result. As it was, however, the rioters were subdued; foreign forces mounted guard at the Palace, barracks, prison, and Government offices; and Honolulu rested under the protection of Great Britain and the United States.

During the greater part of the first night shots were continually heard in the direction of the Palace, which gave rise to all sorts of reports; such as that the King had been assassinated, or that the marines had been fired upon. In the morning it was discovered that some goats straggling about the Palace gardens, being mistaken for marauders, and of course not answering when challenged, had been fired at without ceremony, and, fortunately for them, also without injury.

On the following morning we went to witness the Installation of the King, which took place at his private residence, as it was thought unadvisable that he should show himself in public at present. The proceedings were opened with a prayer. Then the King, in a short speech, said that he had wished to postpone the ceremony until after the funeral of Lunalilo; but, in accordance with the advice of his Ministers, and on account of the recent disturbance, he had decided to take the oaths at that time, and privately. The Chief Justice then administered, both in Hawaiian and English, the oaths by which he bound himself to support the Constitution; and three cheers for Kalakaua, heartily taken up by the crowd outside the gates, concluded the simple and unique ceremony.

Immediately after the inauguration, the Governor of Oahu, escorted by the Hawaiian cavalry, all swords and feathers, proceeded to different points in the town, and read the proclamation of His Majesty's accession. This announcement was received with general satisfaction by all the respectable and influential people of

Honolulu, and the well-to-do and industrious part of the native population seemed to rejoice in the sucession of Kalakaua to the throne.

This high chief is descended from the ancient sovereigns of Hawaii, and was born in 1836. He was educated at the royal school, and, in addition to a good scholastic education, has superadded, by his own assiduous study, whilst engaged in the fulfilment of various public duties, an extensive knowledge of international law, and other acquirements, all calculated to qualify him for his duties as Sovereign. He has been married for some years, but, as he has no children, he has appointed his brother, Prince Leleiohoku, as his successor.

The next day was appointed for the Prorogation of the Legislative Assembly. The Court-house had been patched up for the occasion, and the same may be said of many of the Representatives. Here was a member, with both arms in slings, and his head so bandaged up that you could see nothing of his face except a small part covered with a few streaks of sticking-plaster; there was another so injured that he had to be carried to his seat; and indeed there was a general air over the whole assemblage as if they were the convalescent inmates of an hospital. The soldiers did not allow such an excellent opportunity for indulging their vanity to escape without manifesting their weakness in this respect. They had refused to turn out in time of danger, but they were most happy to assist at a peaceful pageant, when, pranked in won-

drous uniforms, they were enabled, without the shadow of danger to themselves, to make a military display worthy of the "Grand Duchess." This brave army formed the guard of the King, who arrived at the Hall at noon, accompanied by his brother. The array of foreign representatives, naval officers, in those resplendent Sunday uniforms which so seldom see the light of day, and Government officials, was most imposing.

The number of the latter required to keep the State machinery in movement is indeed astonishing; and a stranger, seeing them on such an occasion as this, might be led to over-estimate the importance of this toy kingdom. There is a Minister of Foreign Affairs, a Minister of the Interior, a Minister of Finance, an Attorney-General, a Governor and a Chief Justice; there are judges, marshals, and in fact a supply of officials sufficient to fill the huge new Government buildings, which remind one of a Brobdingnagian edifice, deposited by accident in the kingdom of Lilliput. The salaries of these office-holders of course form a considerable item in the expenditure of the country, which, by the way, annually increases in proportion as the population decreases. About thirty years ago the expenses were one dollar for each man, woman, and child; now they are about nine dollars for each. Then the population was 100,000, now it is hardly 50,000. The official salaries alone amount to more than half of the entire income of the little kingdom, and are sufficient to maintain the establishment of a State with a population of several millions, instead of one with the small and decreasing population of Hawaii.

But this is extraneous to the business of the day, to which we must return.

Over the throne was spread one of the celebrated royal mantles, entirely woven out of the feathers taken from a species of birds found only on these islands. The "Oo," or royal bird, as it is called, is a plain black little fellow of the tribe of honey-suckers, having under each wing two or three bright yellow feathers. Ages ago these feathers were amassed, the birds being caught with lime and set free after the abstraction of the coveted treasures, which, when a sufficient number had been collected, were woven with wonderful skill into mantles and helmets. Centuries, however, were required in order to obtain the necessary quantity of them, and nine or ten generations of chiefs were occupied in making the cloak above-mentioned. At the present time the art of weaving these feathers is lost, and there is no one in the island capable of weaving such a mantle. It is about four and a-half feet long, and, when spread out, eleven feet at the bottom. The red feathers of another bird, called the "mo-mo," are interwoven with the yellow, giving a speckled appearance to the royal cloak. These yellow mantles and a Grecian-shaped helmet of exquisite workmanship are the richest treasures in the regalia of Hawaii.

While everyone was regarding with interest this war-mantle of the first Kamehameha, the attention of the assembly was drawn to four natives who entered the hall, dressed in short yellow capes, in appearance very like the royal robe, but which I was afterwards

informed were merely imitations, and tall black hats. These men bore the "kahilis," or emblems of royalty. The kahilis are long staffs, the tops of which are ornamented with a drum-shaped structure, about four feet in depth and two in diameter, and made entirely of feathers fixed at right angles. Some of them are composed of the most brilliant coloured feathers, while others are completely black, and look well adapted to adorn a hearse.

The four men, who apparently possessed the privilege of wearing their hats in the presence of royalty, took up their position at the corners of the daïs, and the King entered, surrounded by his staff, all glittering with gold cords, gilt bands, and decorations.

The audience rose, and the King, after ascending the throne, read his speech from a manuscript enclosed in a crimson velvet folio, first in his own tongue and then in English. His Majesty, who is the happy possessor of a clear and agreeable voice, played his part—rather a difficult one under the circumstances—in a self-possessed, graceful manner, and on his return to the palace was greeted heartily by the assembled crowd.

And so began the new life of the chosen Hawaiian ruler, Kalakaua (Day of Battle)—a suggestive name for one who has to guide a nation struggling for the preservation of national existence. But whether a fresh lease of life can be given to a dying people by a patriotic king, even when supported by able statesmen, and by Ministers ready to give up self-interest and to act on the principle conveyed in these words of Virgil: "The noblest motive is the public good," time alone can show.

CHAPTER IV.

VALLEY RAINBOWS—HAWAIIAN STEEDS—THE NUANU VALLEY—A PARENT PALM—TARO—THE PALI—NATIVE INDUSTRY—A FUNNY PEOPLE—GAMES—A COURTEOUS RACE—CHEERFUL SHOPS—CHINESE—WILD ANIMALS—A SHOOTING EXPEDITION—PEARL HARBOUR—CANDLE-NUTS—LAND SHELLS—GLOBE FISH.

THE refreshing trade wind blowing from the North down the valley had, for some days, enveloped the steep hills at its head in clouds, and the mist drifting down the narrow gorges into the sunlight, arched the entire valley with numberless rainbows, which produced a very beautiful effect. At length, however, the South wind prevailed, bringing with it depression and lassitude, but affording a good opportunity for a visit to the celebrated Pali of Oahu. So, mounted on Hawaiian steeds, whose usual gait is a fast canter or lope, we gallopped off. Everybody rides at full speed in Honolulu, as if everything depended on getting to one's destination and back again in the shortest possible time.

The Nuanu valley rises with a gradual ascent from the shore, and extends for about seven or eight miles.

For the first two miles the road leads through an unbroken series of gardens and plantations, with pretty cottages and villas standing in their midst. A large tract of kitchen-garden, of several acres, kept in the most perfect order, betokens the presence of the ubiquitous Chinee; and, sure enough, there are three or four of the long-tailed heathens, digging and watering and planting with an industry few other people are capable of. A little farther on is a comfortable-looking house, with green blinds and shady verandahs, surrounded by a real Chinese garden, with its quaintly cut trees, regular walks, pagoda and fountain adorned with hideous monsters. This, also, belongs to a Chinaman, who is one of the few examples of any of his nation spending money in the land where he made it.

The road is shaded by an abundance of trees—such as the mango, monkey-pod, pride of India, &c., and Norfolk pines, palms, papias, oleanders, bananas, roses, and thousands of flowers and shrubs fill all the gardens, and grow as luxuriantly as if they were in their native soil, instead of having been transplanted from different parts of the world. I think for profusion the crimson hibiscum and the "Crinum Asiaticum" bear off the palm; the brilliant flowers of the former, and the white starry blossoms of the latter, being much in request for decking the hair of the Hawaiian beauties.

After crossing a small bridge, we passed one of the most magnificent date palms I have ever seen. The shaft was of great thickness, as straight as an arrow, and its feathery crest was a mass of wonderfully long

graceful plumes. It is said to have been the first of its kind that was planted on the island. Now and then we came to large taro-patches, belonging to the natives, whose chief food this species of arum is. Taro grows entirely under water. A patch on which it is cultivated is surrounded by an embankment; its bottom is of puddled clay, and in little mounds of this the taro is planted. It has a large, tuberous root, about ten inches long, and five or six in diameter. The leaves, which are broad and thick, are heart-shaped, and, when cooked, taste rather like spinach. But it is the root which is the staple food, and which, when baked, is very wholesome; but it is also very insipid, tasting like a bad potato without any flavour. Poi is, however, the national dish, and not only appears at every native meal, but is often seen on the table of the foreigner. The preparation of poi consists in boiling the root of the taro, which, after being mashed fine, is worked up with the hand into a paste, by mixing it with water. Fresh poi, with milk, is not at all unpleasant; but when fermented, as the natives prefer it, it is sour and unpalatable to a stranger. It is sold in the streets in calabashes, and the little white flag that is seen decorating nearly every native house, indicates that poi is sold within.

The road is made very lively by endless flights of natives, who dash past at full gallop, all life and colour. The women ride outside, or "on both sides of the horse," as they call it, and wear the kehae, which is a long strip of cloth or calico, wound round the body, and so

twisted over the limbs as to fall off on each side like drooping wings. The gayest colours are used—orange, crimson, purple, yellow; and the Amazons float by on tkeir steeds, and are out of sight before you realize the fact that they are anything more than substantial butterflies. How splendidly, too, they all ride—men and women—straight as darts, and as much at home in the saddle as they are in the water. All shout as they pass, a kindly "Aloha," a very expressive word, which is constantly in their mouths, meaning "Good morning," "How d'ye do!" "Farewell," &c., and which, being interpreted, is literally, "My love to you."

Now the valley becomes narrower, and the scenery wilder; the steep sides, which have hitherto been pierced at equal distances with ravines filled with trees, grow steeper and more mountainous in their character; cattle and goats, feeding high up on some grassy stretch above you, appear like specks; a rapid stream, abounding in ferns and mosses, takes its way from one side of the road to the other—sometimes meandering along quietly, at others dashing and foaming among the rocks, or descending in perpendicular falls into deep, clear pools, which form delightful bathing places in the cool evenings.

A few more steep ascents, and the volcanic mountains are close around us; then, turning a sharp promontory, the road suddenly ceases, and we stand on the brink of the volcanic precipice called the Pali. What a magnificent scene! Look up! On either side immense masses of black rock, thickly wooded, and whose sum-

mits have hitherto been inaccessible, rise almost perpendicularly to a height of many hundred feet. Look down! A beautiful plain, lying twelve hundred feet below you, extends from the foot of the precipice to the sea. Covered with verdure and groups of trees, with here and there a little village possessing a few plantations, this plain lies in a semicircle of rugged cliffs, on whose barren sides creeping plants of various kinds, and guava bushes, must find a very precarious existence. On the distant shore the blue sea rushes in among cone-shaped islets, and sharp pinnacles of lava-rock, the waves bursting into foam at their feet, and sending long jets of spray high up into the air. Nothing could be more striking than the sudden discovery of this fertile expanse bordering on the wild sea, and apparently walled in from the outer world. There is, however, an entrance to this quiet valley, for at our feet the track turns down the cliff in abrupt zig-zags, and then winds lazily along the thick underbrush, where it loses its identity amidst the tiny bridle-paths that intersect the plain.

The Pali of Nuanu was always an important position in war time, and those in possession of it were generally masters of the island. It was here the last King of Oahu was killed, whilst defending his conntry against the invaders under Kamehameha; and the spot is still pointed out where he fell, after having thrown his paroa—an ornament made of a polished whale's tooth, highly valued by the natives, and worn as a necklace suspended by braided human hair—over the

precipice, so that it might not fall into the hands of his enemies. History also relates that his troops were driven headlong over the precipice, and dashed to pieces on the rocks below, but as I have several times prowled about those rocks and bushes, and carefully searched the most hidden spots in the hope of finding some relic of the conflict, in the shape of a spear, or skull, or even a bone, but without any success, I am rather sceptical about the old warriors having been foolish enough to place themselves in such a trap when pursued by a victorious army. It offered about as much hope of retreat as Sedan did after the entry of the too confiding French in 1870.

Honolulu, even in its busiest parts, does not present tokens of great commercial activity; and its vacant wharves and fine water-front are standing evidences of stagnation in business. Of course, here, as everywhere else, the absence of something or other is assigned as the reason for this mercantile inactivity. In Victoria, British Columbia, it is the want of a railroad; here, it is the absence of the whaling ships, which now seek other ports; and, consequently, the cry here is now for more whales. Amongst the natives, there is but little sign of industrial pursuits. A few men sell poi at one corner of the street, and a few women dispose of flower necklaces at another. Now and then a particularly industrious native may be seen carrying two bundles of cut grass, suspended from the extremities of a pole placed over his shoulder. This has rather an odd effect, as each load is usually about six or seven feet long and

two in breadth; thus, at a distance, the man appears as if he were a bundle of grass taking a walk. All Hawaiians are intensely fond of jokes and whimsicalities, and they sometimes heighten the "walking-grass" illusion by putting a hat on the top. If you buy one of these bundles for your horse, you will probably discover another proof of this fun-loving propensity of the natives. On opening the bulky mass, a large ball of clay will probably be found nestling in the centre, occupying the space of about half the proper quantity of grass. Their love for cock-fighting equals that of a Mexican, and they are not in the least particular whose poultry they take as long as they have their sport. Even in times of scarcity and drought, such is their fondness for tricks, that they will divert the water from their neighbour's taro patch to their own, and enjoy the joke.

Amusement is their favourite occupation; and so, riding, playing, dancing, and talking are the only pursuits practised with any assiduity. It has been said that the formation of habits of industry is the only way to civilize a people. In that case the Hawaiians have progressed like a crab. Their old manufactures are nearly obsolete; aud even their native athletic games—such as jumping, throwing the javelin, foot races, &c.—have been superseded by the lazy foreign amusements of kite-flying, marbles, and knuckle-bones. It is no uncommon sight to see old men and majestic matrons, bare-footed and with dresses tucked up, gravely hopping about on one leg in the middle of the road, playing

hop-scotch with all the zeal and energy of a parcel of schoolboys.

Although the natives are extremely civil and obliging, yet the difficulty to obtain servants is almost as great as it is in America. They are prone to take offence where none is intended, and a gentle admonition is considered as a hint to leave. Neither do they stand on "the order of their going, but go at once," and very frequently at the most inopportune moment. They cannot exist without frequent holidays; and if not indulged in them to their hearts' content by ordinary means, then their relations begin to die and they have to bury them The number of deaths that occur in a small family is often appalling, and a family of four has been known to undergo interment twelve times.

The Hawaiians are very courteous, and it is a fact that no white woman has ever been known to receive an insult from them. It was a white woman who first went amongst them as a missionary; a being superior in virtue and knowledge to themselves, and she has maintained her ascendancy ever since.

The shops in Honolulu are not brilliant, and in one of the principal streets, occupied almost entirely by Chinese, the only trade carried on with any briskness is coffin-making. It looks rather as if those adaptable people were trying to bury off the natives as quickly as possible; and really, considering their usual success in whatever they attempt, I do not think it at all improbable that they will succeed.

What wonderful colonisers these Chinese are! They

are able to thrive in the most extreme climates; always maintain their strongly-marked national individuality; are equally well adapted for trade or agriculture; are as familiar with the greatest wholesale speculations as they are with the smallest branches of retail trade; first-rate market-gardeners, and competent to sell their produce at a less price, but at a greater gain, than any other people; they can put their hands to anything and are just as ready to work indoors as out, to build a railroad or work in a mine; and they extract almost as much satisfaction from a large monetary transaction as they do from cheating over a game at cards.

Where will Chinese emigration cease? The East Indies teems with them, the islands in the Pacific are beginning to feel their influence, and Western America is crying out against them. Fortunately they are not likely to cross the Atlantic, as America has unlimited capacity for receiving them, and the Southern States especially would reap undoubted benefit from their presence; so, may they remain there!

It is strange that on these islands domestic animals and birds soon become wild. There are wild goats, wild cattle, wild pigs, wild chickens and turkeys, and even wild dogs. These have all been introduced by the whites. The cat, which is a recent importation, is called by the natives "Popoki," their nearest attempt at "poor pussy." There are but few native representatives of the winged tribe except in Hawaii, and even the first arrival of the social mosquito is attributed to foreign aid.

It was in order to bag some wild poultry and to collect ferns, &c., that I one day set off on an expedition with Signor d'Alberti—an Italian naturalist who had just returned from New Guinea with a splendid collection of birds of Paradise, &c.—to the hills some thirty miles west of Honolulu. On our way we visited a group of old craters, in one of which is a famous salt lake. This natural curiosity is nearly oval, about a mile in circumference, and elevated only a few feet above the level of the sea. It was crusted over with salt sufficiently to bear a good weight, but we were told that very often little is produced. Some suppose it to be a mineral salt, but the natives say that it is formed by evaporation. The lake is very shallow, the depth being about sixteen inches; but near the centre there is a deep hole, supposed to be unfathomable, and this is said to be in connection with the ocean, which is about a mile distant, and in consequence slightly affected by the tides.

Near Pearl River we passed some splendid fish-ponds, which annually give a very fair income to their owner. It was the proposed Treaty for the cession to America of the harbour at the mouth of this river that caused such excitement in Hawaiian politics a few years ago. The project, got up by a few interested Americans in Honolulu, was made to assume the appearance of a national enterprise, which eventually fell through, owing to the opposition of patriotic Hawaiians, headed by the present king. But I should not be surprised if the subject were again mooted before long, and the im-

pecuniosity of the country may bring about a different result. There is no doubt that the United States, in spite of seeming indifference, would be glad to obtain a port in the Hawaiian islands, or, better still, annex the group.

After turning inland, we crossed a fine grazing country, dotted with groups of shady ku-kui trees. The nuts of these trees are valuable to the natives, who use them for candles. First of all they are slightly baked; then the shell, which is very hard, is taken off, and a hole made in the kernel; a rush is passed through, and a string of ten or twelve of them makes a very fair substitute for a candle. When used, the top one is lighted, and as soon as the oil it contains is consumed, it kindles the one below, and so on. Each nut, about the size of a walnut, will burn two or three minutes, giving a tolerable light. The tree itself is as large as our horse-chestnut, the leaves and wood being of a silvery grey.

Towards evening we discovered a small, dilapidated old ranch at the foot of the hills which rise from the far end of the plain. The owner and his family were absent, but an old Chinaman, who had been left to take care of the house, begged we would make ourselves quite at home, and at once set to work making pancakes for our dinner. On retiring to rest, we found to our dismay that none of the beds possessed mosquito-nets, and therefore our hopes of repose for the few nights we intended to pass there were not promising, and subsequent experience justified our anticipations. I

never hear those musical insects at night without thinking of "The Children's Hour," by Longfellow :—

> "A sudden rush from the doorway,
> A sudden raid from the wall!
> By a small hole left unguarded
> They enter my castle-wall!"

Every mosquito, too, seems to have a different note. First a tenor floats past your ear, then a shrill soprano sings a duet with him, and this is speedily changed into a trio by a low baritone, and as soon as a powerful bass has uttered a few notes a full chorus breaks out in a most distressing manner. After having meditated the whole night on the subject, I could arrive at no conclusion implying a useful or ornamental purpose in the creation of this most obnoxious insect. Even my New Guinea friend, although he slept through it, was not impervious to their attentions, as I had the satisfaction in the morning of seeing several of the vampires hanging on to the posts of his bed, sleeping like aldermen. When mosquitoes are about, "next to being virtuous, I should like to be tough."

A rush at a clear stream, which flowed at about a hundred yards from the house, made up for a sleepless night, and by sunrise we were up in the hills in search of prey. We had not long to wait, for presently from the depths of some densely-wooded ravine we heard the familiar "gobble, gobble, gobble," which was immediately answered by the equally well-known "chickary-kee, chickary-kee," from the bushes, and by a shrill "cock-a-doodle-doo" from a neighbouring height.

Before long the woods were alive with the familiar farm-yard sounds of asthmatic old roosters, clarion-voiced hens, and greedy turkeys, with now and then a hoarse "quack" from a veritable wild duck as it flew over to some near brook, all joined in a most irresistible manner, and we roared with laughter over our wild shooting expedition. However, we were not going home empty-handed, as we had to live on our game; so we determined to bag what we could, and I shall never forget the dance those wretched birds led us.

The hills were very steep, and intersected at every hundred yards or so by deep ravines, each of which a bird on the wing might have crossed in fifteen seconds, but which necessitated on our part a laborious climb of about an hour. No sooner did we arrive at the top of one of these spurs than we heard the "cluck, cluck," and the "gobble, gobble," from the top of the next, and as these birds united the activity of a mountain life to the cunning derived from a civilized existence, our pursuit of them waxed very warm only in the sense of the heat occasioned by an intensely hot day.

At last, after several hours' exertion, our labours were put a stop to by the discovery of a fine orange-tree covered with the most tempting fruit, and under its shade we remained for the rest of the day. On looking over our bag, we counted four speckled hens, three white ones, two gay-coloured young roosters, and three meagre turkeys. I never felt more like a fox than I did on returning home that night. During the remainder of our sojourn we contented ourselves with

ferns and wild ducks. I must not forget, though, some curious land-shells which we found high up on the hills, and in places where I should never have thought of looking for them but for my scientific companion; but there they were, under stones, decayed wood, ferns, and moss. Some of them were prettily marked with yellow bands; but they were all small, and we discovered no rare specimens. Previously, my acquaintance with land shells had been limited to the garden-snail, with which most people are familiar; but I then learned, thanks to my friend, that every-day walks, both at home and abroad, may be rendered much more interesting by a slight knowledge of the subject, especially when one remembers that the humble and despised snails are among the most important evidences of the geological changes and conditions of the land, climate, &c., in the past history of the globe. But good shells are like good fairies, and "they that would find them must search for them."

The Sandwich Islands are rich in ferns, and a collector may add to his store some species that are found nowhere else. Strange fish, too, are abundant; amongst them the globe-fish, which has the strange faculty of inflating itself with air and assuming the shape of a hedgehog, is very common. The silver-tipped pearl oyster grows to a very large size on certain parts of the coast, some even being large enough to form very handsome dishes or trays. The fishermen are always glad to bring you anything curious they may find, from a young shark to a delicate sea-moss. Of the latter

there are a great variety, and their colours are brighter and their tints more delicate in the warm waters of the tropics than those of their sombre kindred in the stormy seas of the North. When carefully floated, pressed, and arranged, they are very beautiful; and it is wonderful how such feathery, ferny branches can exist in the angry sea.

"Not in the valley, nor mountain, nor hill,
Does Nature assign me this life to fulfil;
But my delicate, fragile, and sensitive forms,
Were reared by the tempest and rocked by the storms."

CHAPTER V.

HULA-HULA—CRATERS—A NEW DRILL—TURNING TURTLES—WAIKIKI—SKULL HUNTING—VALLEYS—PUNAHOU COLLEGE—MISSIONARIES—PUNCH-BOWL—FUNERAL RITES—SORCERESSES—PROPHECIES—FUNERAL OF LUNALILO.

"IS it to be a real 'hula-hula,' or merely a dance got up to extract a few dollars from deluded strangers?"

"No, a genuine native hula-hula; so will you come?"

"Most certainly."

So off we went. It was a delicious night. The clear moon shone brightly over the algeroba and tamarind-trees, which swept their feathery branches down amongst the broad leaves of the bananas, and gleamed again on the dark green foliage of the crimson-flowered hibiscus. There was just enough breeze from the sea to stir the lightly-scented air, and to bend the great bell-blossoms of the trumpet plants which bordered our path, and which led to a native house, grass-thatched, and with walls of slender cane-work. Arrived there, we entered a large room, on the floor of which a number of spectators

(native) lay stretched on soft mats. Room was made for us, and we had hardly taken our seats before a curtain, which was stretched at the far end of the room, was drawn, and the entertainment commenced.

First the musicians entered, and sat down on one side of the stage, which was simply a large thick mat, on three sides of which reclined the spectators. The music consisted of six drums, three large and three small; the large ones were enormous calabashes, the heads of which were covered with tightly-drawn skin; the small ones were cocoa-nut shells covered in the same manner. The leader—a sprightly dame of seventy summers—was a very important personage, as it was her business to direct the performance by the expression of her face and the action of her hands.

Suddenly a strange chant was raised, accompanied by a beating of the drums in perfect time. This gradually died away, and two more musicians appeared, holding long sticks, from which they elicited clear notes by striking them with shorter ones; these took their places behind the rest of the orchestra, and—

> "After them, all dancing in a row,
> The comely virgins came with garlands dight,
> All fresh as flowers."

Ten girls, fantastically dressed, with scarves bound round their waists, and crowned with garlands of flowers, and with wreaths of gardenias round their wrists and ancles, made their way with slow and graceful movements to the edge of the stage, on which they sank just as the music ceased. Some of these girls

were almost beautiful; all had softly-moulded limbs and figures of extreme grace. At a tap of the drum they raised themselves to their knees, and commenced a wild song, to which they at first beat time with a clapping of the hands. Gradually this changed into the most expressive pantomime, the sticks and drums took up the measure—arms, hands, and even fingers spoke a torrent of words with a precision that the best drilled ballet troupe could never attain. The body swayed backwards and forwards, the slightest motion to the right or left by one being repeated by all; sometimes snake-like and repulsive, anon, seductive and pleasing, until finally a wild tossing of the arms, followed by a low wail, proclaimed the end of the story, to the evident discomfiture of the maiden and the triumph of the lover.

During the interval required for rest, a very intricate performance was gone through by four men and four women, who sat opposite and close to one another. Each held a bamboo, about two feet long, and split at the end into strips. When struck together they made a most peculiar sound, which formed the accompaniment to the song. The object appeared to be for each one to put the other out of time, in which none of them ever succeeded, as in whatever way one thrust the stick, the others were sure to be doing exactly the same. Sometimes a quick point by the men was gracefully parried by the women, who retaliated by a smart tap on the head or shoulder, which the men never attempted to guard. A distinct rhythm was kept up all the time by

the bamboos, and as their sound began to get somewhat monotonous, loud cries were raised for the "hula."

The dancers then formed a circle; each held a small calabash, ornamented with feathers, and with seeds inside, so that it could be used as a tambourine or rattle. Slowly the ring begins to circle round, hands and feet keeping time in a majestic, formal fashion; soon they quicken their steps, and the sharp rattle keeps up a running fire, with now and then a deep boom from the big drums; the circle widens, and, just as with wild grace the dancers reach the inner row of spectators, the music ceases, and they throw themselves on the ground, leaving two of their number standing in the centre.

After a pause the music and singing begin again, and as they become more passionate so does the dancing of the pair become more intoxicating and abandoned. Others join them; each pair working out the old story of coquetry, jealousy, and the final surrender of the maiden, according to their own tastes and ideas. Soft, swaying movements and a gentle turning away, timid glances and startled gestures, gradually give place to more rapturous passions; the excitement of the dance inspires them to fresh and more rapid evolutions, until exhausted nature can stand no more, and they drop fainting on their cushions.

To the Hawaiian the "hula" is essential, and, although forbidden, is considered a necessary part of education. For my part, I should say that it is enough to have seen it once. There is a certain glamour of novelty

about it—for, although it has a family resemblance to the Arab dances and the Eastern "nautch," yet it differs in many respects from that well-worn type. One may be excused for lingering in such scenes, they are such rare events in life. The crowd of fascinated dark faces, the weird music, the frantic dancers, the peculiar subtle fragrance shed around by the white blossoms of their jessamine, orange, tuberose and gardenia wreaths, the dimly lighted room, at one moment silent as the grave, at the next ringing with delighted applause, all produced an effect which mere description fails to realise.

To say "Let us take a gallop to the crater," might mean in any direction, as craters are the most remarkable features of the islands. They are to be seen everywhere; in some places crowning the summits of lofty inland hills, in others projecting far into the sea, forming excellent landmarks for sailors. They are of all shapes and sizes, and apparently of every age. On the parched sides of some grows sufficient vegetation for the browsing cattle; others look ready to burst out in fierce flames at a moment's notice; while some look so mouldering, grim, and dead that no shrub or blade of grass can be seen, though centuries must have elapsed since the burning lava ran down their slopes. But it is to the most remarkable one on Oahu that we are going, viz., Diamond Head. Our road lay past the barracks, where the native soldiers were at drill. We stopped for a moment to watch the military exercises, which were of a varied but utterly unintelligible character. At the conclusion of each manœuvre, the

sergeant would walk up to the line, face it about, and with the palm of his hand strike one of the soldiers on that part of the body which a schoolmaster generally considers as the channel by which knowledge is conveyed to a boy's brain. As this proceeding was never omitted we came to the conclusion that it was part of the system, equivalent to the "let it tell" of a white drill-instructor, when he orders a recruit to strike the butt of his rifle smartly.

After we had ridden some distance out of the town we came to a lagoon, and whilst we were looking at some water-fowl we espied two turtles—a large and a small one. Such a prize was not to be ovelooked, so we dismounted, tied our horses up, and waded into the water, which was only about three feet deep, but very muddy. We had to make a long circuit, so as to prevent the creatures from escaping in the high reeds on the far side, but we eventually brought them to shore, driving them like pigs in front of us. A native undertook to carry them in his cart to the hotel, and for some days after we lived on turtle. Shortly afterwards we heard that two pet turtles belonging to the King, which had been put to fatten for the royal table in a lagoon outside the town, had been missed, and we couldn't help wondering whether they were those we had eaten. At all events we caught no more turtles in Honolulu.

Another mile, and we were in the cocoa-nut grove of Waikiki. On our left was the Summer residence of the King, only differing from the other brown cottages by having a flag-staff in the centre of the lawn, which was

also ornamented with a large silvered globe. We looked in vain for those signs of interest which could induce people to leave their comfortable homes in Honolulu and spend weeks here. The sun seemed hotter, the shade less, and the mosquitoes more tormenting. Certainly there were the cocoa-nut palms, but even these were disappointing on a close inspection, they were so thin, so bent, so like "a feather duster struck by lightning," as somebody has described the poetical palm. To see a palm in its true beauty, the South Pacific must be visited, not the North.

The grass huts of the natives and the frame cottages of the whites stand under these trees. The reed-woven verandahs look cool, and are so near the sea that you step from one into the other, and doing this must be the sole charm of Waikikian life. I once went with the intention of passing, what I was assured would be, a most delightful week in one of these rustic retreats, but was very glad to return to town on the second day. But Diamond Head is before us, its side towards the sea rising a thousand feet—rough, and worn into huge furrows where the lava torrents once poured down. On a subsequent occasion we climbed up this crater and descended into the interior, which is a pasture encircling a small lake, on which we shot several wild ducks. Now, however, we crossed a plain covered with great flocks of plover, and, rounding the point, followed the track close to the sea shore, which led to the other side of the rugged Head.

Presently we came to a vast expanse of sand a little

distance off the shore, and this proved to be the chief aim of my companion d'Alberti's ride. It was a famous battle-field, and the spot of all others where he could best expect to gratify his wish for an old Hawaiian skull. We searched long and anxiously: bleached human bones of every variety lay about, but no skulls. A native who joined with great zest in the search, and who evidently knew what we wanted, at length made us understand that he was the fortunate possessor of a few of these treasures, and if we went with him he would part with one. As he pointed in an indefinite direction we did not accept his offer then, although eventually, I believe, d'Alberti found him out, and soon owned a skull.

We returned home by the upper road, which skirts the base of the volcanic range of mountains that runs through the island. Fertile valleys run far up between the spurs which these mountains throw out towards the sea, and form the chief charm of the scenery round Honolulu. The lower parts are bright with taro patches and the little white cottages of their owners, and behind them the slopes are coloured by forests of dark green koa and silvery kukui trees; whilst here and there masses of black lava stand out grandly against the ferns and grasses which surround them. Grey, misty peaks rise high above the amphitheatre of hills formed by the undulatory spurs, and from their heights a few streams rush down to irrigate the valleys at their feet.

One of these valleys—the Manoa—is most attractive, both to the sportsman and the botanist, as the stream which runs through it is, at its mouth, a favourite resort

for wild ducks, (from which it takes its name), and is also a splendid hunting ground for ferns. But we must postpone a visit to it for some other day.

Punahou College stands a little off our road, in a garden of roses and tropical plants. It is a plain stone building with wings, and contains a museum, in embryo at present, but which will doubtless be of great aid to science in the future. This school is one of the many evidences of the untiring missionary labours so conspicuous in these islands.

The missionaries have always been friendly to Hawaiian nationality; it has always been their aim, and that of the directors of the Missionary Society at home, to preserve its independence. Unfortunately, many good and zealous men, carried away by an undiscriminating zeal, have not been content with the withdrawal from idolatry of this branch of the Polynesian race, and the gradual substitution of Christian principles, but they have forced the habits and customs of civilized Europe into the social and domestic arrangements of the islanders. How terrible the effect of this has been is evident in the depopulation of the kingdom, the inhabitants of which in forty years have diminished one half. But this subject will be lightly touched upon in another chapter.

As our road home skirts the Punchbowl, we may as well ascend it, and enjoy the beautiful panorama from its summit. The view before us reverses the one we first had from the vessel when approaching Honolulu. Before us is the sea, specked with a few canoes, whose

lazy occupants seem to think it hardly worth while to dip their paddles into the clear water. Nearer shore, a few natives are wading about in search of an evening meal, and at our feet the town lies peacefully embowered in trees. To the left the view is bounded by rough Diamond Head, and away to the west the sun is setting over the hills. In the dim distance the great green cliffs at the head of the Nunanu Valley catch the glow of the crimson clouds, which strikes with a pale rose colour the misty glory spread over them; then one broad low bar of purple light is left for a moment, and the western glow fades slowly away.

One evening we went to the Palace to witness the native ceremonies previous to the funeral of the late King Lunalilo, which was appointed for the following day. There was considerable difficulty in obtaining permission to enter the grounds, owing to an idea, amongst the officials, that the natives did not like foreigners to witness these rites. When we did get in we found that our presence was regarded with perfect indifference; nobody seeming to care whether we were there or not.

The grounds were thronged with hundreds of natives, some of whom sat in groups on the wet grass under the trees, whilst others formed attentive congregrations around orators who were holding forth on the merits of the deceased king; but the majority formed a great semicircle in front of the palace, through the open windows of which could be seen the royal coffin, over which swayed the black kahilis. It was four weeks since the death of the king, and during the whole

of that time the kahilis had never ceased to wave; relays of mourners always being at hand to relieve one another, and take up the mournful dirge.

The front rank was occupied by the wailers and singing-women; the former rocking to and fro, and uttering peculiar cries, the latter chanting at intervals their funeral hymns. Some of the tunes were merely imported popular melodies, sung very slowly, and, I suppose, with suitable words; others were native, but all sounded very melodious. The music of the one most often repeated was composed by a sister of the present king, and had such a pleasing effect, when sung in parts, that I afterwards copied it out as a fair specimen of Hawaiian melody, ancient and modern combined.

It was evident that old superstitions and heathenisms were not yet extinct amongst the natives, for now and then some old sorcerers, with frantic gestures and beating of the breast, would recite long incantations, which were eagerly listened to and received with a low wailing cry, signifying the most intense sympathy.

When tired of the ever-increasing Babel of sounds round the dead king, we visited the live one, who received his guests in his private house, which adjoined the palace, and stood in the same grounds. There we enjoyed, in combination, the comforts of modern civilization—as capital champagne was plentifully supplied—with the pleasure which we derived from a view of old pagan ceremonies.

All night long the pandemonium was well sustained; but in spite of the beating of the tom-toms, the incan-

tations, the moanings, and a few attempts at a "hula-hula," which were invariably suppressed by the native police, the affair was tame in comparison with the saturnalia of former times. Then the most degrading rites were performed; all sorts of crimes were perpetrated; everyone knocked out his own teeth or somebody else's; denuded women danced lascivious dances before deluded priests; they cut off their hair in patches, or off one side of the head; they sacrificed dogs. At the funeral of Kamehameha I. there were three hundred dogs offered up; and, in fact, the death of a chief was regarded as an opportunity for general barbarity and license.

Wizards and sorcerers are still greatly dreaded by the islanders, who attribute illness and accidents to witchcraft. The fear of being under some charm or other has been known to kill more than one superstitious islander; and a case has been heard of in which a whole family, except one, pined away and died, in order to gratify the malice of an injured neighbour—the one who lived being spared in consequence of the intervening death of the dreaded foe.

Prophets were consulted previous to the late election, and the "old cannibal women," as they are called, prophesied that the chosen one would be Queen Emma. One of these old witches had a long string of kukui-nuts, one of which she burnt every now and then, as the spirit moved her. She declared she could trace a resemblance to Kalakaua in them, and announced that he should fade away as gradually as her candle. She might have taken her cue from the waxen images of

which we read in English history. They also predicted a great storm and bad weather on the day of the funeral of Lunalilo. As a natural consequence, the day proved remarkably fine, even for Honolulu.

Funeral services were held in the Palace, previous to the setting out of the procession to the mausoleum in the Nuanu Valley. At noon, minute guns from the battery on Punchbowl Hill and from the men-of-war in the harbour announced that the procession had begun to move. The scene was very striking as the immense array of mourners moved slowly through the host of wailing natives, whose sad tones were distinctly heard above the deep notes of the "Dead March." A hundred kahilis waved around the hearse—high chiefs in Hawaii send their kahilis to attend a funeral, as we in England send our carriages—and rendered the trappings of woe more impressive by their strange beauty.

On reaching the mausoleum, the coffin—which was made of beautiful island woods, highly polished, and altogether an exquisite piece of workmanship—was carried into the building, and Lunalilo rested among his ancestors, the former kings and chiefs of Hawaii. The sight of the splendid coffins which contain the remains—or rather are supposed to contain the remains, as the bones of many have been hidden away—of island sovereigns—men illustrious in their way, and who had helped to achieve a great moral revolution—brings forcibly to one's mind the saying of an aged Hawaiian chief, "Alas! all our great men and women are gone! Foreigner, you have come too late!"

CHAPTER VI.

BRINGING PRESENTS—THE HAWAIIAN ARCHIPELAGO—STEAM—A SIMPLE GOVERNOR—LEPERS—CLOSE QUARTERS—TRAVELLING NATIVES—RECIPROCITY—LAHAINA—MAUI—THE WAILUKU VALLEY—THE HOUSE OF THE SUN—A MOUNTAIN TRIANGLE—NORTH-EAST COAST—ARRIVAL AT KEALAKEAKUA BAY.

AT this time there were some very amusing sights in Honolulu, as the natives from all parts of the island used to march in procession to present their offerings—one party to the King, and another to Queen Emma. Sometimes the adverse parties would meet, the offerings would be laid down, and torrents of abuse uttered; and just as you expected fierce blows, the presents would be picked up, a hearty laugh indulged in, and the processions would proceed on their different ways, every one dressed in his or her gayest colours, and each carrying something. Here you would see a smart-looking man stalking gravely along with a small pig under each arm; there an old woman with a piece of tappa (native cloth); a small boy would be carrying a large calabash

of poi; a stout matron would plod slowly with a baby on one arm and a large bunch of cocoa-nuts on the other, whilst the baby in its turn would clasp a few bananas or a couple of oranges. All these delicacies were laid in a heap before the doorstep of the recipient, who would then appear and make a short speech, returning thanks, and the crowd would depart to their homes after a small demonstration of hand-clapping and cheering.

The ships of war benefited a good deal by these offerings, as the amount of eatables was so large that a greater portion than usual was invariably sent to them, in order to get rid of it.

As these processions, together with one or two by torchlight in honour of the new king, appeared to have exhausted native sights in Oahu, I thought it time to start on the most interesting journey that the islands afford, viz., to the volcano of Kilauea on Hawaii, the largest island of the group, and distant about one hundred miles.

The islands of the Hawaiian archipelago extend in a slightly curved chain from north-west to south-east. To reach Hawaii, the most southerly, from Oahu, you pass the principal islands, with the exception of Kauai, which is the north-western member of the group. Out of the eleven islands which form the group there are but five large ones—Kauai, Oahu, Molokai, Lanai, Maui, and Hawaii. The rest are small, and some of them not even inhabited. A curious fact in connection with the geography of these islands is that their line of

direction is also their line of growth. They are all volcanic, and along this line each island has been successively thrown up, and each has increased in size from north-west to south-east. Kauai is the oldest, and consequently the most fertile of the archipelago. Near Waimea, on this island, is a curious natural phenomenon known as the "Barking Sands." When the feet are drawn swiftly over this peculiar sand a bell-like sound is distinctly heard. This probably is to be ascribed to some quality in the beach rocks, whose crystals, mingling with the sand, give forth a singing sound. The natives used formerly to regard the spot as sacred, and believed that when the sand spoke, the sea-god was angry. There are a few other musical beaches known in the world, but I should say, from what I have heard, that none of them equal in tone the "barking sands" of Kauai. Hawaii is the youngest member of the group, and there volcanic force is found in full action, it being the central point of the world for the observation of the most tremendous volcanic phenomena. The eruptions of Vesuvius and Etna sink into insignificance when compared with those of Mauna Loa and Kilauea.

The most usual route for travellers going to Kilauea is by steamer to Hilo, a town situated on the east coast of Hawaii, and then by horse to the volcano, about thirty miles off. My intention, however, was to land at Kealakeakua Bay, on the west coast, where Captain Cook was killed, and then ride across to the volcano and down to Hilo, a total distance, on horse-

back, of about one hundred and thirty-five miles.

The little steamer in which I embarked from Honolulu was crowded with native passengers, many of whom were Representatives who, tired with the gaieties of city life, were now returning to their constituencies in different parts of the several islands. Our voyage was, therefore, likely to be a protracted one from having to call in at so many places, and I really do not believe there was a place in the whole group where we did not put in an appearance. Steamboat and sentiment do not go very well together, and it struck at the root of all romance connected with the adventures of Captain Cook to follow in his track accompanied by the clamour of the panting engines. Nevertheless, the voyage was very pleasant. The sun was intensely hot, but we were sheltered by an awning, and there was a refreshing breeze. The trade wind generally blows so strong that sailing vessels take seven days on an average going from Honolulu to Hilo, but only about one day to return.

There is rather a good story told against the Governor of one of the islands, who was on his way to Honolulu in a schooner, which was driven by one of these strong winds past Oahu in the night. After several days' wandering about the ocean, they found they had quite lost themselves, had exhausted all their provisions, and were forced to live on the cargo of sugar-cane. A council was held to decide on the best course they could take to reach a port and thus avoid starvation, when the venerable Governor shrewdly

suggested that the best thing they could do would be to go back to where they started from.

As we did not leave Honolulu till very late in the evening, it was not until early the following morning that the cliffs and cañons of the leper-island of Molokai rose before us. Although I did not visit it on that occasion, I may as well say a few words about it now.

The island is a settlement provided by Government for lepers, and the choice of the plain of Kalawao, the spot occupied by the unfortunate people, was a very wise one, as the only approach to it by land is by a steep track down a great precipice, and access from the sea is rugged and dangerous.

We landed in a small boat on the south side of the island, and then rode for some miles into the interior, over hills and gradually ascending plains, until we arrived at the edge of the precipice overlooking the leper valley. The view is very like that obtained from the Pali of Nuana, but the plain is more sterile, and lava rocks cover a large portion of it. On closer inspection, one sees that the walls of lava rock enclose small grass fields and cultivated tracts. Away to the right is the village, and thither we wended our way after walking down the steep track which wound down the face of the cliff.

The settlement consists of about seven hundred lepers, who live in neat detached houses standing among banana and kukui trees. There are two churches, a hospital, a store, a post-office, and a school. Those who have feet and hands cultivate the ground, or weave

mats. The appearance of some was distressing in the extreme, but it did not appear to affect their spirits. Hawaiian leprosy is, I was told, a blood disease, and not a disease of the skin, as it is in China. There, I have seen those afflicted with the curse of Elisha literally as "white as snow," and the whole aspect of a leper village, not far from Canton, was most hideous in its repulsiveness. Here, neatness and cheerfulness prevailed, and though the process of decay was steadily going on in all, yet the more terrible outward signs were tempered or hidden from view as much as possible. Leprosy is said to be incurable; but afterwards, when I was in Fiji, I was shown an extract from some book—the author's name I forget—which I copied out in order to give to the Inspector of Lepers on my return to Honolulu, where it had never been heard of. The extract ran as follows:—

"The Sinu gaga *(Excœcaria Agallocha)*, or poison Sinu, is found in mangrove swamps or on high ground just above high-water mark, sixty feet high, a glossy foliage, oblong leaves, and small green flowers in catkins. When the tree is wounded, a lot of white milky juice flows out, which burns the skin. It is analogous to the Manchineel tree *(Manzanillo)* of South America. It is an almost certain cure for leprosy. The leper is rubbed with green leaves, and then buried in them. A small fire is then kindled and a few pieces of the wood laid on. As soon as a thick black smoke arises, the leper is bound hand and foot, a rope is fastened to his heels, by means of which he is drawn up over the fire,

so that his head is about fifteen inches from the ground in the midst of the poisonous smoke. The door of the house is then closed, and the sufferer allowed to remain often for hours. When he is sufficiently smoked, the fire is removed, the slime scraped from his body, and deep gashes cut in the skin until blood flows freely. The leper is then taken down and laid in mats to recover or die. The agony is dreadful, but the cure is generally complete."

As this terrible disease has baffled the skill of the most celebrated physicians in Europe and America, I should hardly think the above native remedy would be a permanent success, although it may have answered in a few cases. If the little stream which flows past the village were only a Jordan, how changed the silent island would be! As it is, you climb back in haste over the flower-hung precipice, and shudder as you leave the Valley of Death behind.

The deck of our little steamer was so crowded that the mattresses when laid down for the night touched one another, and we were wedged so closely together that it was impossible to move till daylight. Once or twice during our second night out I felt a soft foot walking over me, but it was merely a ponderous native lady in search of poi, or sugar-cane. Every native, on these excursions, carries his own provisions; consequently, when the journey extends to three or four days there is a prodigious quantity of food littering the deck in all directions. Huge bowls of poi, baskets of fish, yards of sugar-cane, limbs of pig, bunches of bananas,

oranges, sweetmeats, are all mixed up in undesirable confusion with mats, blankets, dogs, pillows, fleas, and the usual paraphernalia of travel belonging to the luxurious natives. Some of the passengers were men of rank; consequently, in addition to their own families, they had swarms of poor relations attached to their suite. Each of these had his own peculiar office. One would cook the pig, another cut up the fish, a third lay out the mats or draw the water, and all would join in finishing the feast after their patrons had appeased their appetites. Of all hearty feeders commend me to a Hawaiian! Two or three raw fish, a leg of pork or a hind quarter of roast dog, and an unlimited supply of taro, washed down by a bucket of poi, forms an average meal. Undoubtedly, in a country where man is estimated by his length, and woman by her breadth, it is necessary to eat much and often.

A little attention or common civility goes a great way with these people. I remember, at one of the villages at which we stopped for a few hours, everybody went ashore. When we returned to the steamer I found myself the unhappy proprietor of about ten green wreaths and flower necklaces. I had happened to lend a book to a very intelligent girl, who could not only speak but read English, and the consequence was that each member of her family thought it right to return the compliment in his or her own fashion. The intention was kind, but it rendered my position somewhat embarrassing.

Lahaina, which is situated on the north-west of

Maui, was the name of the village; a cheerful little place, containing one broad street and a sugar-refinery, which stands on the slopes above. One of the best sugar plantations on the islands is here, but rain falls so seldom that every acre has to be irrigated. The lee side of an island generally presents a barren contrast to that which is to windward, and Maui forms no exception. At Lahaina it rains on an average about once a year, and the consequence is that the unwatered vegetation dies down to the lava rock, whose grey hues it assumes.

It was at this place that Kamehameha III. signed the pledge of total abstinence, and ordered the casks of rum and brandy which were in the royal cellars to be rolled to the beach, stove in, and emptied into the sea. From what I saw at Lahaina, I do not think the experiment of wasting good liquor is likely to be repeated, nor is there much chance of a centennial like the Boston tea-party ever being held there. History relates that this same Kamehameha once made a temperance speech at Honolulu, and that though he much approved of total abstinence in others, he was not always observant of the pledge himself.

The two principal sights on the island of Maui are the Wailuku valley and the extinct crater of Haleakalea. The former is a most picturesque gorge, and rivals the Yosemite of California. There is the same impressive grouping of peaks and the same abruptness of precipice, while the colouring is more rich and varied. A trail leads you to a mighty wall of rock, from which you

look down into the bosom of a valley which sweeps away to the blue waters of the sea. On either side it is hemmed in by grassy cliffs and precipices hung with ferny tapestry and climbing plants. Here and there slender threads of water leap down from the green corners of the rocks and are lost in the verdure of the valley; and over all there is a hushed repose which one fears to break, lest the spell should be dissolved and the beautiful vale turn barren and forbidding like the hills which surround it.

Haleakalea, which means the "House of the Sun," is a mountain ten thousand feet high, and which has on its summit the largest crater in the world. This enormous pit is twenty-seven miles in circumference, and two thousand feet in depth. The ascent is easy, and can be managed in the daytime; at the summit, two or three holes in the lava make good sleeping-places, and, with the aid of blankets, fire, and provisions, it is possible to pass a much more uncomfortable night than you do in this cold volcanic region.

The crater itself presents one of the most extraordinary spectacles that can be imagined; the further walls of the gulf are dimly outlined; but great black chasms seam the precipitous sides, and open down to the vast desert of lava which stretches away like a disturbed petrified ocean as far as the eye can reach—a sea of desolation, not a tree, not a blade of grass to be seen. Great cones rear themselves from the undulating floor, and in groups; high rocks assume strange shapes and fantastic forms, pinnacles and temples,

turrets and domes—all are here. It is like a birds'-eye view of a dead city, half hidden in ashes, and carved out of cold grey lava.

Maui is the stronghold of the sugar plantations, and their hospitable proprietors are delighted to do the honours of their island for as long as you care to remain with them. Indeed so pleasant is one house with which I am acquainted, and so kind was the welcome of its owner and his family, that few travellers would ever get further than Maui were it not for the attraction of the anticipated journey to the volcano of Kilauea.

After leaving Lahaina we coasted along between Maui and Lanai, passing one or two other barren, desolate-looking islands, without any redeeming feature amongst them, and whose shores were dotted with masses of coral rock, ten or twelve feet high; then we came to what at first looked like the open sea, but across the broad channel we could just discern the lofty peaks of Mauna Kea, the highest mountain on Hawaii.

Let us take a glance at the physical aspect of the island. A map shows us that Hawaii is triangular in outline, and measures about eighty miles on each side; a gigantic mountain dome occupies each face, forming another triangle towards the centre of the island. Mauna Kea towards the north, Mauna Hualalai towards the west, and Mauna Loa towards the south and east. The first and last of these reach a height of 14,000 feet, only a little lower than Mont Blanc.

As we approach the picturesque coast-line we can

comprehend the vast proportions and altitude of these mountains. Their snow-clad summits, half-veiled with masses of fleecy clouds, catch the rosy light of the rising sun, and reflect a thousand dazzling tints; then the mists roll up the sides, and after resting on the top like a golden ball, finally disappear, and the glory of the scene is gone. The mountains stand out in all their stern and grand beauty; they have not the diverse forms of rock and glacier which distinguish the Alps, but their severe and simple outlines produce an effect of overpowering vastness, which, a more complicated formation might fail to convey.

The north-east coast of Hawaii presents the most charming scenery. As it is nearly always raining there, vegetation is most luxuriant, in some places pushing its verdure right down to the sea. The high precipitous masses of volcanic rock which line that coast are rent by deep ravines of surprising fertility; waterfalls tumble from the hills in all directions, waving, foaming, and sparkling like diamond necklaces suspended from black, inaccessible precipices. Very different is the appearance of the southern regions that border the ocean. These districts are the scenes of the latest eruptions, and the lava streams pushing their way into the sea have formed new promontories and capes, which add to the wild and sterile appearance of the gloomy, inhospitable shore. Between these two extremes of luxury and want, but partaking of the character of both, lies Kealakeakua Bay, where nearly a century ago the great navigator, Captain Cook, was killed by the natives.

KEALAKEAKUA BAY.—HAWAII.

CHAPTER VII.

DEATH-PLACE OF CAPTAIN COOK—HIDING THE DEAD—TOMBS—OBJECTS OF INTEREST—A DISTRUST OF CHRONICLES—WHY CAPTAIN COOK WAS KILLED—ANCIENT LAND-OWNERS—KAAWALOA—BATTLE-GROUND—PLACE OF REFUGE—LAVA CATARACT—CURIOUS CATTLE—BLIGHT—A START.

EALAKEAKUA BAY is about a mile in depth. In the centre there is a fine sandy beach occupied by a cocoa-nut grove and a few native houses. Rugged lava rocks line the coast on each side of this flat beach. We anchored at the north-west shore, where the water is deep enough for boats to pull in close to the rocks which form the landing-place. In front of us were steep cliffs, running down almost to the water's edge, and in the face of these were visible several small caves and arches, ancient Hawaiian burying places. It was an old custom with these people to hide the boxes containing their dead, and before dying everyone had the privilege of choosing some out-of-the-way spot where his bones might be hidden. The caverns in front of us answered admirably

for the purpose, as many of them seemed almost inaccessible, and a few were entirely so, as to obtain ingress it was necessary to descend by means of ropes suspended from the rocks above. Some we afterwards visited were empty; others had still bars of wood across the entrance, and through these bars we could distinguish bits of old wood, rags of tappa, bones, and other objects of interest peculiar to tombs. Who knows but that we may have been looking upon the remains of the great navigator, which are said to be hidden away in one of these singular cells!

The pull to shore where we landed was a very hot one. The blinding sun striking down upon us was hardly so unbearable as the glittering water, the reflection of the light from which struck up in our faces with such a glare that we had to cover our eyes.

Our first visit, of course, was to the objects of interest in connection with the well-known tragedy of the death of Captain Cook. A native guide, who spoke no English, and who looked ancient enough to have taken part in the affray, led us about, motioning with his hands, and uttering the word "Olono," a token of great dignity among the islanders, which was conferred on Cook during his first visit. It did not take long to see all that was to be seen. Here was the rock on which he fell, and there the stump of a cocoa-nut tree covered with a copper plate, on which was an inscription stating that Captain James Cook was killed near that spot. In a little grove were two palm trees, each with a bullet-hole through its slim shaft, the only living

evidences of the fatal struggle. Higher up on the mountain side a rude cross was set in the midst of a small lava enclosure, where, it was said, the flesh was stripped from the bones of the dead body and burnt. Since the period of my visit, I understand a simple monument has been erected, bearing the following inscription :—

In Memory of the Great Circumnavigator,
CAPTAIN JAMES COOK, R.N.,
Who discovered the islands on the 18th of January, 1778,
and fell near this spot on the 14th of February, 1779.
This monument was erected in November, A.D. 1874, by some of his fellow-countrymen.

Thus, after the lapse of nearly one hundred years, a plain but unstable memorial has been raised in one of world's most historic spots. It may be interesting to know that the natives annually hold a day of mourning in memory of the murdered man. This circumstance is all the more remarkable as, though they possess no sort of calendar to guide them in their calculation, regularly as the day comes round this anniversary is observed, and they lament his death.

Of late years, a distrust of chronicles has gradually been growing upon us as we come upon historical evidence, and there is a good deal of that evidence to show that Captain Cook was not blameless when he met his death. It is said he wore out the faith of the natives, who at first believed he was a god, by exhausting demands, by desecrating their temples to supply himself with fuel, and by inflicting bodily injury on

many of them—being the cause even of the actual death of two or three of them, including that of a chief. The natives stole, certainly; but what else could be expected of them? Other savages also had stolen his property, and had treated him badly, while the inhabitants of these islands had generally behaved well and kindly to him. Their love for iron—which was the chief object of their cupidity—must have been great, when a large nail was sufficient to purchase one of their beautiful feather cloaks.

Even the exact cause which led to the death of Cook is a mystery. Some say that the natives wished to test his divinity; others that it was a concerted plot; while by many it is maintained that it was merely the result of a sudden outburst of anger. A few hazard the supposition that when they saw him smoking a cigar, they thought he was a devil, and therefore slew him. Not the least mysterious part of the affair is the fact that after he had been struck down, and was struggling in the water, he was left to be killed within a few yards of two large boats under naval discipline. In sudden tumults, even eye-witnesses seldom agree in their accounts of the order of events, and in this case imagination must supply what history has failed to decide.

After a last look at the old cross, we continued our journey towards the village of Kaawaloa, where lodgings for a few days could be obtained, and where animals could be hired for the ride to the volcano. As we ascended it was easy to trace the old land system of

Hawaii by the walls of broken lava running up the mountain from the sea-shore in long narrow strips, each of which originally had an owner, though now it would be difficult to find a possessor for one out of five hundred of them. The reason for dividing the land in this manner was that the owner might be able to find the various articles to which he laid claim on his own ground, and the Hawaiian required a great many things to render life endurable, articles, too, that need different levels for cultivation. Thus he required to be near the sea for fish; he must have a little land for the growth of bananas; then a little higher up a site for the paper-mulberry-tree, from which he made his tappa; higher still his taro ground, and above that timber land for canoes; and still farther up, a good position for the "ti" plant, in whose leaves he wrapped his food and parcels, and for flowers to make his necklaces, his chief favourite for the latter only growing in a certain zone. On such strips the chief and his people lived, the latter working for the former, who took whatever he wanted, and repaid the services rendered to him by his dependents by kindly allowing them to exist. The chiefs, in their turn, were preyed upon by the king and priests. If a temple was to be built or a road made, the chiefs were ordered to supply the necessary labour, with provisions for the labourers, who had themselves to provide the materials for the task on which they were engaged. The priest was a great power. If he asked the King for more land for the god, or for exemption from taxes for himself, or for a fat pig or other delicacy for the

pampered appetite of the god, his request was always gratified. So exacting, indeed, were the demands of the King and the priests, that in their combination they formed the bane of the nation.

The district of Kona, in which the little village of Kaawaloa is situated, is one of the most healthy in the islands, and there are already one or two houses where passing travellers are heartily welcomed, and where invalids are well taken care of as long as they choose to remain. It was at one of these houses that I put up, and there met an American lady and her husband, whom I had known in Honolulu. When they left for Kona a few weeks before, the husband was very ill, and looked as if he were going into a rapid consumption; but, on meeting him again, I hardly recognised him, he had grown so stout and appeared so strong. He said he was able to ride all day long, and altogether he had derived so much benefit that they had determined to remain for some months longer. As he was well acquainted with the neighbourhood he offered to act as my cicerone, and we made several very pleasant excursions together. One of the most interesting was to the "place of refuge" at Honaunau. On our way there we visited a large tract of lava, celebrated as the spot where Kamehameha won his last battle, a victory by which he became King of the whole island. About four miles farther on, and not far from the south side of the bay, we found the "puhonua" (place of refuge) that we were in search of, and to which many of the vanquished in that battle had fled for safety. The

ruins consisted of a vast enclosure in the shape of a parallelogram, the stone walls of which were about twelve feet high and fifteen thick at the base. Within this enclosure had been originally three large altars, but only one is left that can be considered entire. This was probably the place of execution, where criminals were killed, after which the flesh was burnt and the bones deposited in the pigeon-holes round the building. The origin of these "places of refuge" is unknown, but some of their features are very similar to the old Jewish cities of refuge. Hither the murderer, the thief, the defeated in battle, or the violator of a tabu could fly and be safe. The gates were always open, and no matter who he was or what he had done, once inside the sacred inclosure he was secure—he was tabu.

Some of the blocks of lava forming the walls of this place are of great size, and one wonders by what contrivance such enormous masses could have been moved and fixed in their place with such exactitude. How could a people, possessed of no mechanical contrivances, have chiselled the smooth front presented by both the inner and outer walls, and have preserved to a nicety the gradual narrowing of those walls from the base upwards? The bones and sinews of a people whom the old chiefs knew so well how to make use of, must have deteriorated in the present generation; or perhaps numbers were able to accomplish tasks which seem Herculean now-a-days.

About a mile from Honaunau we went to see a very strange phenomenon. During one of the old eruptions

a stream of lava had flowed down in one wide sheet from a lofty precipice to the plain below, and on cooling presented the appearance of a cascade of lava—so smooth and glazed that one might imagine it was still flowing. A space of some ten or twelve feet is left between the rock and the cascade, and under the lava arch we walked for some distance. The rocky wall is pierced by numerous tunnels, from some of which lava had flowed, and the roofs were covered with lava stalactites of different colours. What an extraordinary sight this deadly cataract must have been as it rolled down from the heights in a broad stream of burning liquid! No wonder the dwellers on the coast left their houses and betook themselves to their canoes to escape the fury of the offended goddess Pélé.

The walks and rides round Kaawaloa are very charming, not only down to the sea-coast, where the cliffs are richly coloured with volcanic tints, but inland, where the ravines, which are a distinguishing feature in Hawaiian scenery, are filled with curious plants and rare ferns. Amongst the latter the "potato fern" *(polypodium spectrum)* is peculiar to Hawaii. I should think cabinet woods might be exported very profitably, as some of them are of great beauty. The Kauila and the Kamani are very handsome, but the Koa is most frequently met with, and when polished is excelled in appearance by none. The sandal-wood tree is seldom seen now, and the only specimen I saw was a poor one. In appearance it is something like a large myrtle, the wood is light brown, and the flowers very minute and

of a pinkish white colour. The fruit, I was told, is very like a black currant.

The district of Kona has thousands of acres admirably adapted for the growth of coffee, but the few plantations I saw were tenantless, and the trees overrun with creepers. The coffee lands are certainly not inferior to those I have seen in Ceylon, and it is surprising that capitalists have not turned their attention to the establishment of large plantations. No cotton is now raised in the islands; but that is not astonishing, as cotton planting has proved a failure, even in Tahiti, which possesses more suitable land for its production. The Reciprocity Treaty with America may be of advantage to the islands in once more placing cotton planting on a remunerative footing.

The soil generally of the island of Hawaii is better adapted for grazing than for cultivation. One herd of cattle that I saw had the peculiarity of loose swinging horns, which resembled the immense earrings so fashionable a few years ago. A great drawback to the appearance of the country was the blight which was on most of the trees, a calamity so general that it was considered incurable, and many coffee plantations have had, in consequence, to be dug up and turned into sugar-plantations. Some people declare that the tree called the "pride of India," which has been largely planted in most districts, brought the blight, as it had never appeared previously. It is said that this blight was foretold in an ancient Hawaiian legend; but I do not suppose that that is any more consolation for the people than it is for the inhabitants of Kansas to know that the grasshopper

which has lately devastated their country is the same insect that the Greek poet, Anacreon, sung of so melodiously. I suggested the planting of the Eucalyptus as an almost certain preventitive against this annoying plague, and if my anticipation should prove correct, another valuable property will be added to the already numerous ones possessed by this tree. I am not aware whether it is generally known that the leaves of this tree have effectually cured rheumatism in several cases. The leaves ought to be heated and bound round the parts affected.

There is every chance of the guava becoming as great a nuisance here as it is said to be in Tahiti. There is no shrub which spreads with such rapidity when it has once been introduced; and where competition cannot be maintained against the West Indies, the use of the fruit is restricted to pigs. All the guava bushes I saw were covered with the black blight, but it did not appear to injure them in any way. At Kona I tasted for the first time the alligator pear,* half-fruit, half-vegetable, which grows there in great perfection, and which I can thoroughly recommend to any future visitor as a most satisfactory substitute for the potatoe.

My host having engaged to procure a horse and a guide to take me to the volcano, I returned one afternoon from a hot tiring ramble to find them both ready to start. I had been promised that the horse should be one to be depended on, and the owner himself had undertaken to pay particular attention to the shoeing. I was, consequently, rather surprised at finding the

* Laurus persea.

intended horse was a mule, and shod only in front. However, as it was already getting late, and we had one-and-twenty miles before us, I threw my saddle-bags across the animal, and away we went. I soon discovered that I was riding the sort of quadruped that in a race would have driven everything else before him, and I can safely say that each distance of the journey must have been accomplished in several more hours than it had ever taken before.

The tract of country along which we rode presented a very picturesque appearance, being sometimes overarched with shady trees, and presenting many delicious nooks, with here and there a thatched hut covered with creepers and surrounded with coffee trees. At other times our road led us across bross broad pasture-lands, which would have afforded capital galloping ground if my steed had been capable of such exertion. The few cottages we saw were tenantless, and even the diminutive white chapels belonging to the villages seemed too big for the population. The architecture of these quaint churches was invariably the same, and the plan on which they were designed must have been a very simple one. Take a box of candles, place an extinguisher on one end, and the edifice will be complete. Jellies from a mould could not have been turned out with greater precision.

My mule always stopped when he arrived at one of these meeting-houses, not from any religious feeling, as his moral sense was, I am sure, as impervious to all sort of impression as was his hide, which was so tough

that it almost rivalled that of the rhinoceros; but the commanding position on which they were perched offered sweeping views over the land and across a sea as blue as the heart of a sapphire. An opportunity for a halt was all the animal wanted; for he cared nothing whether the evening sun lay in gold flecks over the bright water on one side, or the purple mists on the mountains were changing into a blood-red haze on the other! He was just as insensible to music, and "The Muleteer's Song"—

> "Then haste, my mule, we must not creep,
> Nor linger on so slow;
> The journey's long, the mountain's steep,
> We've many a league to go,"

had not the slightest effect on him.

It was pitch dark during the last two hours of that day's ride, and I then discovered that my mule could see much better in the obscurity of night than he could in the daylight, a circumstance which relieved me of much anxiety, as the track had gradually been getting worse and worse, and was thickly overspread with lava boulders and deep holes. The natives were the worst judges of distance I ever met, and as they always estimated it by the number of churches to be passed on the way, and had no idea of calculation, it was very disheartening, after passing three or four, to find you had to repeat the operation. Eventually, however, we reached the house of the native—Mr. Kuaimoku—where we intended to sleep, and were received with open arms by the hospitable proprietor.

CHAPTER VIII.

HAWAIIAN HOUSES—LOMI-LOMI—AN EARLY START—A LAVA LANDSCAPE—THIRST—DEW DRINKING—OHIAS—WATER SPOUTS—WAIOHINU—A NATIVE GAME—SADDLES—ERUPTION OF 1868—TIDAL WAVE—LAVA FLOW—PLAINS OF KAPAPALA—A RANCH—MY GUIDE.

MR. KUAIMOKU'S house was far superior to the average native abodes; there was even an upper story, containing two bedrooms and a verandah. The mode of reaching these was certainly rather primitive, as a ricketty ladder was the only means of ascent; but when once there, we found neat rooms, and clean mats and sheets; at all events, they looked so in the dim light of the Kukui candles. The genuine Hawaiian home is still as primitive as the natives themselves were years ago, when they never had to trouble themselves about the fashion, as they wore no clothes, and never were plagued with reading and writing, as there was no written language, and consequently no books. In the same way the houses require but little attention, and housekeeping is merely nominal. There are no tables,

as there is nothing to put on them; a bowl of poi can be eaten very comfortably on the floor, and so there is no need of any chairs; a kitchen is not required where there is nothing to cook; nor are locks wanted for doors when there is nothing to be stolen; cups and saucers are superfluous when you drink out of cocoa-nut shells, and knives and forks are naturally at a discount when you eat everything with your fingers. Chickens and mutton are easily handled, but bad habit has made forks to a certain degree necessary with fried eggs, and I was much puzzled how to get through a dish of them that was placed before me at breakfast on the morning after my arrival at Mr. Kuaimoku's. Eventually that worthy hunted up an old iron spoon; but my guide treated his share of the dish as if it were poi, and was so conservative in his ideas as to show that his faith in the superiority of fingers was unchanged.

I must not forget to mention that during the night old Mrs. Kuaimoku made an attempt to initiate me into the mysteries of "lomi-lomi," a process peculiar to Polynesia, and considered in Hawaii a necessary rite of hospitality to all fatigued travellers. Commencing with almost imperceptible pressure, every part of the body is gradually subjected to gently increasing force, until each muscle and joint is kneaded and cracked to the utmost, and the whole frame is endowed with fresh vitality. After the process a soft drowsiness steals over the senses, and you sink into a deep sleep, from which you awaken as refreshed and invigorated as if

you had just stepped out of a luxurious Turkish bath. When this operation is performed by the softest hands, it may have the desired effect; but Mrs. Kuaimoku's hands were not soft, neither were her manipulations at at all gentle. Possibly I did not allow her sufficient time for the exercise of her soothing powers, as after the first disjointment of my arms and neck, and a stunning thwack across my spine, I explained to her that it would be at her peril if she continued the performance, as I had a long journey yet before me, and should require the support of an unbroken back-bone and a proper supply of ribs.

It was the earliest dawn when we started on our second day's ride, as we had to make eight-and-thirty miles before reaching our next night's resting-place. The first light only showed itself along the lower edge of a mass of purple clouds clustered round the misty dome of Mauna Loa. We were some distance on our way before the golden morning sprang out of the east and darted its rays on the lava road over which we were travelling. The scenery had now changed. For the first few miles we had ridden through a deep tangled forest, with rank tropical vegetation; the path was overarched by twining branches, which shut out the sun and left us in a green twilight of most refreshing shade. Now and then a few wild cattle would dash out from one of the numerous paths which intersect this forest plateau, and then speed away quickly and be hidden in the depths of their gloomy haunts. But we had left the verdure and were in a desert.

Probably, no country of so limited a territory affords such rapid changes of scene and such transitions of climate as Hawaii. On the coast-line, you see the palm and other species of vegetation that bespeak the tropics. Higher up in the middle ground you find forests of trees of immense size, and productions that thrive only in the temperate zone. Then in the highest region there are the lichens, mosses, and dwarfed shrubs that are found only in the regions of snow and ice. And all this within a circuit of not more than one hundred and fifty miles. The volcanic element is visible everywhere; along the coast, rivers of lava have run out into the sea, forming new headlands and cliffs; in the central region the rugged soil of ancient lavas is so thin that the lofty trees growing on it are often overthrown by slight shocks of earthquake, leaving the bare volcanic rock exposed beneath; and the summits of the mountains are covered with craters once flooded with molten lava, but now filled with eternal snows.

The trail which we were pursuing was carried over a vast lava desert, so full of ravines, hills, pits, and dislocations that many an engineer would have been at his wits' end to know where to begin and build a road over such a chaos of blackened lava,—and yet it is an admirable road, considering it was made by convicts who had no other instrument except their hands to work with. It is made by running two parallel walls of lava rock about eighteen feet apart, and levelling as much as possible the intervening space. Nothing can be more gruesome and dreary than this lava landscape. It

spreads far and wide a dark repetition of billowy wastes and ragged fissures cut through inky cataracts; whole miles of lava walls and black boulders rising high above awning chasms and sunken pits. Tossed into mountains and reefs, and covered with a coat of metallic lustre it flashes back the sun's rays so that it is almost like a sparkling, dancing sea! But how different is the sentiment inspired by the sea. The mind is impressed with no sense of barrenness, no feeling of gloom emanating from it. This lava landscape on the other hand is, as it were, a waste of death, a world destroyed.

The yellow blossoms of stunted cassia trees are the only bits of colour allowed by nature to enliven the general dreariness, and it is surprising how any shrub can exist in a region so parched and sterile. Rain hardly ever falls on this part of the coast, and there are neither streams nor wells. Owing to the cavernous character of volcanic rock the rain, when it does fall, quickly percolates through and settles to a level with the sea. Near all the houses we passed, for you see houses even on the bare lava, sheets were stretched on poles to catch any water that might happen to fall. Barrels standing outside the doors continually gave us hopes of a refreshing draught, but they were invariably empty, and their owners were away filling their small calabashes at some brackish spring down by the sea, miles off. Toiling over a rough lava road for more than five and twenty miles with a hot sun pouring down on your head, and the animal you are riding drooping along in the most woe-begone fashion, makes you value water:

"Till taught by pain,
Men really know not what good water's worth.
If you had been in Turkey or in Spain,
Or with famished boat's crew had your berth,
Or in the desert heard the camel's bell,
You'd wish yourself where truth is—in a well."

It is strange how the herds of cattle can exist without water, unless they know of pools and springs in the thick forests that their proprietors are unacquainted with, but the farmers in that district—Kaü—all told me that they quenched their thirst with the dew which falls very heavily, and as they were unaccustomed to water they did not feel the want of it. It certainly is a fact that horses born and bred in those parts have frequently been known to try to lick up the water from a bucket instead of drinking it. We had taken the precaution to bring a couple of large bottles of cold tea with us from Kaawaloa, but the guide had cleverly left them at our last night's sleeping place, so we had to fill our pockets with the fruit of the ohia tree before entering on the lava district. This fruit, which is about the size of a small apple, is of a beautiful red colour, juicy but insipid, and of that peculiar tartness which is apt to leave your mouth, after you have eaten it, rather drier than it was before. The tree is handsome and shady, and the glossy red fruit, peeping out in clusters among the dark green leaves, is as tempting as the original apple must have appeared, and for all I know may have been of the same species.

It was very pleasant when our path at length brought us down to the lava-bound coast, where in some places

the sea rushing in under the rocks for twenty or thirty yards, suddenly finding an aperture, throws a column of water to a height of fifty or sixty feet. These water-spouts were very numerous, and as the sun's rays fell on the falling spray, the effect was that of a series of rainbows veiling the sea from the land.

After a few more miles of a similar desolate landscape, we arrived at the top of a bare ridge and, on looking down, saw below us the village of Waiohinu where we were to rest for the night. Once, the whole of this district must have formed a very lovely valley, but a series of earthquakes and eruptions have left their marks, and the hamlet is now an oasis in the desert. Still it was very refreshing to the eye to be able to trace the course of a stream running through the village, by the trees and verdure along its banks. The hills opposite were green with sugar-cane, and a few plantations gave evidence of some cultivation at last.

I had a letter of introduction to one of the native representatives who lived at Waiohinu and therefore rode straight to his house, but found it shut up, as he was absent. The guide, however, soon discovered the people left in charge of it, and I was admitted into a rose garden in which stood a delightful little cottage; not a one-roomed native hut, but a modern residence with drawing-room, dining-room, &c., and last, but not least, a delicious bath of fresh running water. As the family was away there was no food to be obtained at the house, but the village-restaurant, kept of course by a Chinese, supplied as good a meal in a humble way as anyone

could wish. This house appeared to be the favourite place of resort for the villagers, and here they meet to play their most popular game, which was something like thimblerig, or the three card trick of modern civilization. A black stone was placed under a piece of tappa, and by two or three quick movements was crumpled into three divisions, under one of which was supposed to be the stone. I say supposed to be, because I joined in one of the games, and when two natives had touched with their little sticks the two end compartments where they fancied the stone lay, I invested a quarter of a dollar—a shilling—and touched the centre one. Great excitement was shown as the two end divisions were slowly raised one by one and no stone was found, but the climax of admiration was reached when the middle one was also lifted, and behold there was nothing there either. The natives fairly screamed with delight, and the winnings were soon absorbed in cups of coffee all round.

How well I slept that night, to be sure! irrespective of the heat of the weather and the fatigue of a long ride, my Mexican saddle had so cramped and stiffened my limbs that I frequently had to dismount and walk, which rendered it necessary for me to drag the mule after me, as whenever I got off his back he regulated his own pace, which was almost as fast as a snail's. I longed for a plain English saddle, so that I might have the benefit of stretching and swinging my legs at pleasure. Of course "lomi-lomi" was again kindly proffered, but I need hardly say gratefully declined.

Next morning I found that my guide had taken advantage of the rose trees to weave wreaths and necklaces, not only for himself, but also for me. I could not submit to have my neck enclosed in a necklace of real roses, and not wishing to hurt the man's feelings, I compromised matters by placing a wreath round my hat ; but in spite of my very modest adornment, I still think we must have looked very like two May-day chimney-sweeps as we tried to canter as gracefully as possible out of the pretty village. But in these islands everyone wears flowers, the natives often decking themselves with a profusion of garlands and green wreaths which would go far towards decorating one of their little churches at Christmas time.

The district through which we rode that day presented a succession of changes from green and gentle valleys filled with herds of cattle and flocks of sheep and goats, to black fields of lava and a black iron bound coast. It was here that the intensity of the terrible earthquake of 1868 culminated. A series of appalling disasters had entirely altered the appearance of the country, and the shocks of a thousand earthquakes in two weeks had left hardly one stone upon another. Three hundred shocks were actually counted in a single day, and such was their violence that the island fairly quivered. Houses and trees swayed and fell, stone-buildings were tossed about, streams ran mud, and precipices fell thundering into the sea. By putting the ear to the ground, the roar and rush of lava waves could be distinctly heard in the bowels of the earth; the ground

heaved up and down, round and round, in every direction and it was impossible to stand.

Suddenly, at the moment of one of the severest shocks, the top of one of the hills was torn off and precipitated into the valley below. So sudden was this convulsion that there was no escape from the mud torrent which rushed from the aperture, and poured rapidly for three miles down the valley. Between thirty and forty natives, and over a thousand head of cattle and horses, were instantly killed. Sheep and goats were found dead in the very edge of the mud torrent—the gain of a second would have saved them. One house, situated on a small eminence, escaped with its sole occupant, who was removed after the mud by which it was surrounded had hardened sufficiently to admit of approach. This stream was three quarters of a mile broad, and from ten to fifty feet deep.

The surviving inhabitants of the valleys in this region fled to the hills. The dwellers on the coast were then visited with a calamity as swift and fatal as the eruption. The ocean suddenly surged back, at a moment when no one was anticipating such a phenomenon, leaving sandy beach and outer rocks bare. Pausing a few seconds as if to regain force for this new effort, the sea then returned, sweeping in a terrible tidal wave over the tops of the cocoa-nut trees, destroying men, animals, houses, and trees, completely devastating many miles along the coast of Kau. Groves of trees were swept away, and not a house remained to mark the site of three villages. The great wave oscillated to

and fro six times, causing renewed destruction each time it returned, and hurrying to swift death hundreds of inhabitants.

These catastrophes were terminated by a still more terrible display of the hidden forces of nature. Mauna Loa was again rent open, and a vast river of liquid lava poured its restless tide of destruction down to the ocean. It swept everything along in its fatal course, and destroyed between five and six thousand acres of arable ground. Animals were paralysed with fear at the approach of the burning liquid, and made no attempt at escape. The inhabitants,

> "Whom unmerciful disaster
> Follow'd fast and follow'd faster,"

had barely time to escape. The family of one white settler had only left their house ten minutes before the fiery sea swept over it. Many were rendered indifferent by so many disasters, and could hardly be induced to leave their homes even when the stream of lava was flowing through the rooms which they occupied. Four enormous fountains of lava spouted from the crater, and for five days flowed in a torrent to the sea. One may judge of the force of this eruption from the fact that a new beach was formed by it, extending a mile into the water.

Through these dreary scenes our road ran for the greater part of that day, passing over craggy headlands sweeping far out into the ocean, and along curved bays, glittering like crystal, at the head of which a few scraggy palms grew out of the scant lava soil. Now and then a solitary fisherman's hut would appear,

springing from a stretch of bare lava, on which not a vestige of vegetation was to be seen, and a flock of gaunt goats might be observed browsing on anything nutritious that might be discovered by chance on such an arid soil. In one of the villages we passed, were some large artificial fish-ponds, but whether they were stocked with fish or not I did not ascertain. Soon after we left the sea-side and directed our course to the mountains, where signs of cultivation now began to show themselves. A light yellow soil which covered the country was clothed with thin grass, but it had the same arid and thirsty look that pervaded everything else. The water-courses, composed of volcanic rock, were all dry. Before long we reached the fine grazing plains of Kapapala, and far off in the distance a little white speck betokened the ranch which was the goal of our twenty-seven miles' ride. Beyond rose the gigantic front of Mauna Loa, and far away, near the horizon, forests rose like great green billows from its verge. Ravines with dark and wooded sides cut through the hills on our left, while on our right the sea swept away till it melted into the tropic blue of the sky, where a few masses of eider-down cloud, soft and white enough to pillow the heads of Raphael's angels, were just touched at their edges with that rare purple shade seldom seen but in the evening glow of an early Summer's sun.

All at once the hills rang with the cracking of whips and the shouting of men, and in the distance I heard a view holloa. For a moment I should not have been surprised if somebody had ridden up and asked me if I

had viewed the fox away, the sound was so like that of drawing cover in the Shires. Even my meek mule pricked up his ears and showed symptoms of readiness for extra exertion if required. The illusion was speedily dispelled by the appearance of a number of mounted men in pursuit of a straggling band of cattle which swept past in full cry, and with evidently no intention of being herded sooner than they wished. It requires no small skill in horsemanship to pursue these half-wild cattle with success. The hilly ground is broken up into pitfalls and narrow fissures, half hidden in bush and brushwood, and when, as often happens, a really wild brute has mixed with the herd, it is as much as the hunters can do to look after themselves. These wild cattle, having grown wilder and wilder with each successive generation, are inflamed with a restless passion, and are ready to charge at whatever may excite their anger, or to dispute territorial possession with every living thing that crosses their path. Numbers are killed annually in Hawaii for the sake of their hides, and the tusks of the wild boars, which are equally numerous, form an important article of commerce with the islands in the South Seas, where the natives use them for ornaments.

The distance across the plains was farther than it had first appeared, and the setting sun had already thrown lengthening shadows across the grey rocks before we were well in sight of our destination. Just as we entered the gates he plunged out of sight in a great bath of purple cloud. Our welcome at the pleasant ranch was that cordial one which strangers always

receive in these islands. My guide, of course, discovered here a brother who was employed on the farm. He had found some relative or other at each place where we had stopped previously, and as he never could induce me to take sufficient interest in his family to remain more than one night at any of our halting-places, he invariably tried to give point to his argument by hinting at the non-enduring powers of my poor mule. Time with natives is never of the slightest importance, and they would much rather dally for a month over a journey than accomplish it in a few days.

I have forgotten all this time to mention the name of my guide, Moekokohe, which, for the sake of brevity, I abridged into Moke. I never found out what was the meaning of the word, as he would not tell me, or, perhaps, could not, for he only spoke a little English. I have no doubt, however, that the name did mean something, as the Hawaiians generally denominate their children from some peculiarity, or quality, or action. It is just the same to them whether the name which they select is appropriate or not, or whether it signifies a virtue or a vice. Some of their names are as droll as those assumed by Cromwell's Puritan soldiers. At one time, when Queen Kapiolani was ill, she had to undergo a surgical operation, and the child of a poor fisherman, who happened to be born about that period, was consequently named "Four-inches-long," in order to commemorate the event—a curious example at once of the strange nomenclature adopted in these islands, and of the circumstances by which the choice of a name is determined.

CHAPTER IX.

INDICATIONS OF THE VOLCANO—PULU FERN—VOLCANIC FIRES TAKING A SOUTHERLY DIRECTION—THE TWO VOLCANOES OF MAUNA LOA—THE SOLFATARA—LUXURIES—NIGHT VIEW OF THE CRATER—TWO SORTS OF CRATERS—THE VISITOR'S BOOK—MADAME PÉLÉ—VOLCANIC DEITIES.

THE next morning we were off to the volcano, distant about eighteen miles. The first few miles our journey was over fine grass land shaded here and there with groves of a beautiful species of laurel; then once more we drifted into a region too desolate, too sterile even for mosses to inhabit. Afar off a long line of vapour indicated the position of the volcano, and all the afternoon we rode through vast fields of lava; sometimes over high rocks, so broken and so slippery that the greatest caution was necessary to avoid a dangerous fall, at other times through acres of volcanic sand so deep that our animals could hardly lift their feet. From one point of the horizon to the opposite extended these seas, alternating with hills of jet, and it was not without great difficulty that we made our circuitous

way through the troughs of the one, and up and down the polished sides of the other. Descending these glassy hills was the strong point of the animal I rode. Slowly but surely would he make the ascent, trying every foot-place twice before venturing on it; but when he reached the summit, he would simply gather his legs well under him, and slide down as demurely as possible, striking out at intervals with one foot as if skating had been his profession all his life.

Towards evening we suddenly came upon an extensive plateau, green with vegetation, amongst which the "pulu" fern was very abundant. This "pulu," which is a soft fuzz taken from the stem of the fern, and is much used for stuffing mattresses, forms a considerable article of commerce.

Across this plain we followed the trail up to the edge of a precipice that formed the wall of the far famed crater of Kilauea which is situated on the south-eastern slope of Mauna Loa, about 4000 feet above the level of the sea. The subterranean fires, ever moving in a southerly direction, have abandoned the islands one by one, and now exist only in Hawaii, the most southerly of the group. Centuries have elapsed since Mauna Kea, the most northerly of the three great mountains on Hawaii, gave evidence of living volcanic action, and the Plutonic furnaces are now concentrated beneath Mauna Loa, the more southern of the mountain triangle. I suppose, when the volcanoes of Mauna Loa are extinct, another island will be thrown up south of Hawaii, and there is therefore no knowing how far the

kingdom may eventually extend. Two active craters pierce Mauna Loa, one on the summit and one on the side. The great summit crater had for a number of years shown but few and feeble symptoms of activity, but from the middle of 1873 up to the commencement of 1874 the action within the great caldron was incessant.

The most extensive of the eruptions from the summit crater took place in 1855, and lasted thirteen months. It overflowed an area of more than three hundred square miles, filling ravines and valleys with the lava, which destroyed forests, and would have overflowed Hilo, the capital, if it had not been for the very gentle declivity of the mountain slopes in rear of the town. As it was it approached within four miles of the sea. The most recent eruption, that of 1868, I have already described. As this crater was not very active on the occasion of my visit to the mountain, I contented myself with an inspection of the lateral one—Kilauea. The accomplishment of that purpose, however, we had to put off to the following day as the light was fading. We had therefore to make our way to the Volcano House, which stood on the edge of the crater down which we were looking, and was about two miles and a half from us. After following the crater's rim for about a couple of miles, we crossed a low plain fissured with chasms, from which clouds of sulphurous vapours arose, and the edges of which were seamed with veins of sulphur and other satanic minerals. A short but steep ascent brought us to our destination; and at the very door of

the Volcanic House sank the great chasm of which the floor was a black and smoking plain.

Before dinner I went back to the Solfatara, and enjoyed a most refreshing sulphur vapour bath. As no stream flows through this district, water is collected in bowls and calabashes placed at the roots of the coarse grass and reeds that gather the moisture from the rapidly condensed steam which rises from the fissures. On returning to the house, I found a very tempting repast ready, and amongst other luxuries was a strawberry-fed goose which had been enveloped in leaves and baked in a hole in the heated earth. The Hawaiian wild geese frequent these mountains in great numbers, and are sure to be found feeding on the wild strawberries which abound in this neighbourhood. The natives declare that there is a lake somewhere on the mountains to which these celebrated geese retire, but it has never been discovered.

After dinner we went out to see the fireworks. A blinding mist which swept up from the sea, and a heavy fog, prevented our seeing more than a yard in front of us, but these soon cleared away and revealed a strange, wild scene. At the opposite extremity of the crater, a column of thick white smoke arose, whirling and struggling in enormous wreaths, and lighted at intervals by sheets of flame. The slight mist still hanging over the mountain was illuminated by the glare from the fires below, and this crimson glow extended to a breadth of half a mile or more on either side. Every fresh burst of the volcano sent forth

pillars of dense smoke, which rose to a great height, followed by huge forks of flame that shot even higher. The vast black floor which lay beneath us a thousand feet down, and which stretched away to the burning cones, was streaked here and there with scarlet streams of liquid lava, which flowed through the deep fissures that led from the fiery caldron. On our right, and high above us, the beacon light from the great summit crater was distinctly visible, its snowy crown contrasting strangely with the reflection of the fire that burnt with such intensity within it. Before we had half finished our contemplation of the view, heavy mist and rain drove us in doors, where round a blazing wood fire we listened to the moans of the crater outside, and drank to its health in its own suggestive beverage.

The "Visitor's Book" afforded great amusement. Each visitor, in turn, had apparently seen a more splendid volcanic display than his predecessor, and had thought fit to write down his impressions in the most high-flown language, invariably accompanied by the most atrocious spelling. Mark Twain has added a capital burlesque on these effusions, a perusal of which might deter these composers from again defacing good writing paper. The windows of the bed-rooms at the Volcano House face the crater, which is not a good arrangement, as the light of the furnace shines in your face whenever the mists permit it to be seen, and at each fresh outburst one is apt to imagine that something strange is going to happen, and is consequently continually getting up to see what Madame Pélé is

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about. Who is Madame Pélé? Why, she is the presiding goddess of these infernal regions—the Hawaiian Proserpine.

Hawaiian mythology had its origin in a faint conception of the facts of natural philosophy, which were personified into a family of monsters, of whom Pélé was chief. She had brothers and sisters inuumerable, with names more poetic than their characters. For instance, Hiaka-lonolali—or the Heaven-dwelling cloud-holder—was much addicted to roasting and eating her friends; and of Hiaka-tareiia—the wreath-encircled cloud-holder—it is reported that she used to boil children for eating her favourite berries—ohelos—without first offering some to her. None of the members of this interesting family were ever in a beneficent mood. Pélé had always to be conciliated, and when offended, she poured her lava torrents over some unfortunate village, or by stamping her foot destroyed with earthquakes the houses of her enemies. Intimation of her wrath was given by the fierce lightnings that attended the eruptions, and which were attributed to the glare of her eyes. Then was the time to allay her wrath by offerings of live animals, fruits, vegetables, and all kinds of valuable property, thrown into the volcano as sacrifices.

Kilauea was the favourite playground of the gods, but, when tired of its glowing fires, they were said to take up their residence for a time amidst the perpetual snows of the summit crater, where they relieved the monotony of the furnace by a plunge into an ice house.

Even at the present time the natives pretend that they can distinguish the forms of some of the volcanic deities in the forked flames and red streams of lava that issue from the great crater.

After a night of broken rest, spent chiefly in comparing the respective merits of Madame Pélé and Lomi-lomi as antidotes to slumber, I was glad to go for a walk at an early hour in search of strawberries and geese. As I had no gun, I made sure of finding the latter, and from a little patch of ohelo bushes I had the satisfaction of putting up three of the birds—small-sized fellows not much bigger than a large duck. They proved to be a sure sign of strawberries, and the native who was with me quickly filled a basket with them, when we returned to breakfast with appetites well sharpened by our six-mile walk in the cold mountain air. Guides and alpenstocks were then provided, and we were ready to descend into the crater.

CHAPTER X.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CRATER OF KILAUEA—DESCENT INTO THE CRATER—CROSSING THE CRATER—PÉLÉ'S HAIR—THE SOUTH LAKE—CONES—RETURN—A TORRENT OF FIRE—SCENE FOR A SENSATION PLAY—FALL OF LAVA FLOOR—AFTERTHOUGHTS.

MY experience of active volcanoes hitherto had been derived from toilsome journeys for long hours over beds of ashes and loose lava, which had flowed down the indented sides of a cone-shaped mountain, at whose summit was a rugged wall of scoria, forming an orifice for the volumes of smoke and flame that issued from its interior. Instead of this, we found ourselves now on the edge of a steep precipice, at whose base spread a vast black pit some three and a-half miles long, and from two to two and a half miles broad. Jagged masses of rock, and enormous slabs of shining lava were strewn about this sunken plain, at whose farther extremity rose a hill of lava which concealed the active part of the crater from view. The red streams which we had seen flowing through the fissures of the lava floor still ran, but in the daylight their presence was

only revealed by long narrow lines of sulphur, steam, and smoke.

A picturesque but eccentric staircase made of rough boughs, with steps varying from two to six feet apart, ran down the black face of the precipice for about six hundred feet. Having descended, we found ourselves in a thick shrubbery, with quite luxuriant vegetation fostered by endless rains and steam. Another descent of four hundred feet over lava ridges and rocks, and we were fairly in the bed of the crater, with three miles of travel across a black valley before us. A high hill of lava rose at our left, and we clambered along the foot of this for some distance, and then striking off to the right, were soon in the centre of the plain and well on our way. The air from the crevices was quivering with heat and filled with poisonous gases. Often we stepped over narrow fissures through which we could see the red stream flowing, and at first it was rather nervous work walking over ground under which we knew there was a boiling flood, but we soon got accustomed to it, though up to the last the sudden crushing through a surface of rotten or thin lava was somewhat alarming. Lava streams cool and harden so rapidly that the surface is often able to bear the weight of a man even while the crimson current flows beneath. The treacherous covering of lava crust snaps and crackles under foot, and is so treacherous that it is well to sound each step in advance with your pointed stick, making occasional detours to avoid the currents of sulphurous vapours that sweep too near.

The broken lava over which we passed took all sorts of curious shapes—pyramids, door-handles, paper-weights, &c.; but the most curious were light filaments of lava, like spun glass, caused by the separation of molten masses flung upwards by the fire fountains. "Pélé's hair" is the name given to these fragments, as the natives believe them to be the tresses of that goddess, torn in rage from her temples, and scattered over land and sea.

At last we reached the lava hill at the farther extremity of the crater, and climbed its petrified crest, from which we were to behold the finest display of volcanic action in the world. The spectacle disclosed could certainly have no parallel. It was terrible. I had heard that visitors had been known to run away after the first glimpse and never return, and so appalling is the sight that I can now believe it. Almost immediately beneath us, and enclosed by perpendicular walls about a hundred feet in height, was a circular lake of crimson lava with a diameter of about a quarter of a mile. Its heavy, sluggish waves surged in blind fury against the cliffs with a muffled roar, like the deep mutterings of thunder; not like the glad sound of the surf as it breaks upon the reef, or the changeful music of water falling from high rocks, but like the dull, heavy, suppressed breathing of some chained monster striving to get free from the molten torrent that lapped around it. The sound was, indeed, as appalling as the sight. The heat was unendurable for any length of time, in spite of a strong breeze in our favour, and

when the hot sulphur blasts sped past us, sweeping with a moaning sound over that lake of hell, the scene was as close a resemblance to Dante's "Inferno," with the shrieking of the doomed spirits, as the imagination of Gustave Doré, in its most lively manifestations, could depict. Occasionally a thick black crust formed over the surface, broken by jagged circles of fire. Suddenly the whole mass would burst asunder, and a huge wave of liquid fire shoot up into the air. Now a whirlpool of lava would draw the seething liquid into its vortex, leaving bare the blood-red rocks beneath; then great masses of rock, vomited high into the air, would fall back hissing into the awful gulf, only to be again cast forth.

The walls of the terrible caldron had been undermined by the raging fire billows, and at intervals great stones from the hollow cliffs tumbled into the burning lake with hideous noises, fearfully hinting that at any moment the rock on which we stood might follow their example. A moment of rest, and then a wild motion stirred the surface; the dreadful roar grew louder, sending a thrill of horror through some of us, who threw quick glances behind to see that the way was clear for a spedy retreat. Then the entire mass surged to one end of the abyss, and in one long wave rolled over the intervening space and reared itself against the opposite wall, where it broke into a sheet of crimson foam. Again and again did it repeat its vain effort to escape, until, finding it of no avail, it sank back into its restless heavings and troubled groans. Away to our

left a smaller lake was acting in the same diabolical manner, and between the two were several great black cones, or rather pits, as their conical chimneys had been blown off, leaving the yawning holes.

From our position above them, we could see the lava flood surging against the red-hot sides of the pits, and winding like scarlet serpents up to the top, where it would overflow and pour over the inky surface into the lake. Long tongues of flame shot out of these pits of horror, and ever and anon showers of red-hot stones would issue forth, and fall too near us to be agreeable. Lighter jets of lava were thrown up in rapid succession, and filled the atmosphere with red-hot spray. Sustained jets of molten rock were constantly rising fifty feet within their mural caldrons, whose surgings and puffings were as angry as those of the great lava lake itself, whilst the columns of thick black smoke which issued at intervals from the Tartarean chimneys threw an appropriate veil over a scene of horrors, one view of which is sufficient for a lifetime. To gaze at such a scene is to receive an impression of the terrible that will live with one for ever, that will be vividly before you when you return to the common places of the earth, and that will reproduce itself with its first power through all changes of time and situation.

At length we turned our backs on the horrid fires, and retraced our steps down the hot lava banks. Far and wide stretched the black wilderness. The Volcano House looked a mere speck perched on the distant

precipice; and above all, in wonderful contrast to the turmoil and awful unrest we had just left, delicate clouds of silvery fleece floated peacefully in the bright azure sky. On our way home, we turned a little off the track to the right, in order to see some new streams of lava that were then running from the burning lakes through underground passages into the dead crater's bed. At one point the ground had burst open, forming a chasm about five yards broad, and from ten to fifteen yards long. Through this a broad red torrent of lava rushed with the speed of a mill race, and disappeared in the lurid depths of a yawning cave—the lair of the old gentleman himself—from whose arched and white-hot ceiling depended enormous stalactites of glowing lava. This ceiling showed us how thin was the lava crust over which we walked, and as the frail bridge it formed differed in no respect in appearance from the rest of the lava, an unsuspecting person might very easily walk over it and be plunged in the fearful stream beneath. The guide declared it was strong enough to bear anybody, but I certainly should not have liked to venture on it—ten or twelve inches was its utmost thickness. What a fine scene this would be for a new sensation drama! The river of fire flowing under the slight lava-bridge, over which the heroine passes in safety, pursued by the heavy villain, under whom the crust gives way, precipitating him into the red flood below!

As we walked home, the guide told us of the different eruptions he had witnessed, and of the changes

that were continually taking place in the appearance of the burning lakes. He said that up to a few years ago the crater-bed over which we were toiling was five or six hundred feet higher than it is now; one day it fell in with a crash, and has remained a floor of great rolls of lava and *débris* ever since. Repeated overflows from the lakes are gradually filling up this depression, so that in time it may regain its former elevation, while the great lava banks which hem in the lake itself are already almost as high as the southern rim of the crater of Kilauea. It is difficult to conceive the intensity of the terrible volcanic agency that has run riot in these regions, even with such rugged features of the scene as these visibly before you. How unsatisfactory, therefore, must be an after-attempt at verbal description of such phenomena, however great a hold they may have upon the memory. It requires, too, a more cunning pen than mine to infuse into it the necessary atmosphere of horror characteristic of the realms of Hades, and prevailing in the precincts of the great volcano.

CHAPTER XI.

PULU FERN—THE TRACK—HALF-WAY HOUSE—A NATIVE HEN—A LESSON IN POI-EATING—A LIVELY NIGHT—PIGS AND SLUMBER—A WET START—HILO—THE WAIALUKA—DANGEROUS CROSSING—A FOOTER—THE RAINBOW FALLS—SURF-SWIMMING—THE WINGLESS BIRD—ASTONISHING EFFECT OF ADVERTISING—OO—DEPARTURE FROM HILO.

THAT a compensating world this is! The perpetual drought on one side of Mauna Loa is most assuredly made up for by the endless rains on the other. At Hilo they have given up calculating the annual rainfall by inches, and have taken to feet, about eighteen of which is a moderate average.

Grey was the sky when we left the Volcano House for Hilo, and dripping wet the thick foliage through which the trail ran. The magnificent fronds of the pulu ferns were too heavily-laden with moisture to answer to the breath of the trade wind, and bent trembling to the damp ground. Many of this species might almost have been taken for tree ferns, so luxuriantly did they grow, and so tall were the thick fluffy stems. Few plants give such an air of repose to a land-

scape as ferns; even the common bracken of our English woodlands imparts a tropical character to the scene; and when it springs up under the shelter of the forest trees to a height of five or six feet, so still and peaceful is the view, one naturally associates with it the presence of timid deer, whose haunts would only be in the silent depths of some ferny glade.

However, we saw no deer, as there are none on these islands, and pigs were the only living animals that presented themselves on that wet day. The wildest feature of the country was the track we followed; nothing but a series of lava slabs piled indiscriminately one on the other, occasionally varied by deep pools of water. From the volcanoes to Hilo is thirty miles; but when we arrived at what is called the half-way house, my poor mule was so lame that we could go no further. Nothing could exceed the dreary aspect of that hovel. Standing in a swamp with sedge growing up to the door, it looked a fitting abode for ague, and the grass thatch of which the entire building was made did not promise well as a protection against the pouring rain. The one room which constituted the whole house was pretty well occupied before we arrived, but the kindly natives welcomed us on the principle, I suppose, of the more the merrier, and at once set to work to make us as comfortable as circumstances would permit. The furniture of the room consisted of a table and a very large four-post bed, which I learnt was set apart for any white traveller who might be foolish enough to spend the night there. A curtain stretched across the

room shut off the family sleeping place—a pile of mats on a raised floor.

We had evidently arrived whilst the evening meal was in progress; and directly our steeds had been divested of their saddles, and left to the enjoyment of their shower-bath, Moke dropped on his heels, and with a piece of raw fish in one hand was soon deep into the mysteries of the poi bowl. To catch, strangle, and pluck a chicken—which I subsequently discovered had no flesh on its bones—was the work of a minute to mine host; and whilst he and his wife and a child or two were all helping to cook it, I had an opportunity of studying the art of eating the compound round which the rest of the dusky brood squatted. Eight right hands were pointed at the calabash, the first and second fingers of each being extended like sign-posts. Simultaneously these fingers were dipped into the mess, and with a rapid twirl, accompanied by a working of the elbow, they were then drawn out smoothly-coated with the preparation. A few circular flourishes to prevent the poi from dropping, and then the fingers were inserted into the several gaping mouths, invariably into those of their proper owners, from which they immediately issued free from any adhesive matter and ready again for action.

The idea of ten or twelve pair of fingers in one bowl is unpleasant, but in reality no finger ever touches any other particle of the contents except that which clings to it, as poi is of a glutinous nature, and adheres to the skin directly a finger touches it. To eat it neatly

requires a great deal of practice, and to enjoy it still more.

As soon as I had disposed of my scanty chicken, I retired hungry to the four-poster which the lady of the house had clothed with sheets and brilliant blankets; but it was impossible to sleep, as a flock of mosquitoes, that in the dim Kukui light appeared as large as kittens, and just as playful, hovered about me with the firm intention of grazing upon the surface of my body the very first opportunity. At last I could stand it no longer, so got up and went to sit outside in the little porch, and there I found my wretched mule, half sheltered from the rain, munching away at the grass wall of the house. A dark form was asleep on a bench, underneath which lay a fine pig, whose white back contrasted well with the black heads of two little naked children who used it as a pillow. Night under such circumstances never does pass quickly, and at the first sign of dawn I roused Moke—who, by the way, had claimed no relations, not liking, I suppose, the appearance of the domicile—and we resumed our journey. It was still pouring with rain, but as our host had intimated that if we waited till it left off we should probably never get away, we thought the sooner we were off the better. The cold water system had been of much benefit to my steed, and it was very fortunate that it had been so, as the road was fifty times worse than the one we had travelled over the previous day. When about half way to Hilo, we suddenly left the lava district and entered the portals of a great forest

whose impenetrable foliage above our heads was a very welcome shade, as, the rain having ceased, the sun had come out hot and dazzling.

For some miles we rode through the tangled growth of tree and fern, where huge parasites trailed from the high branches, and crimson and white blossoms nestled in heavy folds amongst the green drapery, up and down ravines filled with giant ferns and here and there a strange looking dracœna with its tuft of lance-like leaves. The yellow point of the mami apple-tree peeped out of its dull green bed, and ohias, kukuis, and an occasional orange-tree gave additional charms to the profuse undergrowth. The volcanic outbursts that had desolated other parts of the island had left this untouched, and it was hard to believe that we could be so near a region of black and barren lava. It was Paradise after Hades.

Sometimes a "royal bird" or a "nectarine" flitted across our path, hovering for a moment over some sweet blossom into which it plunged its long curved bill; or a little saffron-finch would trill out its joyous notes in a burst of glee as melodious as the song of its kindred sung in fields and woods far away. There are very few singing birds in these islands—as, indeed, is the case in most foreign lands—and the importation of thrushes, blackbirds, &c., would be a blessing to the community. They would most probably thrive well, as other imported birds, not of the singing class, have done. Is it prejudice, or fact, that makes me think that nowhere out of England can you hear those

melodious notes that there fill all the woodlands, and with which every lane and garden in the country is musical.

I was very glad when Hilo came in sight, as for the last three miles I had been on foot—my mule going dead lame. I have since heard that, after a fortnight's rest at Hilo, it eventually performed the return journey, with the aid of Moke, in a little under a month. I had a letter of introduction to a gentleman whose charming house is seldom free from visitors, and the few days I passed at Hilo were as delightful as any I had spent in the island. The bay of Hilo is considered by some people to rival that of Naples—a stretch of imagination so wide that I should doubt whether such enthusiastic admirers had ever visited the latter with its wonderful charms, not only of scenery, but also of association. Still Hilo Bay is beautiful. If we look at it from the sea, from within the line of snowy surf that breaks across the coral reef, what a magnificent spectacle is presented! Encircling the beach are beautiful groves of cocoa-nut trees, in which one may dream away his life by the green water in an air of peace and solitude. Behind is a crescent-shaped plain, covered with a dense mass of foliage, amongst which pretty white houses and quaint churches peep out. An amphitheatre of green hills, covered with sugar-cane plantations, occupies the middle distance, and through these hills a fine stream dashes down its rocky bed towards the sea, while the eye follows its windings far up till it is lost in the dim misty background formed by

the wooded slopes of Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea, whose snowy peaks rise grandly from the lava rock above the broad forest belt.

The river Waialuka is extremely picturesque, and one may enjoy many excursions along its precipitous banks. Near its mouth it is crossed by a handsome bridge, above which is a series of falls and rapids. Before the bridge was built, the only means of crossing the river was by jumping from stone to stone across these rapids, and many of the natives are said to have lost their lives in the attempt, as at this point there is a tremendous undercurrent which sweeps the hapless victim into a water cave under the banks, out of which no one who has once been dragged in has ever appeared again dead or alive. In many places the bed of the river is very deep, the rocky embankments, which are generally perpendicular, often rising to a height of from sixty to a hundred feet. At these points the natives amuse themselves by jumping from the cliffs into the deep pools below, and it is astonishing from what an altitude they will leap; women as well as men think nothing of a plunge of sixty feet. They never take a header, though, but always go in feet first, body erect.

The principal object of interest in the river is the Rainbow Falls, which in point of novelty and beauty exceed anything of the kind I have ever seen. The view gives the impression of a natural bridge about sixty feet long spanning the basin, below which is a perfect circle of, perhaps, a hundred yards diameter.

The water pours over this arch, which rests on either side upon massive slabs of rock, in one splendid sheet above a hundred feet in height. The arch, however, is not open entirely through, but forms the entrance of a deep cavern, and the rush of green water over the black background is marvellously effective. The basin into which the stream plunges is completely walled in, except at one narrow outlet, by precipices more than 150 feet in height, richly covered with moss, ferns, and shrubs. Opposite the cascade rises an isolated pyramid of basaltic rock, possessing in its formation the same regularity of arrangement and distinctive characteristics as the Giant's Causeway. In the afternoon, when the sun strikes down on the silver spray from the torrent, a perfect rainbow is formed, whose brilliancy is likewise enhanced by the dark gloomy background of the deep receding cave, reminding one of Byron's description of the Cataract of Velino:—

> "Horribly beautiful! but on the verge
> From side to side, beneath the glittering morn
> An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
> Like Hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn
> Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
> By the distracted waters, bears serene
> Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn:
> Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene
> Love watching Madness with unalterable mien."

Higher up the river are other waterfalls well worth seeing, but of a more ordinary kind than the one I have described. The visitor at Hilo may enjoy the

sport of surf-swimming if he does not mind being drowned in the attempt. It is very amusing to watch the natives indulging in this favourite game, especially when the sea is rolling in heavily over the reef, and the breakers are large and wild. It requires a good seat and a light hand to ride on the top of a wave with a saddle consisting only of a long piece of wood, a mere plank, about two feet wide, twelve feet long, and rather pointed at one end. Armed with these the natives swim out from the beach for a mile or so, dive under the breakers, and finally reach the smooth water beyond the surf. Here they wait for a very high rolling swell; as it approaches they balance themselves on their boards, sometimes standing erect, but generally lying or kneeling on them, and away they go on the crest of the wave, always just a little ahead of the breaker, with the speed of race-horses, and all the time enveloped in foam and spray.

On approaching the shore one expects to see them dashed on the rocks, but instead of that they either slip off the board and fall behind the wave, or allow it to pass over them, and in a few moments are far away outside, waiting for another express roller. The chief skill required for the successful performance of this feat is keeping the head and shoulders just ahead and clear of the great crested wave that rears itself high above and threatens every moment to bury the bold performer. In fact, he may be said. figuratively, to ride on the neck of the white charger, while holding on by his mane. I do not see why this attractive sport should

not be introduced into England in suitable localities—Brighton, for instance. It is very exciting to look at, and requires a good deal of nerve, I should think, but I never tried it. Sharks are prevalent at Hilo, which must add to the hazard and excitement of the game, as I know of nothing more likely to hurry one through the water than a shark at one's heels. The surf-board does occasionally come back without its rider, one piercing shriek telling too plainly his sad fate. Surf-swimming is one of the oldest of the ancient Hawaiian sports, but like all the others, it is fast dying out. Old surf-riders will tell you that none of the present generation have the skill and courage displayed by their ancestors; but who ever heard of the present generation approaching the past in anything?

On the island of Hawaii is still to be found, though very rarely, a wingless bird called by the natives "moho." The species is almost extinct, as cats have killed the few left by the natives. These birds were considered a great delicacy and were tabooed to the common people. When a high chief wanted a dish of them, he sent out troop of his retainers who would surround a vast tract of country, and beat up to a common centre. As the mohoes are very small, not much larger than the least rail, which they resemble in appearance, it must have taken great numbers of them to satisfy a hungry chief and, therefore, it is not extraordinary that they have decreased in number. I saw two stuffed specimens, but their owner would take no sum of money which I could offer for them, although

I was anxious to obtain one for the British Museum. I also tried to get a pair of "oos," royal birds, and should have succeeded if they had answered the advertisement, as the Florida alligator is said to have done in a story which has been brought forward in America as a proof of the utility of advertising. It appears that a family in Florida were distracted by the disappearance of their youngest member, a boy of about ten years old. They consequently advertised for him, and the same afternoon an alligator crawled up from the river and died on the doorstep. At a post-mortem examination of the brute, the stomach revealed a pair of pants, a peg-top, three marbles, and a bunch of red hair—clear indications of the fate of the boy, which, but for the advertisement in the paper, would have remained a mystery to the present day.

The natives who, as a rule, are very expert in bird-catching, did not bring me any "oos," but on my return from the South Seas I managed to obtain a pair, and succeeded in taking them alive to San Francisco. They were the first specimens that had ever been brought alive from the islands, but the success did not last long, as they both died in three or four days. The natives sometimes manage to keep them alive as pets, feeding them on chewed sugar-cane, but they are so delicate that I doubt whether they would live anywhere out of their own country. One of mine was very tame and would shoot out its long forked tongue and take a fly from my hand. It was also very pretty to see it sucking the honey from a bunch of flowers. On putting

the specimens which I had obtained into a large cage, I discovered that the fun-loving natives had abstracted their yellow feathers, a fact which I could not find out before, owing to the thick plaits of the little bamboo cage in which they were originally confined.

I was very sorry when the steamer, which was to take me back to Honolulu, hove in sight, and would gladly have passed another week under the hospitable roof of Mr. S——. Kindness shown to a traveller in a strange land is never forgotten, and is doubly dear where the recipient of it is entirely dependent on individual hospitality.

CHAPTER XII.

DEATH—NATURAL FEELING—UP THE BED OF A RIVER—A FAIRY GROT—A NATIVE FEAST—BILL OF FARE—LOMI-LOMI—MORMON SETTLEMENT—LOCAL INTELLIGENCE—AMUSEMENTS—AMERICAN PARTIES—AT SEA AGAIN.

ON my return to Honolulu, I found that a German vessel had arrived there bound for the Navigator Islands, Samoa. The American Mission had kindly offered me a passage in their schooner to the Marquesas, but as the Samoan group was less known, and probably more interesting, I agreed with the German skipper to go to the latter. As he was not going to sail for a fortnight, I had the attractive prospect of a few more lazy strolls and quiet rides among the pleasant hills and valleys of Oahu. During one of these excursions we had stopped at a native house in the Manoa Valley to inquire the way to a certain point, and inside we found a young girl dying of consumption. Friends and relations were gathered round her, and their moans and lamentations were strangely at variance with the

calmness, almost indifference, with which the sufferer viewed the approach of death. A few days after, when we were riding past the same house, we heard the dismal notes of the death-wail issuing forth. The constant repetition of the word "aue," uttered in a minor key, is the symbol of native mourning, and the intensity with which they give utterance to this sound impresses listeners with the depth of their sorrow. But the outward expression of their grief is hardly in accord with their true feelings, and the loss of a child or wife is to them much the same as the loss of some useful article, and may be expressed in language like that of the practical Missouri farmer, when he said, "I tell you what, it's a mighty solemn thing to think that Maria Jane is down in the cold ground, instead of being around to churn, and saw wood, and sich." The brother of the dead girl saw us as we rode past, and at once ceasing his wails, ran out and offered to be our guide up the valley, a service which we declined, as we were pretty well acquainted with the locality by that time. So he returned to his home, and the increased noise which we heard issuing from it was an evidence that he had resumed his interrupted occupation.

Our object being to visit a waterfall a few miles further on in the valley, we tied our horses up and proceeded on foot along the bed of the stream, picking our way over the slippery boulders. Our progress was necessarily slow, not only owing to the fragments of broken rock with which the bed of the watercourse

was covered and about which the stream pelted and splashed, but also on account of the fantastic boughs and crooked roots of trees which shot out from the sides of the gorge, affording no passage except to one who could crawl underneath. The banks of the stream were rich with many graceful ferns, amongst which we felt disposed to linger but for the distance we had yet to proceed. At last we heard the noise of falling water, and it was not long before we came to a dell fit for Titania. It was entirely shut in by rocky walls covered with large ferns and broad-leaved plantains. At one end a lovely waterfall stole from a covert of wreathing ferns and creepers, and fell into a large circular basin of deep, clear water. On both sides of the fall the water trickled over the moss-cushioned rocks, and amongst the delicate fronds of the maiden-hair fern, sparkling like dew-drops in the sunlight which gleamed through the overarching trees. The entrance to this fairy grotto was barred by a fallen tree which formed a natural bridge across the stream, and under this arch we had to creep. This curved trunk formed a very appropriate doorway to the cavern, as it was thickly covered with lichens, creepers, and bird's-nest ferns, the upper branches of which were entangled in such clinging luxuriance that it seemed a perfect screen of foliage. A plunge into the crystal water was a luxury not to be resisted, and we felt most amply repaid for our hot scramble.

One afternoon we attended a "lauau," or native feast, an entertainment which is so dear to the soul

of a true Kanaka. The object of these festivals is usually to recuperate the purse of the donor, as though the guests are all invited, yet each is expected to pay his share. The banquet was laid out or rather strewed about in a pretty garden, gay with the bright colours of new and gaudy holukus, and perfectly alive with garlands and wreaths of flowers, whose wearers had already diminished the huge piles of fish, flesh, and fruit that lay in endless profusion. The host gave us seats on his mats, and we were speedily supplied with all sorts of delicacies. There were packages of fish cooked in green leaves for those who did not eat it raw; broad plantain leaves on which lay fish fresh from the sea, leaf-dishes filled with tit-bits of cold roast dog and flanked by pyramids of oranges and bananas; taro plain and taro pudding; bowls of pink poi and bowls of golden poi, small stacks of guavas, curious salads of seaweed and cocoa-nut, whilst at regular intervals smoked the crowning dish of the entertainment in the shape of whole roast pigs. Water and cocoa-nut milk were the principal beverages at the early part of the repast, but towards its close ava and other intoxicating liquors were introduced, and the fun and merriment gradually increased. The quantity of food consumed on these occasions is something marvellous, and the eaters apparently are never satisfied so long as a vestige of anything remains.

In order to have a greater capacity for gorging at these feasts, "lomi-lomi" is often resorted to. Having eaten his fill, the sensual Hawaiian resigns himself into

the hands of skilled women, who, by substituting artificial action of the muscles for natural exercise, and by a liberal use of lubricating cocoa-nut oil, hasten digestion, thus enabling the gourmand to recommence his attack on the various dainties with fresh vigour, and without the trouble of locomotion. In this respect the Hawaiians are far ahead of the Roman sybarites, who employed a much less refined mode of preparing themselves for a series of dinners to be eaten one after the other in rapid succession.

Towards evening singing and dancing were indulged in, and in the absence of all formality gradually assumed a great deal of licence. Songs were sung, not exactly pointed with a moral, and the hula-hula assumed in some instances the proportions of the can-can. But in course of time continuous eating had its natural effect, and the tired revellers either resigned themselves to sleep, or slunk away to their own homes, casting many a wistful glance at the torn leaves and empty calabashes.

Near Honolulu is a small Mormon settlement which is worth a visit, although cultivation is not carried on in it with the same energy as in Utah. I do not know whether this peculiar sect is thinking of the South Sea islands as a suitable abode in the event of its having to leave Salt Lake, but on my return from Samoa, one of the brethren called on me, as he wished to get some information about those islands. He told me that Brigham Young—who, by the way, is said by some sarcastic Salt Lake newspaper "to be recovering

from his late indisposition and able to be married occasionally"—had commissioned him to visit them, but with what object I did not find out. I could not help suggesting that if their purpose was to establish one of the chief Mormon doctrines, viz., the plurality of wives, a visit to those regions would be a considerable waste of time.

My Honoluluan days were fast drawing to a close, and of course the nearer the time for departure approached, the more intensely did I enjoy the pleasures of these last days. I do not believe any other small communities exist containing so many agreeable members. Each and all strive to render a stranger's sojourn so delightful that he can carry away none but kindly reminiscences. Whites and natives—and among the latter are some Hawaiian ladies most charming and cultivated—exercise hospitality with a grace and simplicity peculiar to Honolulu, and though gossip is not unknown, it is not of that narrow and ill-natured type which is often the result of petty cliques and coteries. The German and American elements are very strong, and these are inclined to make inner circles of their own, as, in their opinion, the English also do; but altogether there is little clashing in society, and plenty of good-will between those who compose it. It is natural, perhaps, for each one to think himself better suited to fill the several official positions than the actual holder; but the adjustment of such difficulties is generally left to the rival weekly newspapers, who wrangle and fight over their favourites with the bitterness of cat and dog.

In a place where there is no telegraph, and where foreign intelligence is limited to statements respecting the state of sugar in a neighbouring island, local matters and individualities assume an importance that they are scarcely entitled to, and a slight difference of opinion regarding their respective merits is sufficient to ignite the editorial torches into a grand blaze, followed by still grander columns of smoke. Social amusements are not wanting in Honolulu. There is a theatre where the most indifferent performances I ever saw, except some in Fiji, are occasionally given. Ships of war, when they visit the island, entertain the natives and foreign visitors with their proverbial generosity. Dancing is an epidemic, and amongst the Americans "surprise" parties are not unknown—a species of entertainment which I may state, for the benefit of the uninitiated, consists in the self-invitation of a large or small number to the house of another person, who invariably receives due intimation of the proposed surprise. The name is, therefore, not so appropriate as that of the "sheet and pillow-case" party, another invention of American genius, where everybody is literally dressed in sheets and pillow-cases, with small holes for the eyes.

The only certainty about the departure of a sailing vessel is that she is sure not to leave on the date fixed. So it was not till after three false alarms that I found myself actually moving through the water under a full spread of canvas, Diamond Head fast becoming a tiny speck on the horizon, and our little bark fairly bound for the South Seas.

CHAPTER XIII.

TRADE WINDS—A PATH OF FOAM—FLYING FISH—THE CUISINE—DESERTION—A FOWL FATE—LAND OH!—PALMYRA ISLAND—INHABITANTS OF A LAGOON ISLAND—MODEL JURYMEN—IN THE "DOLDRUMS"—A CALM—A PHAETON.

THOSE were days to be remembered, when the trade wind was silently sweeping us towards the equator—days so dreamily lazy, so utterly inactive for all, that even the man at the wheel occasionally gave up his post, and allowed the vessel to run before the steady breeze, with the tiller tied.

Always advancing, yet apparently always in the same place; ploughing the sea from night till morning, and leaving the same broad track of foam behind; nothing but the great circle of the horizon around us and across it—that long diameter of foam, which indicated the direction in which our vessel had advanced. We saw no ships, nor did we expect to see any. But animal life was not wanting. Occasionally a great whale would blow a long breath close beside us, and schools of porpoises raced under the bows; long-tailed tropic birds—

"bo'sens"—whistled shrilly over our heads, now and then dropping with the speed of an arrow on to some too venturesome little fish.

> "But calm and ceaseless heaved the waves below,
> Eternal with unsympathetic flow;
> For o'er its face the dolphin sported on,
> And sprung the flying fish against the sun,
> Till its dried wing relapsed from its brief height,
> To gather moisture for another flight."

How various are the modes of flight in which the flying fish indulges! Sometimes its flight resembles that of a quail—short and rapid; at others it rises and sinks in undulations similar to those of a woodpecker; now it goes straight as an arrow, and anon it changes its direction, as if to avoid some hungry bonito, or other fishy foe. What animation they give to the scene as they shoot out of the water in shoals, and after a rapid flight sink back again in a silver cloud! I have often longed, as I watched their flight, that a few of the largest and most impetuous would take it into their heads to fly on to our deck, for truth to say we were very badly off for provisions, and fresh fish would have been most acceptable.

It seems a mockery that to us on board ship, of all situations in the world, fish should be unattainable, except on special occasions, brought about by light winds and slow sailing. German sailing-ships are not celebrated for their cuisine, and ours proved to be no exception The skipper was a most worthy man, but unfortunately his ideas on the

subject of provisions for his passengers soared no higher than salt junk and ships' biscuit. He had been brought up on those two delicacies, and said that, as he could not live without them, he was astonished that anyone should wish for a change. Now and then he essayed to make what he called a delicious sweet soup —a favourite German dish—the ingredients of which were black currants, or dried apples, and hot water, boiled up to the consistency of a London fog. After tasting it, I was always glad to return to the junk and biscuit. Our captain had been very unfortunate as regards his cook, that individual having deserted an hour before we left Honolulu. I am not sure though that his loss was very great, as even the best French cook could hardly provide a dinner out of nothing. There is a perfect mania amongst sailors for deserting in the islands of the Pacific, and an old sea-captain once told me that, if he was on a voyage bound for Heaven and stopped for coal or water at the other place, he believed half his crew would remain behind. The remark was irreverent perhaps, but there was much truth in it.

Our live stock consisted originally of six ducks and an equal number of fowls, and had been put on board for my especial benefit, I was informed. Two of the former composed our first Sunday-dinner, the remaining four committed suicide by flying overboard one morning, in sheer despair at never getting anything to eat. I do not know what became of the fowls, as they grew too thin for culinary purposes, and would only have answered for the study of anatomy. Perhaps

they faded away into thin air, and are now traversing the ocean, mere ghosts of their former selves, in the form of Mother Carey's chickens.

After a week's sail due south, a strong east wind sprang up, and one morning we were surprised by the cry of "Land ho!" Looking in the direction indicated by the look-out aloft, not a speck was visible on the horizon from the deck. For a sight of the welcome land it was necessary, therefore, to climb the rigging, from which elevated position one could see a dotted line stretching along the horizon for a few miles. Gradually these dots developed into the tops of trees extending in an uneven line, raised but little above the surface of the water. As we approached nearer to the land, we perceived two ridges of breakers which curved from the extreme ends of the island, forming a crescent, within which the water was smooth as a lake. The surf broke heavily over the reef and dashed in white foam up to the narrow slip of coral beach, contrasting beautifully with the green luxuriant foliage growing almost down to the water and apparently out of it. This was Palmyra Island, and from aloft it presented a very strange and striking appearance. It was a rocky flat of some six or seven miles in circumference, almost covered with shallow water which was studded with islets and coral knolls that rose only a few feet above the level. Around the edge of this flat ran a border of cocoa-nut trees, almost encircling two lagoons whose waters were of the most vivid green. This border looked like a huge Hawaiian

wreath, sparkling with a border of spray and foam, flung on to the water by some careless giant hand. A break here and there in the line of foliage marked the place where a narrow channel connected the ocean and the lakes.

Some of the islands were covered by a mass of cocoa-nut trees, others seemed to consist only of bare rocks, perched on which were innumerable gulls and other sea birds, preening their plumage and resting after their fishing expeditions. We only distinguished the latter with the aid of glasses, as the skipper declined venturing too near these small islands, assuring us we were already nearer than we ought to be; and it was not till after a continuance of tiresome tacking that we at length found ourselves placed at a respectable distance from the dark patches of the coral reefs. Then the wind veered round to the north-west, and we soon lost sight of the island; the last land-mark on the eastern side being a rocky steeple, seemingly piled up by human hands. Nothing can be more surprising than the spectacle of these rocks standing in mid ocean. No wonder the early voyagers were puzzled to account for such remarkable appearances, and attributed their structure to the skill of coral insects who, in their opinion, built up reefs and islands as beavers build a dam. Their fancy was more poetic, at all events, than the true facts of the case as divulged by science, viz., that the coral reef is principally formed by polyps, through simple animal secretion, and is no more the result of intentional labour than the formation of the shell is to

the mollusc or bone-making to ourselves. The operation is rather slow, as the late Professor Agassiz says that "an inch in fourteen years, or a foot a century," is the average rate at which these coral reefs are formed.

It is difficult to conceive the intellectual condition of the people who inhabit the lagoon islands of the Pacific. Knowing nothing of other nations and other lands, and possessing only an unwritten language adapted merely to the expression of the simplest ideas, they can gain very little information from casual visitors, and can form no conception of a river or even of a hill higher than the slope of their own beach. They have no quadrupeds, except perhaps a cat or two, stolen from some vessel, and very few plants; they have no idea of labour beyond that of fishing or climbing a cocoa-nut tree, and, in fact, they can imagine no form of existenee beyond that which prevails in their own tiny sphere. What a model juryman one of these islanders would make! One who knows nothing; never heard anything; never read anything; has no opinion about anything; and whose mind is a perfect blank.

Contrary to all rules and regulations the west wind continued for some days, carried us bravely across the Line, and put us once more in our proper course, out of which we had been carried by wind and current too far to the west. Trade-winds are very pleasant when they can be depended on, but that is so seldom that disbelief in them is excusable. Old sailors say that they are by no means the certainties they used to be

when they were young; while those who have had probably only a fortunate experience of them, declare that they blow truer every year. From my own limited knowledge, I can only say that I never was favoured by a trade-wind which blew from the point laid down for it, and on two occasions when the sailing directions told us to expect strong south-easterly trades, we were gratified by dead calms.

Our present north-wester was so steady that our skipper made sure of its taking us clear of the "Doldrums," that ill-omened belt which extends a few degrees on each side of the equator; but on the afternoon of the third day in the Southern Pacific the breeze fell, the vessel flapped along for a short time and then stood still.

> "Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
> 'Twas sad as sad could be,
> And we did speak, only to break
> The silence of the sea!"

Who is it that has talked about the long delicious days of ocean calm, when the vast expanse lies stilled in one magic dream of peace? No one, certainly, who has once experienced it on board a sailing vessel. Welcome storm, tempest, even a typhoon, anything to excite the mind though it consumes the flesh, rather than the dread helplessness of a tropic calm. Morning after morning I awoke listening for a ripple against the ship's side, and heard none; day after day the grey shadow of the dawn gave way before a blood-red globe, which rested for a moment on the ocean's rim,

and then ascended higher and higher into the cloudless sky, which presented the appearance of a polished steel mirror. Day after day the blue waters reflected the black body of the ship, hull uppermost, with its tall masts and white drooping sails pointed downwards, like ghostly shadows; and evening after evening the sun diffused the same hues of crimson and gold across the same blank circle above, around, and underneath. Not a bird, not a fish, nothing alive to be seen within the horizon, the garbage thrown overboard at night floated in the same place in the morning untouched. Oh, for a shark! a gull! or even a whale! anything with life. A new use might be found for whales surely, in training them to tow ships out of these silent waters.

On the afternoon of the fifth day of our calm, a messenger of hope appeared in the shape of a long feathery-tailed phaeton, not one of the common species with its two red and white, or black and white tail-feathers, but one of the rare kinds with a long graceful plumed tail. It hovered over us for a little time, and tempted me very much to add it to my collection, but it would have been too base to have shot the welcome harbinger of wind, and it presently soared away, and I never saw another of its kind.

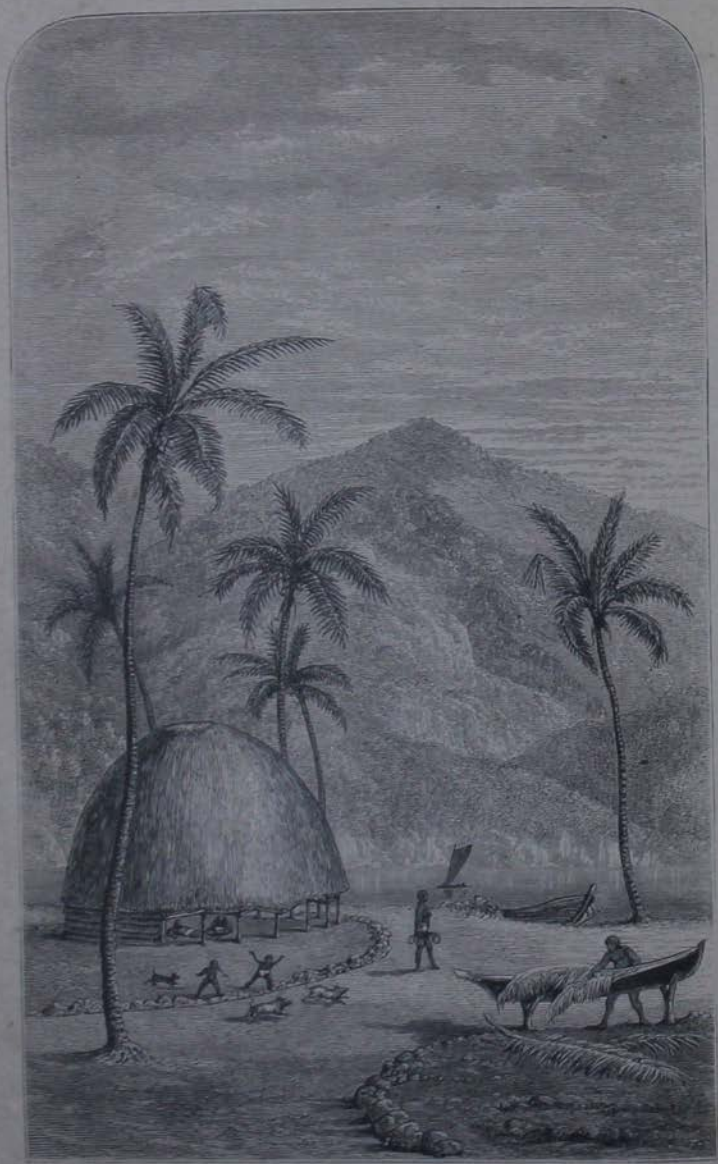
That night I was awakened by the almost forgotten sounds of creaking; the breeze had come, the water rippled, and we were no longer

> "As idle as a painted ship,
> Upon a painted ocean."

CHAPTER XIV.

ROSE ISLAND — BUYING AN ISLAND — TUTUILA — PAGO-PAGO — A NATIVE HOUSE—COCOA-NUT OIL—UPOLU—COAST SCENERY—CHASING CANOES—SAMOANS—CHIGNONS—DRESS—EVE—CAUGHT IN A TRAP—A RESCUE—APIA—THE HARBOUR.

ONCE more we bowled along cheery and amiable, as if there were no such things as calms. Red-legged gulls and harsh-voiced "bos'ens" again screamed and fished, and shoals of flying-fish re-appeared with the fresh breeze. Purple black frigate-birds swept past us on their enormous pinions, so close sometimes that we could distinguish their hard, restless eyes, eagerly surveying as it were the whole ocean. Movement to them is rest, surely these are the monarchs of the winged race; what is distance to them? They are literally all wings and beak. No wonder they so seldom rest on earth, where their small body, short feet, and vast spread of wing, become such embarrassments that they require a strong wind to raise them, and a lofty situation from which to start. But in the air they are kings; look at that one how he swoops



PAGO PAGO.—TUTUILA.

down on to that unfortunate booby-bird, forces him to relinquish the fish he has in his beak, and catches it before it falls into the water.

Now and then a brilliant Portuguese man-of-war, with its sail-like crest erect, floated lazily past, while dense patches of seaweed and an occasional palm-log gave evidence of our approach to land.

At last on the morning of our twenty-fifth day from Honolulu, a little cloud seemed to rise from the sea, and the glad cry of "land" told us we were in sight of the Samoan group. By evening we had run close to Rose Island, the most easterly of the cluster. It is a small cone-shaped island, thickly covered with trees, but uninhabited except by great quantities of sea-birds.

Islands are sometimes sold in the South Seas, but not being staple articles of commerce, like sugar and cotton, fancy prices have to be paid for them. Shortly before our arrival, Rose Island had been sold by the King of Manua, for the sum of five dollars, to a white merchant, and the latter eventually got rid of his bargain for fifty. Islands were dull at that time.

With a fine breeze we ran past Manua and another small island, about which I shall have a story to tell later on, and anchored in the harbour of Pago Pago,* which is situated on the south side of the Island of Tutuila. On looking round, I could not help wondering whether we saw an everyday Samoan scene or a specially beautiful one. We lay in a deep, perfectly

* Pronounced Pango Pango.

land-locked bay, whose olive-green water was separated by a line of snowy breakers from the bright blue water inside the reef. On shore, the narrow beach of dazzling white sand was fringed with glorious palms and broad-leaved bananas, amongst which were scattered the picturesque dome-shaped houses of the natives. Hills, densely clothed with the most luxuriant vegetation, sloped upwards and were crowned with volcanic peaks wooded to the crest, except in a few places where the black lava cliffs stood out in grand perpendicular masses.

The island is about seventeen miles long, and varies from two to five in breadth. There is a number of villages in it, each governed by an independent chief. The houses differ in shape from those on some of the other islands, being built in the shape of a dome, and standing on a raised platform of gravel and rock. A spacious room is formed by posts driven into the ground, from which spring rafters, making a lofty roof, which is thickly thatched with the long leaves of the sugar-cane. High pillars, generally made of the bread fruit tree, support the centre, and the whole of the frame-work is secured by neatly braided sinnet of different colours, made from the fibre of the cocoa-nut husk dried by baking, combed out and plaited. Its use is universal in the South Seas for fastening and lashing, and great quantities of it are used about canoes, temples, and houses. The eaves of the roofs of these houses reach within four feet of the ground, and keep the interior very cool; white mats are spread

over the floor, and everything looks scrupulously clean. Gaily coloured tappa curtains off the sleeping places, which are sometimes raised by piles of soft mats.

Tutuila used formerly to be a great depôt for cocoa-nut oil, and one often sees the primitive contrivance used for its extraction. The grated kernel of old cocoa-nuts was placed in a wooden trough, generally an old canoe or the hollow trunk of a tree. This was exposed to the hot sun, and as the oil exuded, it drained into the hollows between the heaps, and was then scooped up and preserved. But trade now is chiefly carried on in "copra," which is the name given to the old cocoa-nut kernels when sliced up into strips. These strips are shipped off to foreign cities—Hamburg chiefly—and there have the oil extracted from them by machinery.

We remained but a short time at Tutuila, and within thirty hours after leaving were coasting along the island of Upolu to our anchorage in the harbour of Apia, which is the chief town of the Samoan group. No scenery has ever impressed itself so deeply on my mind as that of this island coast. From the verge of the water the land rises in gentle undulations to a height of about four thousand feet, no great elevation, but revelling from base to summit in a luxury of vegetation perfectly astonishing. The surface is very varied; there are deep glens, hills and valleys, romantic gorges and rocky precipices, clothed with every variety of verdure. The plumes of the lofty cocoa-nut trees wave from some high jutting promontory in

as great profusion as in the groves along the shore. The deep foliage of the bread-fruit tree hides the round straight shafts of the palms, and nothing is to be seen but a mass of tropical plants shaded by rustling feathers. High up in the dark ravines numerous waterfalls tumble in great silver sheets, and are lost in the thick undergrowth.

In some old sailing instructions that the captain possessed, it was laid down that, in order to reach the harbour of Apia, it was necessary to make straight for a large waterfall that could be seen from a distance of ten miles. We were, therefore, rather surprised at seeing waterfalls, all of which would answer the description almost every two miles. No one on board had ever been in those regions before, and the captain felt some natural apprehensions as we approached a small opening in the inevitable reef which surrounds the majority of the South Sea Islands. A large cataract was exactly in front of us, but we could see no signs of shipping, only a few native houses and a couple of canoes. However, as it would not do to run past the harbour, and have to beat back, the vessel was hove to, and a boat lowered to proceed to the shore for information. As the crew only spoke German, I accompanied the mate and another seaman, and we pulled for the land. When within hailing distance of the canoes, we shouted and made signs for them to approach, not wishing to go nearer a coast we knew nothing about. Instead of coming to us, they at once made off, and disappeared round a headland. We gave chase, and

rounding the promontory, found ourselves in the midst of a small fleet of canoes, whose occupants came alongside, chattering and gesticulating most vehemently.

The Samoans are of lofty stature, with broad shoulders and well-shaped figure. Their features are regular and handsome, with a very pleasing expression; the colour of their skin is a rich golden bronze. The nose is straight or aquiline, and not of the negro type, and the mouth is neither large nor thick-lipped. Perfect teeth and large soft eyes are universal with these poetical savages, whose beauty and disposition harmonize with the softness of their clime. The women, as a rule, are perhaps too robust and masculine in appearance—more especially as they wear their hair too short—to please our ideas of feminine beauty; but they are splendid creatures, and make up in dignity and expression for any absence of womanly delicacy. The most striking feature in their physical appearance is their hair, which is curly, and of a bright red colour. The colour is obtained by plastering their heads with coral lime for a few days, which destroys the original colour of the hair, and gives a very decided auburn tinge to the light fantastic "tow." Many of the men allow their hair to grow to a great length. A string is then tied round it close to the back of the head, thus forming a large chignon. This they decorate with the crimson blossoms of the hybiscus and pomegranate. The only difference between their fashion of wearing the hair and a late European one is that their chignons are invariably their own.

At a short distance off, one is impressed with the idea that the men wear an extremely tight-fitting pair of blue knee-breeches, but on closer inspection it is discovered that their whole costume consists of a leaf girdle and tattoo—at least, such is their undress costume; in full dress the leaves are exchanged for a mat or some yards of tappa. In making a girdle, the "ti," or the plantain leaf, is torn in strips, but not separated. A girdle of the ti has a very picturesque effect, as the long pointed leaves vary in colour from bright green to deep orange and red. To a European there would naturally seem something wanting in so scant a costume, but in the garb of our first parents a Samoan looks perfectly well dressed, and in admirable keeping with his surroundings. The women are not tattooed, with the exception of a few dotted lines on the hands and nails, and dress the same as the men. Sometimes they throw a light scarf over their shoulders; but, as a rule in Samoa, clothing is "more honoured in the breach than in the observance." At any rate, their costume compares favourably with that of a well-known French actress, who, when asked by an admirer if she was going to play the part of Eve, in "Paradise Lost," in the traditional costume, replied, "Mais non, nous avons supprimé la feuille du figuier."

To return to the boat. When we found that we could not make the natives understand what we wanted, we thought we had better beat a retreat, especially as they were getting rather too demonstrative. A number of them had boarded us,

APIA.—UPOLU.

and in the most playful manner at once began to help themselves to the contents of the sailors' pockets, and doubtless they would have rifled mine, only I was in my shirt-sleeves, and had no pockets. But we were helpless, as they had taken our oars, and were now using all sorts of blandishments to induce us to go on shore. We thought they could never have seen white men before, they appeared to enjoy our company so much. We were wondering how we should return to the steamer, when all at once our oars were replaced, the savages entered their own canoes, and in a second were paddling off towards the land. Then we saw coming off to us from the other side of the bay, a large boat, which proved to be one belonging to a white settler, who had seen the vessel from his plantation, and was coming on board for news. When he reached our vessel, he told us that the natives of that village were not a very reputable set, and directly they saw his boat they left for fear of being recognised, knowing they were doing wrong in detaining us. We found we were about sixteen miles from Apia, and as it was too late to enter the harbour that night, we stood off and on till morning, when the pilot came on board, and we soon dropped anchor at our destination.

The harbour of Apia is a very beautiful one, and is formed, like all others in the South Seas, by a coral reef, running for almost the entire distance across the mouth of a large bay. The entrance is narrow, but the reefs are plainly discernible except where the sun is right ahead. Another reef runs out from the shore for

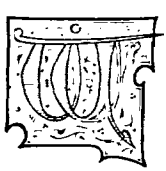
some distance, dividing the harbour into two, and we anchored in the most northern. Small vessels only use the southern portion, as it has less water, and the entrance is more difficult. The harbour averages ten feet in depth, and at the entrance is sixteen. The landscape of the country bordering Apia is extremely picturesque, looking from the sea. Though the land running round the bay is divided into three districts, viz., Matafele, Apia, and Matanto, it will be simpler for the purposes of description to designate the whole town as Apia. The right is occupied by the native town, which is situated on a narrow neck of land running out into the sea, and almost hidden in a dense grove of cocoa-nut and bread-fruit trees. The palm groves on the extreme left are dotted with foreign residences, over one of which the American flag floats conspicuously, and the middle ground along the beach is filled up with small white houses and native cottages, savage and civilized life strangely blended together. The French missionary church occupies a prominent position in the centre, and a few two-storied buildings look down with disdain on their humbler brethren.

Behind the settlement, for some distance, the ground is level, but covered with a thick growth of vegetation, and beyond the hills rise in gentle undulations to the purple distance of the background. About half way up these hills, and facing the entrance of the harbour is a great water-fall, and the river finds an exit through a small valley near the left of the bay. Palms, bread-fruit, orange, tamarind and all sorts of trees entirely

cover the hills, like a green sea, with their thick foliage, and the deep black ravines. into which the tropic birds disappear like snow-flakes, look all the more mysterious and silent from contrast with the fleets of canoes and shipping which enliven the harbour. And now the ship's boat is waiting, and in a few minutes I find myself under the palms on the white beach and beneath the friendly wing of our good Consul.

CHAPTER XV.

SAMOAN TIME—ERROES—WAR—ARMS—PAINT—BOASTING—DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY—SERIOUS QUESTIONS—THE BEACH-ROAD—WASHING-DAY—FRENCH MISSION—CONSULATE—A RIVER—HOSPITALITY—NATIVE HOUSE—A CHIEF—KAVA—CEREMONY—BOWLS—A SAMOAN BEAUTY.



E discovered on arriving at Apia that Samoa time was one day ahead of the proper time. Samoa has adopted Sidney time, which, of course, is incorrect, as the islands do not extend to 180° west longitude, where, by common usage, the change commences. The mistake originated with the early missionaries who came from Sidney, and has never been rectified by those who succeeded them, as there seems to be an idea that their influence with the natives would be lessened if such an error were acknowledged and corrected. There are, or were up to very recently, two similar errors in other parts of the world, Manila, in the Philippine islands, being one day behind the rest of the East Indies in its expression of the days of the week, and Alaska one day in

advance of its neighbour, British Columbia. The reasons for these anomalies are understood to be the following: the Philippine Islands were colonized by Spaniards who came from the east across the Pacific, whereas the other portions of the East Indies were settled by Europeans coming from the opposite direction. Alaska was first colonized by Russians coming from the west, while the remainder of the East Pacific coast was settled from the east. Each party, in both cases, brought its own week day, hence the error.

Not long before our arrival peace had been concluded between the natives of Apia and those of the south of the island, assisted by the natives of the large island of Savaii. War had been going on for two years, and from what I heard, we must have missed some very amusing scenes.

The town of Apia was neutral ground and the fighting took place on each side of it, notice being generally given when an engagement was expected. The cause was a very common one in civil war, viz., the rivalry of two claimants for the throne. These two—an uncle and a nephew—did not participate personally in the fights, but merely received the heads of those who were slain. It is estimated that not more than three hundred were killed altogether in the two years during which the war lasted, so that the battles were not very sanguinary. At first the southern, party were successful in driving the party opposed to them out of their own town, and at once took possession of the land in the neighbourhood belonging

to them. The latter retreated to the north of the island, but eventually made a successful flank movement, and the war was afterwards carried on with varying success, but no one appears to know anything of the terms on which peace was concluded.

Old Enfield rifles were the principal weapons employed in this war, and it is probable that the use of fire-arms had considerable influence in bringing this civil contest to a termination, as well as in rendering the combats less sanguinary than they would otherwise have been. Bullets are promiscuous in their work, and when a chief runs no less risk of being struck than a common man, the chances are that the disposition for fighting will not be so ardent amongst the rulers.

Of course the great object of a Samoan in war time is to make himself as hideous as possible, and for this purpose he paints his body black, and exhibits considerable ingenuity in the endeavour to give a terrific expression to his face, painting it with alternate black and white stripes, or daubing one side with blue and the other with red spots, &c. He will boast and brag loudly when the enemy is at a distance, defy him to the combat, and assume a warlike ardour for the fray which he by no means feels. Those who have the misfortune to be killed generally meet their death by falling into an ambuscade, or by being beheaded after they have been taken prisoners—very probably caught, as was often the case, up a cocoa-nut tree, a veritable surprise party. In such cases, the head of the unfortunate victim was carried with much rejoicing to the

principal chief, at whose feet it was laid. The destruction of property is often very great in these wars, and in the present one the Apians destroyed numbers of their own cocoa-nut and bread-fruit trees, in order to starve out their opponents. The latter, when in possession, did rather a good stroke of business by selling the land and houses which, of course, did not belong to them, for very small sums to whites. Serious questions have arisen in consequence of this curious proceeding, and I much doubt whether they have been settled to the satisfaction of all parties.

The beach-road, which is the chief thoroughfare in all South Sea islands, is generally very lively in Apia. I was staying in a house at the end of the town nearest to the native village, and the inhabitants of the latter had to pass that way going to and from their river-bathing and watering-places. As they are always bathing, the road was invariably very animated and picturesque, and there was ample opportunity for studying native habits and customs without going further than my verandah.

In following the beach road to the limit of the straggling town, we perceive first of all a few small stores where we can buy everything that we don't want, and much that we do. Then we come to a little bridge over a stream, the bed of which presents a most cheerful and animated sight. Here most of the clothes worn in Apia are washed by the natives. Men, women, and children are standing or sitting in the water, hard at work, laughing and washing at the

same time. A passer-by is sure to be invited to join them, but the invitation need not be accepted. Each washerwoman sits in the water with a flat stone in front of her, and on this she beats the clothes until she thinks they can stand it no longer; then she works them backwards and forwards in the water, and finally spreads them out in the sun, occasionally throwing water over them. By these means she succeeds in making what is left of them very white, but often counteracts this advantage by hanging them to dry on a croton oil bush, a proceeding which produces an appearance like that of iron-mould. After crossing the bridge we come to the French missionary church and the mission-house. These missionaries know what they are about, and possess the best land behind the settlement. It is well-cultivated too, and of very considerable extent, and the walks through their orange and bread-fruit groves and banana-plantations are the prettiest near the town.

A little farther on we come to the British Consulate, at the back of which a path through the bush leads up to the pretty cottage belonging to Mr. T. Williams, grandson of the martyr missionary murdered at Erromango, who is acting consul during his father's absence from the island. Then there are a few native houses, a church like a barn in course of erection, but which did not progress in the least during my stay, the English church and mission.

There is also a very respectably-sized river, the favourite bathing-place of the natives, all of whom bathe

two or three times a day. They infinitely prefer fresh water to salt, and fishermen and coral-divers who have been all day in the sea always finish off the labours of the day with a plunge in the river. White people are ferried over this stream on payment of a small fee, but the natives wade through it holding their bundles, or whatever they may be carrying, high over their heads; at high tide the water is well up to their chins. Presently we pass the hospitable house of a lady whose kindness to travellers is equal to that of her brother, the acting Consul. Having a thorough knowledge of the Samoan language, and being held in great esteem by the natives, her aid in securing rare curiosities, &c., is invaluable, and kind acts are conferred by her in such a charming manner that her society adds considerably to the enjoyment of a residence in the Samoan island. A little farther on we come to the buildings of a new "copra" firm, and after rounding the point we see the new house of the American Consul. A large native house belonging to a chief named Patiole, brings us to the end of our walk.

The native houses on Upolu are not shaped like those on Tutuila. Here the roof is most like a ship's hull, keel uppermost. Their shape is generally oval, and they are thatched with grass and leaves. The interior arrangements and furniture are the same in all the houses. Plenty of mats, a hole in the ground in which a fire is lighted to do the cooking, a kava-bowl hanging on the wall, an old chest or two, a few

bamboo pillows, and perhaps an old musket, are all the luxuries and necessaries to be seen. Fishing-nets, pieces of tappa, and odds and ends of all sorts are hidden away among the rafters; and as no litter is visible, everything looks cleanly and in order. Cocoa-nuts and gourds full of water hang near the door, and bottles of cocoa-nut oil are never wanting. Come in and let me introduce you to Patiole, who is as splendid an example of a chief as there is on the island.

In height he cannot be less than six feet six inches, and as he is proportioned accordingly, he gives the idea of immense strength. His hair and whiskers are thick, black, and curly; his face is very intelligent, and altogether he is most prepossessing in appearance. One is sorry to hear, however, that he is much addicted to drinking, and had once been dismissed from his position of judge on that account. He was, however, restored on sending a cow, fruit and vegetables to the native authorities. As he only speaks a few words of English, conversation languished somewhat, and consequently the "root of all evil" in the South Seas was called for. How often I have hurried from native houses in the different islands, when their proprietors, intent on hospitality, have called for "kava." It is considered rude to refuse to drink it, and so I generally avoided the difficulty, when I could, by escaping from the house and pretending not to know anything about it.

The preparation of "kava" is doubtless, well enough

known, but there are so few things in the present day that are not known to some one or other, that I should have but little to say if I limited myself to novelty, even if it were possible; and it is better to repeat many things that everyone knows than to omit a few which may be novel to some. "Kava" is a beverage, then, prepared from the root of a shrub, a species of pepper, that is found in most of the South Sea islands. The plant grows to a height of five or six feet, and the green leaves have a purple tinge. After the root has been cleaned it is cut up into small pieces, which are distributed to young men and women who have perfect teeth. It is necessary to reduce the root to minute particles, and this is done by thoroughly masticating the pieces, which are then thrown in pulpy masses, mouthful after mouthful, into a large wooden bowl. Water is poured on, and the mass is worked about with the hand till all its strength and virtue is expressed. A handful of fibre which acts as a strainer is then drawn two or three times through the fluid, and the "kava" is made. It looks like weak tea with a little milk in it, and tastes like medicated soap-suds.

There is a good deal of ceremony observed when drinking this liquid. For instance, the piece of sinnet which is attached to one of the legs of the "kava" bowl is always thrown towards the man of highest rank present, so as to indicate to ignorant guests his proper social position. The talking-man, every chief has a talking-man, then takes a cup, a polished cocoa-nut shell, of the liquid, and after making

a short speech, hands it to this exalted person who drains it, makes his acknowledgments, and returns the cup, which thus passes round the group.

"Kava" has medicinal qualities, and when drunk in excess acts like opium. Those who once get accustomed to drinking it, cannot leave it off, and I have seen white men on some of the small islands of the Southern seas who lived almost entirely on the horrid preparation, and to whom it was as much a necessity as a morning dram is to a drunkard in England. Disagreeable as is the thought of touching it, a cupful is certainly refreshing and wholesome, if one can only summon up courage to drink it. The natives attribute many of their diseases to an inordinate use of "kava," but they cannot refrain from it. The habitual "kava" drinker may generally be recognized not only by his fishy eyes, but by the scaly appearance of his skin. "Kava" bowls and cups, after constant use, acquire a beautiful bluish bronze tint on the inside, and are then much esteemed.

In Patiole's house, the unpleaaant associations connected with "kava" were somewhat mitigated by the charms of the young lady, his sister, who did the honours. She was a Samoan belle, a bright, graceful, merry little creature, a fairy in comparison with her big brother. Her tiny hands and feet were like velvet, and her pretty oval face was lighted by a pair of the most laughing eyes you can imagine. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the two little rows of most dazzling white teeth, which she could hardly help

being proud of, even in that land of perfect dentistry. Somehow or other a chat with Patiole, especially if one has a good supply of cigarettes, as smoking is the greatest treat that can be offered to Samoans of both sexes, is a very pleasant way of passing an afternoon, and it is astonishing how often our rambles lay in the direction of his shady thatched roof.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE GOVERNMENT—POLL TAX—TAX DAY—A POINT OF HONOUR—AN AWKWARD REQUEST—FINE MATS—SHAGGY MATS—A HEAD-DRESS—NAUTILUS FILLETS—A TABOOED HEAD—CHIEFS—DEATH BY THE "STING-RAY"—COURT DIALECT—A MUSICAL LANGUAGE—MID-DAY IN SAMOA—TAPPA—REVELRY—CHARACTERISTICS—SAMOAN LIFE.

AT the conclusion of the war it was decided that kings were a mistake, and that henceforth the Samoan Government should consist of seven chiefs. These men, under the title of "the Timor," meet every now and then to arrange matters, taking the opinion of the chief white settlers on the island. Laws were drawn up, a native police force organized, taxes established, and, in fact, everything done for the comfort of the people. Samoan children are eligible for the poll-tax, which amounts to a dollar, as soon as they can climb a cocoa-nut tree. Paying taxes in Samoa is a matter of great rejoicing and festivity, therein differing from its associations in most other lands. In fact, a more interesting sight cannot be seen than that which is pre-

sented at Apia on tax-day, which the natives positively love, a peculiarity which may be explained by the fact that it is to them a grand holiday; a day for the assumption of their best attire, for the display of the latest fashions, for plenty to eat and drink, for paint, powder, feathers, the freshest leaves, and the most sweetly-scented blossoms.

Not only do they pay what is expected of them, but in some cases make additional offerings, in the same spirit, perhaps, as certain individuals in our own country pay conscience-money to the Chancellor of the Exehequer. It is a point of honour with the Samoans always to pay what is due, more especially as they know they cannot escape. Those who have no money will sell anything they possess in order to raise the sum required, and very quaint are the articles which are thus occasionally disposed of. On such an occasion I was able to buy a very rare old sea-weed dress from a young damsel, which at other times I probably could not have got for any money. I felt a little awkward in explaining to the young lady that I wanted her dress, but she gave it to me without hesitation, and made herself another of leaves very quickly. The natives even flock in from the surrounding country and from the other islands, and as they make as much display as possible, the processions they form are exceedingly picturesque. On these occasions the rarest mats are worn, and a fine mat is often a priceless treasure to a Samoan. A really good one is as soft and as delicate as linen, and is usually trimmed with

the red feathers of a parrot peculiar to Fiji, which the Samoans value very highly.

Most of the very fine mats have a history attached to them; they are heir-looms and cannot be parted with without the consent of the heads of the family and, in some cases, even government has to be applied to for permission either to sell them or give them away. The older they are the more they are valued, and it has often happened that one of these mats, well-worn, full of holes, and utterly worthless, could not be bought for its weight in gold. This fictitious value is frequently a source of annoyance to the white authorities, as if a native owes money or has been fined, or cannot pay his taxes, he will often bring as payment a mat which, to him, is of great value, but for which no one else would give a farthing, and it is very difficult to make him understand that such a treasure is worth nothing to anyone but himseif.

I could never understand the reason why these Samoan mats should increase in value to the natives in proportion to the number of holes burnt in them, but it is a fact that cannot be contraverted. On state occasions and at dances, the natives wear another sort of mat which is beautifully woven from a kind of flax. This kind has a rough, shaggy appearance, and becomes very white after continual washing and bleaching.

One day I received an odd present from Patiole, in the shape of a head of hair arranged as a war head-dress, which originaliy belonged to one of his brothers who had been killed in the late war, and was a great

curiosity. The long golden hair was fastened to a substantial skull-cap into which the wearer was supposed to insert his head and tie under the chin ; strings of small red feathers ornamented the top, and in front were three long tail-feathers of the tropic bird, to which were attached two small looking-glasses, one over the other. A shell fillet, running round the edge of the cap, completed the arrangement. These shell fillets are made from the inner whorl of the nautilus macromphalus, the smallest of the three species. A row of these are fastened upon a band, and under the row small oval pieces of the same shell are placed to add to the effect. In olden times the natives valued each shell at about a dollar, and every fillet was composed of a dozen shells or more. They have now gone out of fashion, and I managed to secure a few of the fillets at a dollar apiece.

For the head-dresses it is indispensable to have hair of the proper golden hue. When a girl has the right coloured hair her head is tabooed by some chief, who cuts off the beautiful ornament when it is of sufficient length, and in return gives her fine mats.

Samoan chiefs—and indeed all other chiefs in the islands of the Pacific—are conspicuous by their great size and the dignity of their deportment. They are far superior to the common people, both mentally and physically, but are very envious of one another. They live in great dread of being killed, and always have one of their followers watching over their safety at night. A favourite mode of getting rid of a chief is

by gently inserting the point of the tail of the fish called the "sting-ray" into his side when he is asleep. This barbed tail works its way into the body during the process of breathing, just as an ear of corn will work its way up the arm if put under the sleeve. When once inserted it cannot be removed, and death speedily follows.

Chiefs have the best of everything, and nothing in common with their people. They even have a dialect of their own, and their language has a large number of words which must be specially used when addressing a chief, and if others are employed in their place it is considered equivalent to an insult. Even the names for the respective parts of a chief's body are different from those used in reference to the common people. For instance, a chief's stomach is "alo," that of a common person is "manava."

The Samoan language is very musical, and sounds not unlike Italian. Every syllable ends with a vowel, and the accent is on the last syllable but one. It is also a very easy language to pick up, but the pronunciation is sometimes puzzling, as the same letters are often pronounced in different ways, and some words have totally different meanings according to the pronunciation. A few words will show how musical this language is; the reader remembering that every letter is distinctly sounded and pronounced, as in Italian for instance: "iōe," yes; "leā," no; "piapīa" foam of the sea; "manu," bird; "talofa," greeting; "uliuli," black; "moāna," the deep sea; "kilelōa," I do not

understand. It is strange that the Samoan mode of salutation "talofa," the "t" of which is pronounced almost like "k," is nearly identical with the Hawaiian "a-to-ha." I also noticed a similarity in personal names; for instance, I met one or two Kalakauas and also a Kanāino, both of which are Hawaiian.

In Samoa the middle of the day is given up to sleep, and, when walking through the native town at that time, not a soul is to be seen moving. The natives are all inside their houses, stretched out in rows on their mats, covered from head to foot with sheets of tappa, and their heads supported by little bamboo pillows. These bamboo pillows are sometimes used as a receptacle for snakes, which are slipped into the hollow and the opening shut up. The Samoans say the noise and hissing they make send them to sleep.

Tappa is made from the bark of the paper-mulberry tree. The inside lining is stripped off, and the narrow strips are laid in the bed of a running stream to soak for some days. When steeped sufficiently, the different strips are laid one by one in layers on a flat log of wood, and then beaten out to the width required by heavy wooden mallets which have four grooved sides, each side increasing in firmness of groove—the coarsest side being used first, and so on progressively. After being beaten for some time the strips become blended into one mass, and by adding fresh bark can be increased to any width or length. In this way it is also made to vary in substance, and so dexterous are the natives in the use of the mallet that they can make tappa

as thin as gold leaf. The new-made tappa is then spread out on the grass to bleach and dry. Sometimes it is dyed in various patterns, and great originality of design is frequently seen. The size of some of the tappa is extraordinary, and I have seen pieces over one hundred feet square.

In the evening the Samoans envelope themselves in tappa, as the dews are very heavy, and stalk down like great ghosts from their own town to the vicinity of the saloons in the white quarter. There they sit or stand about in groups under the trees listening to the music—accordion and concertina—and watching the dancing, which is the certain accompaniment to sailor-life on shore.

Strange and fantastic sights are to be witnessed at these revelries. At one end of the room German sailors will be indulging in their favourite "hop" waltz with flower decked damsels, and at the other the native "dove dance" will be "coo'd" through by a bevy of dusky beauties. Here a sedate foreigner is pirouetting with a pair of tappa'd plebeians, and there Jack tar is scrambling through a polka with an untappa'd princess. It is astonishing what a number of chief's daughters and royal princesses there are in these islands.

Of course liquor is not allowed by law to be sold to natives, and equally, of course, they get as much as they want if they can only pay for it. Those who sell it frequently come off second best in the transaction, as it takes a very little to intoxicate a Samoan, and when he has taken too much he is apt to be quar-

relsome and to break everything within his reach. The old adage "appearances deceive" was never better exemplified than in the case of these people. They are great beggars, and will steal anything they can lay their hands on. In courtesy they do not approach the Hawaiians, and their insolence to foreigners has frequently met with due punishment. They are profuse in their offerings of gifts, but they expect those who receive them to make a return of at least double value, and would be very much astonished and annoyed if one accepted an offer without making a suitable acknowledgment. In fact, their little presents are often made in the same spirit in which the Frenchman, who had been hospitably entertained in an English country house, offered himself successively to seven of the daughters, merely for the compliment. The words of Laocoön to the Trojans "I fear the Greeks especially when bearing gifts," are specially applicable when alluding to Samoans.

In Samoa, as in other lands of coloured races, the natives who speak the best English are invariably the greatest scoundrels—a fact not very complimentary to whites. It is asserted, as the result of experience, that the natives who get a mere smattering of English learn only just enough to swear by, and are puffed up with the notion that the accomplishment exalts them far above their fellows. Missionaries and planters are therefore averse to teaching English, and settlers prefer employing natives who are quite unacquainted with any language except their own.

On the other hand, I have heard that the Samoan language is so gross in its commonest expressions that heads of white families will not allow their children to learn it; hence, I cannot see the harm of teaching English to the natives, unless, indeed, a knowledge of that tongue necessarily includes an acquaintaince with tricks of trade and a looseness of morals unknown to the Samoan, and I should hardly think that possible. Their first advances to strangers are warm and earnest, and their anxiety to "be your friend," as they express it, is very marked, but at the least chill they become wayward and moody. Tobacco and money are their chief desires, and they are not at all particular as to the means employed in obtaining them. But Samoans have good as well as bad characteristics. Though they do not evince any very great affection for their own kindred, yet the inhabitants of a town seem like the members of a single household, and that household in perfect harmony one with another. They are hospitable and extremely good-tempered. I never remember hearing an angry word, or seeing even an angry look amongst them whilst I was in Samoa, except in a few cases of drunkenness. They have their guardians of the peace, nevertheless, consisting of seven or eight men, whose sole occupation is to walk in single file up and down the beach-road in search of evil-doers. They always went together, never singly, and their costume was rather peculiar, consisting of brilliant coloured shirts, and pasteboard hats ornamented with strange devices in silver paper. Uniformity was strictly ob-

served in two particulars only, viz., all were bare-legged and all carried sticks. Anything that they may possess they share at once with as many as they can; if you give a cigar, cigarette, or piece of bread to one, all partake of it. Their patience is inexhaustible, and their love of pleasure and fun intense. If a foreigner offends against their ideas of propriety, they will say pityingly, "Never mind the poor-white pig, he knows no better." They are always talking and laughing, and the flow of words and immoderate laughter which accompany their protracted dialogues are matters of astonishment, considering how limited the circle of their ideas must be.

They are a superstitious people and will seldom go out after night-fall when there is no moon, and on dark nights they never came down from their village, as it entailed a walk of about a mile through the wood. Frequently when I have been out shooting, my guides have hurried me home, saying they could not remain in the bush after dark as there were "too much devils." They lead altogether a happy, graceless life; they have no need to toil, as the earth produces, unasked, her treasures in abundance; they bask in the sunshine and bathe and dress themselves with flowers and leaves. But they are not moral; morality does not rank as a virtue with them, and indeed it would be hard to know what did. They look down with contempt on the foreigner, and think he is but "a poor thing;" they fancy that the great object of life is enjoyment, and, therefore, endeavour to extract as much pleasure from it as they can. In spite of their faults, however, they

are a merry, charming race, many of them are fond of religion when they can gain anything by it, and steady church-goers at all times. That they are a credit to the missionaries in some points, there can be no question; but sometimes I think that, with the majority, Christianity is like Jonah's gourd, and often loses as much at night as it gains during the day.

CHAPTER XVII.

A CORAL REEF AT A DISTANCE—UTILITY OF REEFS—OPENINGS IN REEFS—SAMOAN FISHERMEN—A CRUISE OVER A CORAL REEF—OPERCULA—STING-RAY—GIANT CLAMS—PALOLO—NATIVE SUPERSTITION—SAMOAN TRADE—MONOPOLY—WANT OF COMMUNICATION—CROSSING STREAMS—RECIPROCITY—A PRACTICAL JOKE.

THE sight of a great South Sea reef is alone worth a long journey. Nothing can exceed in beauty the coral frame that Nature has constructed around these islands. When viewed from land or from a distance, the effect of the mighty breakers dashing in white foam against the coral ramparts is extremely grand. The surf continually assumes a different aspect—at one moment presenting little more than a long line of gentle ripples, at the next lashed into wild fury and throwing up to great heights its angry spray, when it shows a strange variety of rainbow tints. The sound of the ocean beating against these rocky walls, and trying to pass the great natural breakwater which rises from the depths of the sea, resembles at a distance the low roll of thunder. These

great rocky barriers have great varieties of outline. At high tide they are generally wholly submerged, but at the ebb a bare surface of rock is presented to view, ranging from a few yards to miles in width. The waves pitch with a heavy ceaseless fall on the seaward edge, while on the land side all is calm and quiet as a lake.

Coral reefs are of great utility, and are not merely traps set for ill-fated vessels. Without them, many islands would afford no anchorage at all, but these far stretching ridges become vast breakwaters, forming safe harbours for scores of ships. They not only defend the land against the encroachment of the sea, but they enlarge the territory itself by detaining the soil and waste carried down from the hills by the rivers and streams. The reefs provide the fishing-grounds for the natives, and contribute largely to the commerce of the world by affording a favourite resort for *bêche de mer*, a most important item in the trade of the South Seas. By means of the reefs, the islanders are enabled to take long voyages which otherwise would be impossible in their frail canoes, and safe communication by sea between distant points in an island is almost always to be depended on.

Openings in reefs have of late years been found to be caused by strong under and out flowing currents. The continual accumulation of water, which is constantly pouring in over the reefs into the harbour

together with the tide, can only find an exit along the bottom through the entrance of the harbour. The ground over which these currents run is kept clear of coral, in some cases by the deposits of earth and sand which destroy the zoöphytes, and in others by the strong flow which sweeps the channel clear. It was formerly thought that rivers and streams were the principal causes for coral-reef openings, but more recent research by Mr. Dana, from whom I quote, has proved that though fresh water streams contribute towards the existence of harbour openings by increasing the rapidity of the out-current, and by their depositions of detritus, yet the existence of harbours should be attributed to the depth of the water, as coral does not grow where the depth much exceeds a hundred feet, and to the currents which keep open ground for anchorage.

And now after that deep sea lore, let us get into a canoe and paddle over to the reef, as the tide is on the ebb. On our way, we pass several canoes which apparently have no owners ; but, as we approach, heads bob up from the water, dark forms climb up the slender sides, balance themselves for a second, and plunge once more into the depths after crabs and coral. It is a pretty sight to see these bronze Tritons fishing and coral hunting. Finer figures were never chiselled, each one being a specimen of perfect physical development, and fit for an Academy model. Fine proportions constitute a prime qualification in

fishermen, according to Oppian, and these Samoans answer his description:

> "First be the fisher's limbs compact and sound,
> With solid flesh and well-braced sinews bound;
> Let due proportion every part commend,
> Nor leanness shrink too much nor fat distend."

A cruise over a coral plantation reveals the most fairy-like views it is possible to conceive, reminding one of a grand transformation in a pantomime, the haunt of the mermaids, or something like that. The water is of that pale green tinge peculiar to coral beds, and through this the rainbow-colours of the sea-flowers are seen with increased brilliancy. Miniature forests of lofty gorgonias wave their slender branches over violet-hued blossoms and fronds of fern-like coral, the branches of trees and the golden stamina of flowers vibrate amidst a net-work of branching antlers, and the strange fretting of the coral. Grottoes hung with stalactites of the most dazzling tints are seen here and there amongst avenues and labyrinths of stone-like madrepores, whose perfection of shape atones for their want of colour. These beautiful groves and dells are filled with many rare and curious forms of animal life; but it is a dreamy life, as the world of fish is a realm of silence. Fish of every variety pass and repass, as if bent on affairs of business or pleasure, some purple with red stripes, some yellow with black stripes, others fringed with red and gold, whilst conspicuous amongst them all is a little fellow of the brightest ultramarine hue, who stands aloof from the crowd as if conscious

of his superior attractions. He is the humming-bird of the waters, and after poising himself for a minute over one plant, he starts away and again hovers over some more attractive flower in another place. Great sea centipedes creep snake-like among delicate stars and huge prickly sea-urchins, and big crabs run and hunt amidst the rugged submarine growths that loom up so large beneath the malachite-tinted water.

In the more shallow parts, wonderful anemones and curious shells are to be gathered by wading over the slippery corallines, and tumbling head-over-heels into the numerous deep holes. It is prickly walking, but a pair of canvas shoes will save your feet. The operculum from one sort of shell is very netty and is of a green blue colour, shaded off into a delicate white. The natives collect great numbers of these opercula for sale. It is well, when on these excursions, to keep the native who accompanies you close at hand, as it is possible you may meet with some poisonous creature, even to handle which may be fatal. The natives know the properties of all fish, as well as of trees and plants, and a knowledge of natural history is almost instinctive with them. In the deeper water may sometimes be seen a great flat fish, with a remarkable elongation of the spine, which is supposed to be armed with a sting. This is the stingray, or stingaree, as it is also called, and is to be avoided. The barbed bone is jagged at both edges like the teeth of a saw, and I should not be surprised if the different weapons used by the South Sea islanders, and which are edged with

sharks' teeth, were originally made after the model of this formidable tail. Giant clam-shells are also found, and I kept alive for some time an enormous specimen of one which I caught, but it was too big to carry away, and we ate the contents.

The valves of these shells are like polished marble in the interior, and are sometimes used in Roman Catholic churches for holding "holy water," and more picturesque basins for catching running water from a fountain could not be found. The fish itself makes an admirable soup, and anything fresh to eat in Apia was very welcome, as on account of the small number of the white population fresh meat, *i.e.*, beef, was only to be obtained once a fortnight. I was sorry not to have an opportunity of witnessing "palolo" fishing, when all the inhabitants turn out with buckets, &c., and swoop up the black and green annelides by millions into their canoes. It must, however, be something like the "oolachan" fishing in the Fraser River, in British Columbia, and the same regularity as regards time is observed in the appearance of both species. This punctuality is as extraordinary as that of an Australian bird which lays its eggs on the 17th and 19th of December with the most unerring certainry. Another strange circumstance in connection with the "palolo" is that, just before their advent in August, thousands of small crabs come down from the mountains and make their way to the sea-shore, in a route so direct that they will pass straight through houses rather than go out of their path. The object of their journey is to

deposit their eggs, and when that is accomplished they return from whence they came. "Palolo" are more numerous on the south side of the island than on the north, and appear there first. The natives send baskets of them cooked to their friends who live at a distance, and they have a curious superstition that if those who carry them do not encounter rain on the top of the mountain some great misfortune is sure to happen.

And now, having seen something of a reef and a few of its inhabitants, let us turn our attention to the land and pay a visit to one of the cotton plantations, as that product has not yet been the failure in Samoa that it has lately proved in Tahiti, Hawaii, and Fiji. It is a strange circumstance that, in spite of the comparative nearness of Australia and San Francisco to the South Sea islands and also to the Sandwich group, the distant German city of Hamburg should be their successful rival in trade—but so it is. The trade and commerce of Samoa are almost entirely in the hands of the Germans. Two large substantial firms import various articles from Hamburg, and export copra, cotton, &c. The reason given for this state of affairs is that Hamburg manufactures everything, and labour being cheap is thus able to hold its own against the more adjacent but newer cities, where labour is dear and manufactures in their infancy. German ships, too, are run on a much more economical scale than English or American vessels. *Experentia docet.* I am more inclined to think that it is a want of enterprise or, perhaps, ignorance of the capabilities of these islands

that has hitherto prevented competition between countries. Not that a fortune is to be picked up at a moment's notice. There are men who have the monopoly of trade and who hold it. Energy and money are as necessary here as elsewhere for establishment in business, and unless a man has plenty of both he will probably fail; but with the two he would undoubtedly be amply repaid in time.

Whilst I was in Samoa the harbour was generally gay with shipping, and I only once saw the Union Jack floating in it, and that was from the mast of a missionary schooner. Indeed, at one time I had almost given up all thoughts of being able to leave the island, except by going direct to Hamburg, and eventually I had to avail myself of a trader which landed me in Fiji, after a month's cruise through different groups of islands. The usual time from Samoa to Fiji is about nine days, but if I had waited for a vessel going direct I should probably be there still.

And now to the plantation. The road follows the beach for some distance, crossing two or three rivers which have to be waded, unless a willing native is at hand to carry you over, and even then he will not render you that service unless you have some money in your pocket to give him. Formerly the honour of carrying a white man over a stream was considered sufficient recompense to a native; after a time, tobacco or cigars were requisitioned; at the present day a native will not wet a foot in your service under a shilling, or its equlvalent in tobacco. In this acquisitive world

nothing for nothing is the ruling law, and the Samoans have their reciprocity treaties founded on this principle as well as others. Consequently, when out walking in Samoa, you either have to carry a lot of shillings or articles of trade in your pocket, or else you have to be continually pulling off your shoes and stockings to cross the streams, which often look deep when they are shallow and shallow when they are full of deep holes. They always reminded me of a good practical joke which was once played on a well-known American lawyer, who was himself one of the most inveterate practical jokers of his day Two young lawyers who were not on speaking terms with the Colonel—of course, he took military rank as he was a lawyer—the result of one of his own practical jokes, were on the same circuit, and were to ride through a region with which they were thoroughly acquainted, though the Colonel was not. Determined, therefore, to have some sport on the way, they got half an hour's start of the Colonel and soon arrived at a dark broad stream that looked as if it might be a dozen feet deep, though in reality it was not more than as many inches. Having crossed it, they dismounted, pulled off their coats and boots, and sat down to wait for the Colonel. At length the old fellow came jogging along, and the two commenced putting on their coats and boots as if they had just had a swim. The Colonel was puzzled. "Shall I have to swim?" he growled out, after surveying the situation. No reply was made, the others simply mounting their horses and riding

away a short distance, where they stopped to see the result of their manœuvre.

The Colonel, after a moment's doubt and hesitation, slowly divested himself of everything but his shirt, tied his clothes up in a bundle, and hung them on the horn of his saddle. He then remounted, and as he was a short fat man, with a paunch of immense size, rather inadequate legs, a face like a withered apple, and a rough brown wig, it will readily be imagined that he made a rather ridiculous picture as he bestrode his steed, with the breeze "holding gentle dalliance" with his only garment. Slowly and cautiously did the old gentleman and his horse take the water. After proceeding half a length in water not fetlock deep, his horse stopped and took a long drink. He then advanced two lengths more, but the stream was no deeper. The Colonel, with infinite caution, got thirty feet farther, but the water was still shallow; he therefore reined up his steed and cogitated thus: "There must be a tremendous deep channel between here and the bank, from the way the water runs. Well, we'll go through it at any rate," and he gave his horse a lash that sent him through the watery waste and landed his rider safe on the opposite bank, without having had to pass through any part of the creek where the water was more than a foot deep.

A wild yell from the two young lawyers, as they galloped away, exposed the plot to the now raving Colonel, and announced the approbation with which they had viewed his proceedings. "You infernal

rascals! I'll catch you!" roared the infuriated old gentleman, and away he dashed in hot pursuit, muttering threats of vengeance on his tormentors. On—on they sped, pursuer and pursued, the two yelling and screaming. The Colonel roared with hearty emphasis while he lashed his horse, his shirt fluttering in the wind like a loose sail. The Colonel approached the fugitives while passing a farm-house. Their movements startled a flock of geese by the road-side, and just as the Colonel dashed along they met him with outspread wings, elongated necks, and direful hisses. His horse swerved suddenly, and in a moment his rider was on the ground in a most unromantic heap, his brown wig by his side and his bundle of clothes scattered around. The children of the house came out first, took a hasty view of the strange apparition and retired in a fright. The father, however, immediately appeared, and the affair being explained to him, he assisted the fallen Colonel in making his toilet.

If anyone, after that event, wished to hear what the Americans call "some of the tallest swearing," it was only necessary to ask Colonel D—— the height of the water in "Swimming Creek," for by that name it is known to this day.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BREAD FRUIT TREE—POLYNESIAN DIET—COCOA-NUT PALM—DESTRUCTION OF FORESTS—ENGLISH LOVE FOR TREES—SOUTH SEA SURGERY—PALM GROVE—A COTTON PLANTATION—VIEW FROM SAME—LABOURERS—TANNESE—HAIR-DRESSING—EAR-PIERCING—CHARACTER—LINE ISLANDS—PANDANUS—ISLAND STARVATION—KIDNAPPING.

THE beach road takes us past a small village, and then we turn off to the right up into the country. The climate is so moist that vegetation is most luxuriant, and we pass through groves of oranges, bread-fruit, and cocoa-nut palms. The bread-fruit tree in a Polynesian landscape takes the place of the oak in an English scene. It is a most glorious tree, its large leaves and wide-spreading branches presenting a most stately appearance. The fruit is something like a small melon in shape, but covered with a rough rind; when peeled, it shows a white pulpy globe. It is never eaten raw, the natives have several ways of cooking it, and although it is rather insipid I think it far preferable to taro.

Bread-fruit, cocoa-nut, banana, taro, and yam form the staple food all over Polynesia, but each country has its own particular plant from which its inhabitants derive their chief sustenance. For instance, in the Sandwich Islands taro takes the lead, and the cocoa-nut is looked upon as a delicacy. In Fiji the yam is thought more highly of than the others, although they all grow in great perfection. The yam season is the chief foundation of the Fijian calendar. In some small islands the inhabitants live altogether on cocoa-nuts and grow nothing else. Families in these places do not own so much land, but so many cocoa-nut trees, and in times of scarcity it sometimes happens that they have no nuts left, and consequently nothing to eat; then they simply get into their canoes, drift out to sea and perish. This is no traveller's tale, but an oft-recorded fact. The Samoans think more of the bread-fruit than of anything else, and it is ripe, more or less abundantly, in one part or another throughout the year. But the cocoa-nut palm, I should say, ranks above the bread-fruit for general use, and as years go on must increase in value.

On our way to the cotton plantation we pass orange groves and acres of newly-planted palms, and this tree-planting in Samoa indicates the commencement of a prosperous and sound state of affairs. At present, one of these palm trees is valued at a dollar a year, as each tree bears about a hundred nuts per annum, and a hundred nuts cost one dollar. The facility with which they are propagated, their beauty, and their manifold

uses, are considerations which would make their neglect almost a crime, on a par with the wanton destruction of forests which has been going on in America from its first settlement down to the present day. In one or two of the States, trees are so scarce that the inhabitants have a standing joke (and rather too practical a one) that, in order to hang a horse-stealer, they frequently have to walk forty miles.

The inhabitants of the latter country consider the Japanese semi-barbarians, but it would be well if they were to copy the excellent example of Japan in forest preservation and cultivation. Notwithstanding its densely populated territory, Japan has always preserved vast areas of forest land with the utmost care, and is constantly increasing these by planting two or three trees for every one that is cut down. Washington Irving, in speaking of the English love for trees, calls cultivation "the heroic line of husbandry worthy of liberal, free-born, and aspiring men. He who plants an oak," he goes on to say, "looks forward to future ages and plants for posterity. He cannot expect to sit in its shade or enjoy its shelter, but he exults in the idea that the acorn he has buried in the earth shall grow up into a lofty tree, and shall keep on flourishing, and increasing, and benefiting mankind long after he shall have ceased to tread his paternal hills."

The planter of a cocoa-nut tree has this advantage over the planter of an oak—that the palm thrives apace and rapidly advances to maturity. In four or five years it bears fruit, and in less than ten it lifts up

its head as a forest tree and flourishes for about sixty or seventy years. Its uses are too well known to need description; it is sufficient to say that it is meat, drink, and clothing to a native; it forms his house, it cooks and carries his food, his domestic utensils are made from it, and it is his chief article of commerce. It would be hard, indeed, if, with these innumerable advantages, such a tree should be allowed to die out through a too great demand for its chief commercial value, cocoa-nut oil, when the propagating system is so simple. The tree was even brought into use in South Sea surgery. The island doctors had a theory that headache, neuralgia, &c., arose from a crack in the skull. Their remedy consisted in laying open the scalp, and then gently scraping away the cranium itself with a shark's tooth, until a hole was made in the skull as large as a silver crown piece, this hole was then covered with a plate of thin cocoa-nut shell which was placed under the scalp. The patient generally died, and that appears to have been the mode in which most of the cures were effected.

Few things in nature have a more softening influence than palm trees. A grove of them is like a cathedral for stillness and grandeur, but without the cold of the stone building. They have an impressive solemn air, the trees often standing so close that the feathery branches meet and form arches, as regular as if constructed by art, and supported by columns resembling those of some old Egyptian temple. Under these plumed pillars our road passed. At intervals we caught

glimpses of a blue sea through the long aisles of palms, and from some headland we saw the wooded hills rising gently through the distant violet haze. At last we reached a clearing, and very soon perceived the house of the manager, with whom we were to lunch before going over the plantation.

A cotton field, when ripe, is like a shrubbery weighed down with snow. The plant itself is about six feet high, with tapering branches, and its yellow blossom is something like that of a dog-rose. It is cultivated in rows about six feet apart, and the same distance between each plant, so as to give the labourers plenty of room to weed the ground and gather the ripened pods from which the cotton bursts in white flakes. Here we saw hundreds of acres under cultivation, and hundreds more which they were clearing. Here and there, by the side of the path, were large sacks half-filled with snowy cotton, and amongst the bright green leaves dark forms flitted about with smaller baskets of the same fleecy material.

The view from the high land on which we stood was very striking. The picturesque plantation was surrounded on all sides by tropical trees and shrubs; the ravines, which ran deep into the hills in front of us, were full of giant ferns and such trees as the curious pandanus and dracœna. Creepers and climbing vines stretched in tangled masses from tree to tree, and occasional patches of maize and yams, grown for the use of the labourers, gave a pleasant variation to the colouring. The Indian corn was especially beautiful.

Its long green leaves, white flowers, and lake-coloured feathers drooping from the top of the pod, combined to render it very attractive. Our eyes were delighted by the scene of active busy life which we perceived around us, while a little farther off all was silent, the complete quiet being comparable only to that which reigns in the solitude of the forest whose splendid trees have never fallen before the woodman's axe.

On an eminence, we were shown a lofty tree that was used during the Franco-Prussian war as a flag-staff, by which the German shipping in the harbour of Apia might be warned of the approach of a French man-of-war. This circumstance reminds me of a man now living in Tutuila, I believe, but who formerly resided near Apia, who possessed the extraordinary power of seeing in the clouds, or in the sky, vessels that were bound for the island. Credible witnesses told me that he had frequently foretold the approach of ships days and days before their arrival, and had accurately described them, their rigging, their build, and the weather they were having—sometimes storm, and sometimes calm; reference to the ships' logs on their arrival in port generally confirmed the truth of his statements. He himself attributed his remarkable visions to the state of the atmosphere—a sort of mirage—at a certain point where he took his observations, but I never heard of anybody else witnessing similar phenomena. Near this point we observed the neat houses of the overseers, and a little farther off the cottages of the labourers. The great difficulty with which settlers in

these islands have to contend, is the want of labour. Working amongst the cotton are representatives from most of the islands in the Pacific, but chiefly from the Line Islands. They are all strong, short, and thick-set, differing from the Samoans in the greatest possible degree. Their complexions are very various, some being coal-black, others copper-coloured, many scarcely darker than a Mexican, but most of them very hideous, and with apparently as little intelligence about them as clothing.

The Tannese are easily recognised by their extraordinary fashion of wearing the hair. It is dressed in a sort of thatch, several hairs being fastened together with fibre after each one has been previously pulled out separately and gummed, making—

> "Each particular hair to stand on end,
> Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

When the whole arrangement is completed by laying back the hair on the head and tying it with a band, the coiffure very much resembles that of the old Egyptians.

Nearly all the natives had their ears pierced, more for utility than ornament, as, having no pockets, they find it convenient to carry their small articles stuck through the lobes of their ears. By this means they get so stretched that they can carry in them not only their provisions for the day, such as a couple of bananas, a slice or two of bread-fruit, and a yam, but also such luxuries as sticks of tobacco and cigars, &c., that may be given them by stray visitors. Their ornaments, which they wear round their

necks, are generally of mother of pearl, or some other shell. As a rule, they all work steadily and well, and are seldom found idling. Laziness is punished by loss of their weekly allowance of tobacco, and that to them is a very severe deprivation. They are excessively fond of fruit, and fruit-stealing is a great failing amongst them. They seem contented with their lot, and the Superintendent told me that many returned for another term of service after their first had expired and they had been sent back—as is obligatory—to their own homes.

No wonder the wretched inhabitants of some of the islands are glad to leave their poverty-stricken homes. On some islands fish and crabs are their only animal food, and very scanty the supply. Infanticide is then resorted to in self-defence, otherwise their little world of a few square miles would be overstocked in a very short time. In other islands, the cocoa-nut and pandanus, or screw-pine, are the only productions, and these, though they may add greatly to the beauty of the landscape, are not calculated to promote the mental or physical development of the people, and are but a poor substitute for the pigs and yams of more favoured lands. The pandanus is the most singular-looking of all trees, and is well-adapted for the thin, poor soil of a coral island; for as it increases in height, prop after prop grows out of the trunk, and each plants itself in the ground. Sometimes you will see trees in which the original stem has no longer any connection with the ground, the parent trunk being supported by a num-

ber of supplementary props, when it looks for all the world like some strange centipede ready to walk off at a moment's notice. It grows to a height of from twenty to thirty feet, and the few neck-like, awkward branches are crowned by tufts of long leaves which make a good thatch. The fruit is shaped like a pine-apple, and is made up of a number of little cones. Very little of these cones is edible, but each one contains three or four white kernels. After the natives have gnawed away as much as they can from the inner end of the cone, they pound away at them to extract these kernels. It is hard work, but necessity compels them to continue at it from morning till night. In Samoa the cones are strung into necklaces, and from their bright orange-red colour their wearers present a very gay appearance.

The following true anecdote will show to what extremes of hunger some of these poor people are driven. A trader once called at an island after a year's absence, and the inhabitants at once flocked to the vessel and begged the skipper to give them "some more of the meat with the string through it." For some time no one could imagine what was meant, but at last it was discovered that they alluded to "candles," a number of boxes of which had been left amongst other articles in exchange for shell ornaments, mats, &c. As soon as their fondness for such delicacies was found out, other provisions of a similar character were plentifully provided, and we enjoyed frequently the pleasing spectacle of a naked savage sitting on a hen-

coop with a bar of soap in one hand and in the other a bottle of poisonous gin—a favourite article of barter in the South Seas—taking a bite at one and a pull at the other alternately.

The existence of the inhabitants on such islands must be the extreme of wretchedness, and the change to the plenty and comparative luxury of a white man's plantation is, together with the labour required, most effectual in elevating the mental as well as bodily powers of these savages. The inhabitants of such islands are not like the half-civilised Tahitians and Samoans, but are veritable black cannibals, each one liable at any moment to be cooked and eaten, just as he has probably consumed those who were formerly his friends. So much has been done of late years towards the suppression of kidnapping in the South Seas, that it is a thing of the past. What is still wanting is a proper supervision of the imported labour. Now that Fiji is annexed to Great Britain, there is no doubt that that group will be properly supervised, but there are other islands under no white flag, where the conditions of the life of the labourers on the plantations ought to be carefully investigated, and, where necessary, reformed.

Up to very recently, kidnapping in the South Seas was regarded in England as the rule instead of the exception. It was thought that schooners were invariably sent off for the purpose of securing labourers at any price, and that they proceeded to some island where the natives were brought on board under the pretence

of trading, a few articles being placed for their inspection in the hold. When a sufficient number were below the hatches were slipped on, and the unfortunate islanders carried off and sold to some planter. Erroneous impressions like these have now been in a great measure dispelled, and common sense sees how exaggerated were such reports, and that many of the outrages described were impossible. Anyone travelling in the South Seas will see how glad natives are to leave even fertile islands, without giving the trouble of having to be kidnapped.

The crews of the vessels employed in the labour-trade are too few in number to risk their lives amongst a couple of hundred kidnapped savages, unless those I have seen have been greatly multiplied when going on these expeditions. The safety of those employed absolutely requires that the natives should be treated well, and with no deception, otherwise their return to the island, or the arrival of the next vessel, would be the signal for a general massacre. The lives of future comers would be as much endangered by violent acts towards these savages as those of African explorers were by Mungo Park after he had shot his way down the Niger. Not that there have been no cases of gross outrage, no savage deeds that would put to the blush even the worst acts ever committed by the natives themselves; but these cases are isolated, and have been avenged, unfortunately not always on the perpetrators, but on some unoffending unlucky persons who came after them. The infamous deeds

executed on board the "Carl" in 1871 form one of the worst cases of slave-trading—"black-birding" as it is facetiously called — extant. Fortunately the case is isolated, but still it has helped more than anything else to throw a stigma on the "labour-trade." The facts are so well known that I need do no more than briefly state that the "Carl" left Melbourne to obtain labour in a legitimate manner. Failing in this, one of the crew, was disguised as a missionary and sent to allure the islanders of the New Hebrides to the vessel. As the natives swarmed about the ship pig-iron, &c., was dropped from the deck into their canoes, and the wretched islanders were then fished out of the water, knocked on the head, and thrown into the hold. Eighty were collected in this way, and when the ship was at sea they attacked the main-hatchway. In order to subdue them the crew fired incessantly on them for eight hours, one of the owners, J. P. Murray, who afterwards turned Queen's evidence, singing "Marching thro' Georgia," as he loaded and reloaded. At length, when the hatches were opened, fifty were found dead, and sixteen others were so badly wounded that they were thrown overboard. The vessel was subsequently seized. Murray escaped punishment, and the sentence of death which was pronounced on two others of the crew was commuted.

Fear of the natives may lead to as fatal consequences as cruelty towards them. In one instance with which I am acquainted, the owner of a labour-vessel was going to carry back "return labourers" to their res-

pective islands; but so afraid was he that after landing them they might load their muskets—which are always given in part-payment of wages—and fire upon him, that he determined to render the weapons useless by filling up the nipples. Could any course be better calculated to draw the anger of the deceived natives upon the next comers than such a proceeding? When they found that their weapons would not go off, they would probably break them to pieces in their anger, being much too ignorant to account for the causes of the non-explosion and to remedy it. The only view of the matter they could take was that they had been tricked, and they would avenge themselves as best they could at the first opportunity.

It is no longer thought, or, at least, it is no longer openly said, in the South Pacific that "killing niggers is quite as good sport as shooting partridges," and the fact has been recognized that labour can be obtained from willing hands without the sacrifice of human life. Consequently a new era is opening for the inhabitants of Polynesia, and it is not too much to assert that the vigilant supervision of the labour trade, which is certain now to emanate from Fiji, will be the means of introducing fresh life and the sources of prosperity not only to that new colony itself, but to all the group of islands in the archipelagos of the South Seas.

CHAPTER XIX.

SAMOAN FRAILTY—RAISING PRICES—A PICTURESQUE PAIR—FRESH SUITS OF CLOTHES—CLIMATE—FLOWERS—FOREST—THE "IVI"—DAIGA—SAMOAN COSMOGONY—BIRDS—BIRD-TAMERS—PETS—PIGEON SHOOTING—SAMOAN SCENE—CIVILIZED PICNICS—THOUGHTS—AN INTRUDER—BILL OF FARE—PALM SALAD—COCOA-NUTS—CLIMBING PALMS—SUNSET.

THE Samoans are always very effusive in their offers to guide you in your walks or shooting excursions, but when it comes to the point of payment their demands are often most extortionate. Even after making an agreement with them it is no easy matter to make them fulfil their promises. Soon after my arrival, I engaged two of them to show me the way to a distant waterfall. At daybreak I was ready to start, as it was a long day's journey there and back; but my friends declined to accompany me unless I doubled the amount they had previously accepted. As I had been told that my first offer was too much, I declined to give more, not wishing to raise the tariff. It is much easier to raise the charge for any service than to reduce it again. A short time ago a reckless foreigner,

travelling in these islands, paid a very high price for a certain bird. Any native having one for sale would gladly have taken a quarter of the sum he gave, and have thought himself amply repaid. Now, however, the price given by the foreigner is the one universally demanded, and a native would wring the bird's neck rather than let you purchase it at a reduced rate. The principles and practice of trades' unionism are not confined to civilized nations.

As I and the guides could not come to terms for the journey to the waterfall, I went off with them for a day's pigeon-shooting, which is the only sport to be obtained on the island. My two guides—natives always go in pairs if possible—promised me quantities of pigeons, and were themselves to act as pointers and retrievers. Their appearance as they threaded their way through the thick bush was picturesque and a little wild, as one of them had a bright red head; and that of the other, whose hair had been limed, was consequently pure white,

> "In our fantastic climes the fair
> With cleanly powder dye their hair."

I believe "dry their hair" is the correct quotation, but dye is more suitable to the occasion.

I was rather puzzled during the day to find out why they were continually gathering new suits of clothes—their habiliments being made of banana-leaves—but at last I found out the reason. They were constantly tearing off parts of their garments to make the cigarettes they were always smoking, and the conse-

quence was that every now and then they had smoked their attire clean off. I often wished I could get rid of mine as easily, for Samoa is one of the hottest places I was ever in. Although the temperature was seldom over 90°, yet the damp made the heat almost unbearable. I do not remember that I ever enjoyed a cool moment, except when I was bathing. The trade wind certainly swept down every morning about ten o'clock, and perhaps that warded off apoplexy. In the woods and ravines the heat was positively stifling. At first our path led through the grounds and past the gardens of the Roman Catholic mission. Most of the gardens in Apia, though uncared for, have brilliant flowers and shrubs, and occasionally a few roses and geraniums may be seen, not thriving well, but valued for old associations. The commonest blossoms were those of the hibiscus, white trumpet flower, pride of Barbadoes, red and yellow, marvel of Peru, acacia, &c., the Cape jessamine flourishes well, and is much in request with the natives on account of its delicious scent.

We soon struck off into the bush, and were presently in the thick forest. Here we were surrounded by mountain scenery, and the trees presented beautiful and various pictures, long streamers of tangled grey lichen hung like enormous beards from the branches, and not only were the leaves and flowers varied in shape and colour, but the trunks of some of the trees assumed the most grotesque forms. One called the "ivi," a very common tree, is very strange in appear-

ance. When young the stem is fluted; as it grows older, small projections appear, which go on increasing until they form a number of natural buttresses round the tree. These buttresses, though only about two or three inches thick, often extend outwards a distance of five or six feet, being widest at the base, thus forming natural recesses and sometimes most comfortable arm-chairs. The roots of the old trees appear above the ground, creeping over the soil like huge serpents, twisted into many distorted shapes. Enormous bird's-nests are found among the branches, whose soft spongy bark also affords a home for numbers of creepers and wax flowers.

Now and then a tree called the "daiga" emits a very disagreeable odour, which is an unpleasant change from the sweet-smelling flowers of the "ivi." This arises from the daiga, which is a queer-looking plant about three feet high, with apparently only one leaf which spreads like an umbrella, and is divided into numerous sections. The Samoans say that it was by means of this single leaf that the heavens were lifted up when they emerged from chaos. Many of the trees were very lofty, and some of the highest bore green berries, which are the favourite food of the pigeons we were in search of.

No animals are found on these islands, but they are frequented by about fifty different species of birds, some of them of very beautiful plumage. The banana and cocoa-nut groves round Apia are full of little green parroquets and other gay bright-coloured birds, some

scarlet and black, called by the natives "tolai-ula," and others green with crimson heads, which rejoice in the name of "sega-sega." One bird which is called "mau-mau," from the noise it makes, appears very like a thrush until it opens its mouth and begins to sing, when all resemblance ceases. Alas! they all carry the sun on their wings instead of in their voice. A species called "manu-ma" has very strangely coloured plumage of magenta, yellow, and green and white. I had two very fine specimens of this bird for some time, but a cat knocked down the cage they were in and demolished them.

The doves and pigeons are very numerous, and the natives who are intensely fond of pets catch many of them and tame them. The worst of their mode of taming is that they teach the birds such bad habits that a stranger unacquainted with them would know neither on what to feed them nor even how to administer the food. I had two of their large pigeons which had been trained never to eat anything except yam and bread, and not even that unless it was rolled up into small pellets and put into their mouths. I also had a pair of a species of doves called "tee-tau-tifa," with beautiful mother-of-pearl coloured horse-shoes on their breasts. One of them had been taught to eat nothing but bananas, and the other nothing but cocoa-nut, and if I attempted to put any other food into their cages they would fly at my hand and peck my fingers, and beat me with their wings, as if I had grievously insulted them. It was some time before I could teach

them to eat was given them, and to be thankful. The pigeons we wanted were of a large species, and extremely good eating. As they invariably perched on the very tops of the highest trees it was very difficult to see them at all, and even when you did, they were often beyond the reach of shot. The guides sometimes discovered their whereabouts by "cooing," which the birds answered, but it was seldom that, with their keen eyesight, they allowed themselves to be thus discovered. Of course there were not half so many pigeons has had been represented, the reason given being that most were on the other side of the island, where the berries were more plentiful. By luncheon time we had succeeded in bringing down only eight or nine.*

* I here give the names—as given me by a German gentleman—of the birds I collected, and which comprise nearly all, I think, of the species found in the Samoan group.

SAMOAN BIRDS.

Native names.	
Toloa	Anas superciliosa
Manwalii	Porphyrio vitiensis
Manu-mea . . .	Didunculus strigirostris
Zulu	Strix delicatula
Manu-ma	Ptilinopus Perousi
Manu-tage . . .	„ fasciatus
Fuia	Sturnoides atrifusca
Tutu-maliti . . .	Merula vanicorensis
Miti Vau	Aplonis brevirostris
Sega	Coriphilus fringillarius
Toe	Ptilotis corniculata
Tia-tala	Halcyon recurvirostris
Taoae	Phaeton æthereus
Miti sega . . .	Lalage teras

One great advantage of these excursions is that you need not take any provisions with you, food being in great abundance all around. For some time we had been following the course of a rivulet in whose clear water small fish flashed in gleams of gold and silver, when suddenly we heard peals of laughter, and on scrambling round a rocky point came upon one of the prettiest scenes that even lovely Samoa can produce. The mirth proceeded from a group of girls, who were bathing in a large deep pool into which tumbled a slender waterfall, that had evidently been converted into a shower-bath. I did not sit on their clothes in order to take care of them—as Mark Twain did on a somewhat similar occasion—because there were none to sit on. Directly the forest beauties saw us, they disappeared with a scream into the wood, taking a path that led to a hamlet, whose thatch we could just distinguish through the banana trees.

What a delightful spot for a bath that was! Green banks of moss and ferns entirely shut in the little river, except at the fall and the outlet. Shrubs and trees dipped into the clear dark pools that reflected the high peaks around, and between them the water foamed and gurgled up to the very roots of the group of palms

Tolai-ula	Myzomela nigriventris
Vassa-vassa	Pachycephala uleroides
Seu	Rhipidura nebulosa
Tolai-fatu	Petroica pusilla
Sega-segamau	Amblyonura cyanorrvens
Maue	Rouselte (Vampire bat)
Mau-mau	Myiagra albiventris.

that sprang up from the water's edge, waving their feathery fronds. Long, twisted branches twined in trellis work along the overhanging bank, affording a picturesque resting place for the yellow and blue king-fishers (tia-tala) who darted unceasingly after their too wary prey. Glossy swallows skimmed along the pools, up the fall, and were gone; exquisite flowering shrubs peeped out amongst bushes of polished foliage, and the occasional drowsy boom of some mateless pigeon was in harmony with the delicious quiet of the charming scene. What a Paradise for a picnic in civilised lands! But how completely would all the romance be taken away from such a spot by the inevitable evidences of "a day's outing." Were you ever on a height commanding some lovely view, or in a fern dell, or in some wooded retreat, in England, where you did not find traces of that refreshment which so many consider essential to the enjoyment of the beauties of nature?—sandwich paper drifting here and there, orange peel in scattered shreds, and probably the remains of some bottle which had been put on a moss-grown rock and shied at. Fortunately, in this far off island in the Pacific, where native life is one perpetual picnic, bottles are too much valued as receptacles for cocoa-nut oil to be carelessly disposed of, and the hand of Nature supplies wants which civilisation obtains elsewhere artificially. Here, seated under the heavy shadow of the bread-fruit tree, the eye resting on groves of bananas and orange trees, whose golden fruit gleams amidst the dark foliage, the scene is so

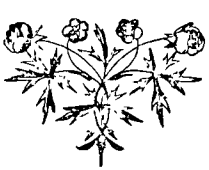
strangely peaceful that it seems impossible that this distant island can be part of that busy world which lies far across the sleeping sea that touches the horizon. While I was contemplating with delight a scene so lovely, a gold lizard interrupted me in my musing by running over me, and with its little head perked on one side, apparently waited as if in expectation of an invitation to the repast that the natives had been preparing, and which, indeed, looked very tempting spread out close to the stream on broad banana leaves. The cooking had been done in the thatched house, and the bill of fare comprised little fish, both raw and cooked, in green leaves; small shell-fish from the stream; pigeons *à la* Samoa, *i.e.*, baked on hot stones; bread-fruit roasted on hot embers; spinach made from a peculiar fern, and served up hot in steaming leaves; bananas and oranges. It is advisable before eating the fruit of these oranges to remove the skin completely, as the essential oil they contain is so strong that it will blister the lips. I once sucked one of them that I picked in the woods when I was very thirsty, and shall not forget easily how much I suffered in consequence. A salad might have been added to the banquet, as the young centre shoot of a cocoa-nut palm makes a delicious one; but as cutting it kills the tree, it being through the central frond the palm receives nourishment, we dispensed with such a luxury. But we did not neglect the tree altogether, as the numerous empty nuts sufficiently proved.

Until I visited Samoa I could not have believed that

the milk of the cocoa-nut varied so much at certain stages of its growth. These stages the natives are able to discover by simply tapping the nut with the finger. I could never distinguish the slightest difference in the sound, but I soon learned to fix upon the period of the nut's growth when it was most agreeable to me, viz:—when it was quite young, and the flesh, instead of being pure white and of a certain thickness, was merely a jelly-like pulp of a bluish-white colour; the milk then was delicious, and very different from that of more advanced growths, which, though sweet, is insipid. It is curious to see with how much ease the natives climb a cocoa-nut tree. If it inclines a good deal from the perpendicular, as many do, they simply walk up; but if it is straight they generally fasten a piece of bark round their ankles, leaving a space of eight or nine inches between them, and then, clasping the trunk, ascend as easily and as swiftly as if they were going up a ladder. In order to husk and open the nuts they have thrown down, they plant a stake in the ground and, with a few blows against its pointed end, scalp the nut quite clean, and with a dexterous tap just on the right spot open a round hole of sufficient size to change it into a delicate goblet. The beverage contained in the pure chamber is not likely to interfere with straight shooting, and by the time it was necessary to retrace our steps a very fair number of birds had been gathered.

As we neared home the afternoon was melting into evening, which in the tropics means darkness, as there

the sun leaves the earth without the mysterious greeting with which he lingers on his way during twilight in more northern climes. A brighter gold was on the waves, a deeper purple in the distance, and the rosy light in the west proclaimed that it was the hour of sunset. Before we left the palm groves, misty beams slanted through the wilderness of columns, climbed slowly upwards, bathing the feathery tufts in a flood of golden light, which faded rapidly, leaving the waving plumes to nod over the dark pall of fast approaching night.



CHAPTER XX.

A NATIVE JUDGE—COAST LANDSCAPE—SONGS—FISHING BY TORCH-LIGHT—NIGHT IN NATIVE HOUSE—A DIDUNCULUS—SCARCITY OF THE SPECIES—A SETTLER—LIFE IN THE SOUTH SEAS—WHITE AND COLOURED RACES—A BARGAIN—TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED—FERTILE ISLANDS.

ONE day the Consul asked me to accompany him on an expedition up the coast to inquire into some dispute that a white settler had had with the natives of the neighbouring island of Manono. I was very glad of the opportunity thus afforded me of seeing not only other parts of Upolu, but also the curious island of Apolima, which he proposed to visit.

As we were to coast along inside the reef, it was necessary to take advantage of high tide, as at any other time the water was so shallow in many places that there was danger of grounding. Consequently, we started rather late in the evening, calling on our way at the native town in order to pick up the judge who was to assist in the arbitration.

Our legal friend had not expected us, and we found

him wading about spearing fish. However it did not take him long to make up his bundle, containing wig and gown, which afterwards proved to be composed of parts of cast off uniforms of different professions—naval and military. When he got into the boat there was a degree of simplicity about his dress—which consisted of merely a few yards of tappa round his loins—that was very becoming to his style of beauty, as he was a fine noble-looking old gentleman; but, unfortunately, he had taken it into his head that his dignity would be increased by adopting European costume, and so when he was dressed—he made his toilet in the boat—he was the most comical-looking creature imaginable. His trowsers, which were much too short for him, were ornamented with tarnished gold stripes, and his blue frock-coat, which was much too tight, had several extra rows of gilt buttons. On his head was an old wide-awake, very much battered, and the symbol of authority which he carried in his hand was a large fly-flap made of fibre. But the most remarkable part of his costume was his boots; for how the poor man had managed to thrust his number twelve feet into a pair of number nine boots, it is difficult even to imagine. It is certain, however, that after a bay-window had been cut out on one side, and an extensive corn-patch made on the other, their appearance was not neat but excessively nobby! A Samoan in his native attire is a grand-looking savage with something romantic in his appearance, but when dressed in European habiliments he looks like an old nigger who has endeavoured to

show himself off to the best advantage, according to his ideas, in trappings from Rosemary Lane.

The coast landscape presented few novel features from the other part of the island, excepting that there were no waterfalls to be seen, and the scenery was altogether of a flatter description. One great flat-topped mountain was the chief object in view, and from the time we left Apia until we returned, this huge table-mountain was always in our sight, and never seemed to get any nearer, although, in reality, we passed it. But the scenery was of the usual kind—blue sea, a strip of dazzling white beach, with here and there a picturesque thatched house, cocoa-nut trees fringing the shore, green hills sloping back, a mass of palms, bread-fruit trees and all sorts of shrubs and plants. Our six natives pulled away famously, and never seemed to tire; some of the songs they sang were really pretty, but the majority were remarkable only for their absence of tune and the strict attention paid to time. Generally they were commenced by one man whose verses dwelt on passing events, the others taking up a recognized chorus; but sometimes three sang half of each verse and the rest the other half, all joining in a grand finale. Their favourite song was one which I suppose they had picked up from sailors, the chorus being "Pull away, pull away, my boys," and as they sang these few words in English and all the rest in Samoan, the effect was highly comic.

Sometimes the natives in a passing canoe would hold conversation in song with our men, and then the music

sounded pleasantly across the water. Occasionally the distant reef was illuminated by parties of Samoans fishing by torch-light, or we glided past canoes whose occupants were similarly employed. Wonderfully picturesque was it to see the bronze forms holding their torches high above their heads in one hand, while with a spear in the other they stood ready to strike the dazed fish, thus appearing in bold relief and in bright contrast with the darkness that hid all other objects. It was past one o'clock in the morning when we reached the little village where we intended to sleep; and not a little surprised were the Inhabitants when they were aroused at such an unseemly hour to give lodging to the white travellers. The first house we entered was so crowded and looked so untidy that we departed in search of better accommodation. The church was not more inviting in appearance, but we eventually discovered a clean house belonging to an old lady and her spouse, whom we quickly drew from under their tappa, and set to work to prepare our beds.

At first sight it seems rather a cool proceeding to enter houses and drag the owners—whose language even you do not know—out of their beds, helping yourself to anything you may require, and otherwise conducting yourself like the proper proprietor; but the good-natured natives take all this as a matter of course, and the few trifles you give on leaving are received so gratefully, and valued so highly, that you lose all sense of having intruded. The arrangements for our night's rest consisted of laying down clean mats, and putting

up a mosquito curtain of tappa. As guests, it was pleasant to see that the family made no strangers of us, and retired to their part of the tappa enclosure as soon as they had made us comfortable. Comfortable! I never passed such a night, as, irrespective of the tappa covering being intensely hot, a swarm of mosquitoes, which of course had got inside the bamboo pillows—simply a round piece of bamboo on legs—were anything but conducive to slumber. I envied the Irishman who, contentedly laying his head on a large stone jar for a pillow, replied to one who inquired if it was not rather hard: "Not at all, for I have stuffed it with hay." I stood it for about an hour and then rushed out down to the beach, and into the sea. On my return I found our hosts still sleeping, but after a short time they awoke, removed their tappa covering and arose dressed for the day. What a blessing a similarly simple toilet would be to those members of English families who are always vainly struggling to be in time for morning prayers!

We started very early, intending to breakfast at a settler's house about ten miles farther on. When we arrived there, I was delighted to find that this settler—a German—was a naturalist, and had two live specimens of the *didunculus*, the native name of which is "manu-mea." I was very anxious to obtain one of these rare birds, which are peculiar to the Samoan islands, and the thick dark forest in the district in which we then were was their favourite resort. Although I did not obtain one at this time I afterwards

secured a very fine specimen, which is now in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park. The didunculus, or tooth-billed pigeon, is chiefly remarkable in appearance from the circumstance that it has the head of a rapacious bird on the body of a pigeon. The head and upper portion of the neck and breast are of a dark slate colour; the rest of the plumage is of a chocolate red. The cere round the eye is of a flesh colour; the iris dark reddish-brown. The eye itself is extremely bright, and has a remarkably knowing expression. Legs and feet are red. The beak is of a yellowish red, and very like a parrot's in shape, but the upper mandible is dentated. It is in the contour of the bill, and the form and position of the nostrils that the didunculus differs from any other living species at present known; and although a small bird in size, it approximates most nearly in all its characters to the extinct dodo. The beak is very powerful, and the two birds I saw were fierce, and ready to bite to the bone any finger that approached too near. Mine was always very tame, although sometimes when I was putting its food into the cage, it would jump suddenly down from its perch and pretend to attack my hand. For the first month after I got it I never heard it utter a sound, but after that time it used sometimes to emit a deep "goo-goo" with a voice as soft as a dove's. Its food was principally bananas, yams, and potatoes, but it was not very particular, and accommodated itself to circumstances. Their nests are simple structures of twigs, and their eggs (they lay two) are of a greyish

white. There are a good many of these birds still left in Samoa, although they are not found in the same numbers as of old. The natives attribute the diminution to the cats and rats introduced by foreign ships; but I think it more probable that their own predilection for them as food has gradually driven the remnant into the dark recesses of the forests, where alone they are to be met with.

The Hawaians attribute the extinction of their "wingless birds" to cats, &c., instead of to the appetite of their chiefs. The Californians, too, give the same reason—vermin—for the present scarcity of their beautiful mountain quails. It is a strange fact with regard to the didunculus that, whereas in former times it used to feed almost exclusively on the ground, it now prefers the tops of the highest trees, and even roosts and builds higher than of yore—at least so the natives say.

Soon after breakfast we embarked again, and by the middle of the day we reached the abode of the settler who claimed redress from the trespassing natives. We found the man in his house, which was a miserable, dirty shed, full of untidy, naked half-breed children, whose unhappy-looking mother and dilapidated father formed a picture the very reverse of that painted by Pinckney of the Indian husband and his pale-faced wife, when he says:

> "She humanizes him, and he
> Educates her to liberty."

Life in the islands of the South Seas presents two contrasting pictures to the traveller, one bright, indolent, and romantic; the other dark, indolent, and aim-

less. The former is that of the natives—the latter is that of the miserable specimens of the great European races who are continually encountered floating about these islands, desolate and broken; men who have lost all hope, who have gone so completely to ruin that nothing is left of the wreck but a mere shadow; men who vegetate rather than live, and who have well-nigh lost all trace of by-gone civilization. Such men are inferior, mentally, morally, and physically to the natives amongst whom they try perhaps to maintain their superiority, but by whom they are regarded with contempt and scorn.

To the brown barbarian a monotonous existence is bliss, and he passes his days lolling about under the orange and banana trees, and among cocoa-nut groves, which reach along the sea-shore as far as the eye can wander. Life to him is a feast, and as he possesses a stomach that can digest anything from a shark to a wild hog, he naturally is never troubled with the question of getting something good to eat which is a point of much importance to a European in the Southern Seas, in spite of the bounteous manner with which Nature has loaded so many of the islands. A nice fresh-baked bread-fruit, with a slice or two of raw fish and orange-sauce, forms a simple native dish and can always be obtained, but a white man tires of such delicacies, and requires something more substantial.

The poetry and luxury of the South Sea islands lean entirely toward the native. Even some of the better class of whites who live on these islands succeed in

making themselves odious to the natives, who, having received them well on their first arrival, think themselves entitled to better usage. Many a European, of course, holding the belief that all coloured races are infinitely inferior to his own, ignores the fact that he is only tolerated by courtesy, or probably, by necessity, in a strange land, and forcibly attempts to assert his superiority. He forgets that it is hard to bear the rule of an alien at any time, and much harder to be borne is the authority that is attempted to be enforced by imperious, offensive and often insolent demands.

In olden times, the natives of many of the islands would voluntarily help the whites whenever they could, now they will not move unless they are paid for whatever they do. They say: "White man, he do nothing for nothing, and all the same native man." They take a commercial view of the case; they see the rivalry that exists in trade, that the whites throw every obstacle in the way of a rival's success, and they imitate the example which is set them. Nothing delights them so much as a bargain, and so accustomed are they to the tricks of trade that if you agree too readily with them they will think you have cheated them, whereas if you bargain well with them they will be much better satisfied even if you should give them less.

The white man we had come to visit was superior to the class I first mentioned, insomuch that he was really working and trying to earn a livelihood by digging and planting. He was very poor, and the loss of any of his product was a serious matter to him. Consequently, when the indolent natives from Manono, an

island only a short distance off, made periodical raids on his ground and stole as much cotton and as many bananas and cocoa-nuts as they could carry away, he was in despair. To make matters worse, they had paraded in front of his door, and had threatened his life if he dared to complain to the authorities.

The proceedings were not very interesting, and I need only say that eventually the white man won his case, and the chief at Manono promised that no more trespassing should take place. The part of the island we were then in seemed of great fertility, and the settler, the only one in those parts, told us that the splendid strips of land in the vicinity of his house were capable of producing quantities of maize, coffee, sugar, cotton, and many other tropical productions. The large tracts of uncared-for territory demand nothing but attention and capital to ensure a prodigious return, and there certainly appeared an extensive field for the advantageous employment of agricultural experience. If a protectorate were established, business would probably improve, as settlers would then be assured against all molestation and their possessions would be absolutely secured to them. At present the more distant white men have a very up-hill fight to carry on.

It only requires the energy and enterprise of a white population to make these islands a benefit to their cultivators and to the world at large. It is highly probable, though, that in a very short time the United States will hoist the Stars and Stripes over the Samoan group. It is amusing to hear Americans talk, and to read the articles of newspapers about Polynesian love

for the United States. They really believe that the natives of the different islands long for nothing so much as for annexation. It is true that when the United States' Commissioner visited the Samoan Islands, the chiefs did say that they would like a protectorate under America, but only if they could not hope for annexation to England. As for Fiji, the Americans declare that they refused the offer of that group long before England was invited to annex it. With regard to the Sandwich Islands, they make the same assertions, assuring us that the natives desire nothing more than annexation to the United States.

I always made a point of inquiring, wherever I happened to be, concerning the sentiments of the natives regarding England, America, and other countries. In the Sandwich Islands the natives invariably declared that they belonged to Queen Victoria. In Samoa and other islands, Beretanee (Britain) was always first in their affections, then America, and France last. I am not surprised at this, as from England and from her ships-of-war the natives have always received mercy and justice, and know that they will continue to do so; but I doubt whether the other nations named have been equally prudent and considerate.

In illustration of the openly expressed feeling of the inhabitants of the South Sea islands, I may mention that when, during the election riot at Honolulu, troops were landed, the Americans, who arrived first on the scene, were received by the assembled crowd in dead silence, whilst the English, by whom they were followed were welcomed with great demonstrations of delight.

CHAPTER XXI.

OVER THE REEFS — MANONO — NATIVE CHIEF — A GAME—THE JUDGE'S ETIQUETTE—AN ANECDOTE—AN ISLET—ENTRANCE TO APOLIMA—APOLIMA—A TASTEFUL HOUSE—RARE VISITORS—KAVA—SAVAII—BOX AND MONKEY FISH—A FISHING SCENE—THE SOUTHERN CROSS—MOONLIGHT.

THE short journey across to the little island of Manono was over a succession of coral reefs, where the water was so perfectly clear that a whole world of strange and exquisite forms was visible. Althought it is only in the imagination of the poet that in these reefs

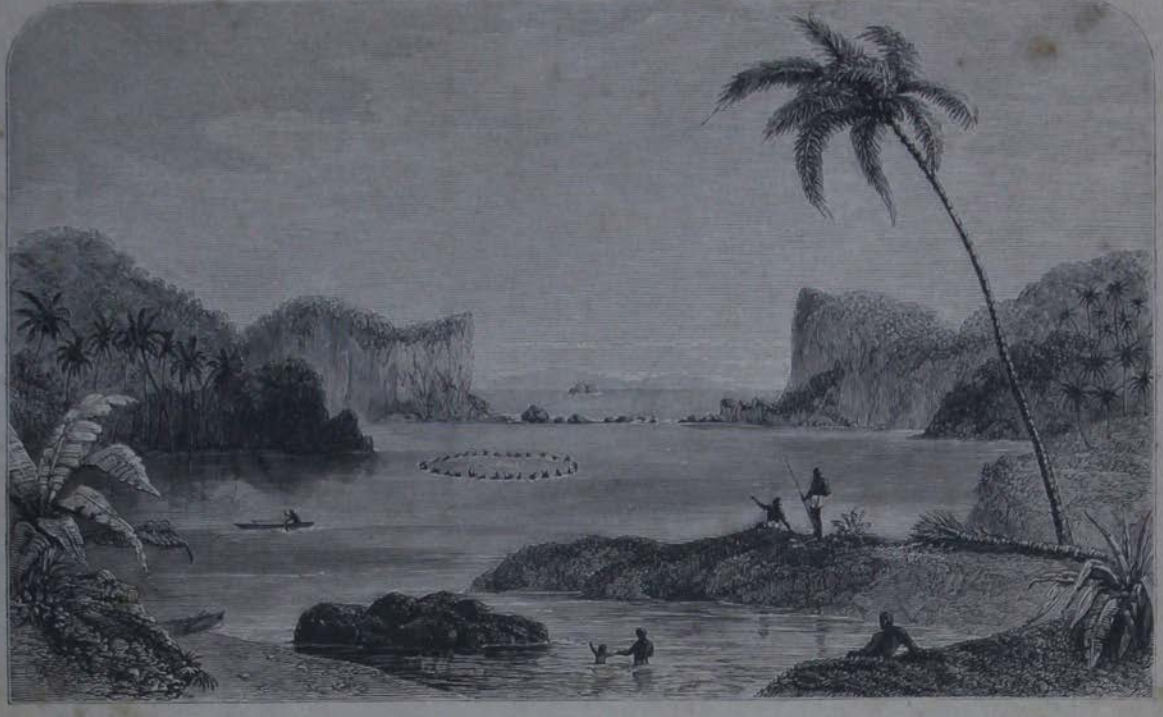
"The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,"

yet there are plenty of objects equally beautiful and brilliant. Whole families of echini roll about on their ever-moving spines, some no larger than a thistle-crown, others like juvenile hedgehogs. Great star-fish spread their purple and crimson arms over the broad-leaved plants whose thick stems clasp the rocks fathoms below, and shine through the sunny water like real flowers. Poppies and anemones, true sea-anemones, clustered

on the corals, open and shut their ever-waving petals, and bright, filmy fish dart to and fro over the sluggish bodies of unsightly holothuria of the genus trepang, or *bêche-de-mer*, so dear to the Chinese epicure.

Manono differs in no respect from the other islands except in its being, if possible, more thickly wooded with the bread-fruit tree. The village is situated in the centre, instead of being, as is usually the case, on the shore, and as no whites inhabit the island, and it is seldom visited by strangers, it has preserved the primitive manners and customs of Samoa. A white coral road runs between the houses which nestle very picturesquely amongst the heavy foliage of the trees. The chief's house was raised on a stone terrace in the village-square, and almost in front of it were two graves, covered with enormous blocks of stone, under which reposed two of Manono's celebrated men.

As the Consul had come to investigate a case of trespass, the chief was at first very cold and formal, but he gradually thawed, and after waving us to our seats on the mats opposite to him, he called for kava. I managed to escape, and went outside to witness a curious game that was going on at a little distance off. The game, Totoga, consisted in casting from the fore-finger a reed about five feet long armed with a wooden point. The winner appeared to be the one who could make it skim along the ground to the greatest distance, and one man must have sent it nearly one hundred yards, a very difficult feat considering the form of the javelin and the manner of throwing it.



APOLIMA

When I returned I found the old judge examining witnesses, and a most amusing scene he made of it. He had evidently attended the Court at Apia, where doubtless he had seen white witnesses, when about to be examined, hold up their hands on being sworn, and he had thought proper to introduce the custom into Manono, a proceeding which the natives could not in the least comprehend. He reminded one of the story of a certain white judge who was very observant of correct forms. One day a soldier, who had been badly wounded in battle, was brought in as a witness. The judge told him to hold up his right hand. "Can't do it, sir," said the man. "Why not?" said the judge. "Got shot in that arm, sir." "Then hold up your left." "Got a shot in that arm, too, sir." "Then," said the judge, solemnly and sternly, "you must hold up your leg. No man can be sworn, sir, in this court by law unless he holds up something."

As soon as an amicable arrangement had been brought about, we returned to our boat and set off to Apolima. On our way we passed a lovely little islet shaped like a hay-stack, with a shining beach which ran up under the trees, and would have formed a most delightful drying-ground for the most fastidious mermaid. When we were half way across a squall came on, and the sea rose so that we were drenched to the skin by the waves, and the boatmen were afraid we should be unable to land on the island. Apolima—the hollow of the hand—is a small island whose rocky heights rise perpendicularly from the sea on all sides, except at one

narrow entrance opening to the west, just wide enough for a boat to enter. As we approached, we could see that a heavy surf opposed the strong current which forced its way through the intricate passage, and caused a tremendous whirl and commotion, the high waves rushing in great battalions between the precipitous cliffs. To enter the passage, when it is at all rough, requires a good deal of skill, and it often happens that the inhabitants of this strange island are kept prisoners for weeks. Our men managed admirably. They balanced the boat just outside the entrance, waiting for a favourable opportunity when a long high breaker should come and carry it far enough in before the drawback could affect it. On each side was a wall of foam, which, with the thunder of the rushing waves, kept our minds in breathless suspense until we had been carried past it. At last such a wave as we desired came; and, on receiving the orders of the commander for the occasion, the men strained their muscles in their endeavours to assist the frail boat; and while anxiety was depicted on every countenance lest we might be drawn into the back-water and overwhelmed by the surf, a turn of the rudder took us safely into the smooth waters of a little horse-shoe bay.

The "hollow of the hand" is a good name for the island, for it is formed as a hollow, with the village in the centre, and walls of rock rising all round it. The contrast between the barren outside and the fertile interior is great. Bread-fruit and cocoa-nut palms fill the "hollow," and clothe the hills up to the very

summit. Behind the village rises a conical hill, and, from the banana thickets which cover it, a small stream flows down into the centre of the bay. A prettier and more uncommon scene can hardly be conceived, and the inhabitants are very proud of their fertile island fortress, which they consider impregnable, little imagining what havoc and dismay a shell would create if dropped upon their quiet homes.

The large house of the chief, which occupies a prominent position in the centre of the village, is a triumph of native taste and neatness. The great pillars that support the beautifully thatched roof are formed of the wood of bread-fruit tree, in some parts neatly carved, and at the rafter-joints exquisitely fastened with braided sinnet of different colours. The advent of white visitors being a rare event, all the population turned out to inspect us, and the house was soon filled; those who were unable to enter sat down outside and gazed at us as if we were an exhibition, passing their remarks, which must have been of a very amusing kind from the laughter they created, with a freedom peculiar to Polynesians. Kava of course was introduced, and the old chief was so pressing that I found it impossible to adopt my usual mode of retreat without hurting his feelings, and was therefore compelled to swallow my cupful without even making a grimace.

We went over the island, which was not only very pretty, but also well cultivated. Ascending the steep hill we found two or three little cottages on the top, which are used as look-outs in war time, the view from

them being very extensive. On the left the large island of Savaii—the largest of the group—loomed up grandly, its rock-bound coast showing no evidence of fine bays like those of Upolu. Indeed there is no good harbour for large vessels in the island, and at present very little is known of the interior. I was very anxious to visit it, as the natives report that some strange birds and other natural curiosities are to be found on it; but no opportunity presented itself until it was too late for me to avail myself of it. I saw some queer fish that the natives had brought from the island, one of them, the box-fish, having four distinct sides; and another, the monkey-fish, having a head like an ape. In a couple of hours we had exhausted Apolima, and took our departure with several tokens of regard from the inhabitants, in the shape of roots of kava, oranges, and shells. On our way to the entrance we saw a circle of natives in the water, fishing. Their manner of fishing is to go out in a body with nets, form a large circle, and while some of them keep the nets in a proper position, others shout and beat the water with sticks, gradually contracting the circle. The frightened fish dart about, the noise and disturbance ever following them, till they dash at the nets and are taken in great numbers.

We made our exit without much difficulty, as the sea had gone down considerably, and towards evening we were some distance on our way back to Apia. It was a pleasant trip, and the tropic sunset that evening was one to be remembered. As the sun sank beneath the waves, there seemed to arise in the far west a golden

forest which appeared to tremble in the beautiful opal tints that touched its edges. Masses of soft clouds lay to the south, assuming the shape of fairy islands, which ever and anon changed into strange monsters, that in their turn took new shapes, till the eye was tired with watching them. White cloudlets rested on the waves, and as the light fell upon them they became transformed into pale tinted coral reefs. To the north the fleecy clouds were flushed with rose, and below and around us the clear water seemed but a reflection of the lovely violet sky. Soon the tints faded away one by one, the stars twinkled out of the purple vault, and "night rested upon the waters." The gem-like stars of the "Southern Cross" shone out with their very unequal splendour, and for once looked impressive. I have always thought that the beauty of that constellation has been greatly over-estimated, the inferior quality of one of the members detracting much from their combined beauty. The natives however appreciate it, for to them it supplies the place of a compass. Presently a faint golden light begins to tremble on the waves, and as the moon rose, the outlines of the palm-fringed island of Upolu grew more distinct, and the long strips of sand appeared whiter. As she ascended in the star-lit sky, a ladder of golden ripples, shaded off into a network of narrowing lines, made a glittering track over the dark surface of the sea to the dim shadows of the horizon,

> "And as I watch the line of light that plays
> Along the smooth wave, toward the burning west,
> I long to tread its golden path of rays,
> And think t'will lead to some bright isle of rest."

CHAPTER XXII.

TAKING THE VEIL—PRIESTLY INFLUENCES—SAMOAN CENSUS—RELIGIOUS FEELING—CHURCH SERVICE—FONDNESS FOR BOOKS—BONNETS—SAMOAN HISTORY—TONGA AND SAMOA—MASSACRE—PRISONERS—HIGH PRIEST AS WARRIOR AND PROPHET—CIVIL WAR—A USURPER—AVOLA—A PROPOSAL—A BANQUET—AVOLA AND THAMA.

F all corners in the world Samoa is one of the last in which you would expect to find nuns, and yet there they are, and during my visit I witnessed the ceremony of taking the veil by a native. At the appointed hour the procession entered the church, which is close to the Roman Catholic mission, each of the nuns holding in her hand a long lighted candle. At the end of the procession were brown nuns (native), leading between them the probationer dressed in white. The white nuns, having arranged themselves on each side, ceased their chant, and the faint voice of the probationer was heard alone. The usual mysterious ceremonies were gone through, accompanied by strains of music now soft and low, now joyful and triumphant, and the girl, who was very self-possessed all the time became one

of the initiated. The church was crowded with natives, who appeared to enjoy the sight immensely, although I suppose very few understood the import of the service. The scenic display and the rites of the Romish church are well calculated to dazzle the senses and instil awe into the heathen mind, as in their own practices they invariably used emblems to appeal to the feelings. They are amazed at the resources and apparent power of the priests, and they dread their displeasure in proportion to the extent that their feelings can be worked upon. In spite of this, the number of Roman Catholics in Samoa is very small. As near as I could gather, according to the last census, the entire population was 35,000, of whom 4,000 were Wesleyans, 4,000 Roman Catholics, and the remaining 27,000 connected with the London Missionary Society. According to this statement all the inhabitants profess some form of religion, but I doubt whether many of them have any definite ideas on the subject.

The Polynesian, like every other man, requires something more than mere Sunday school training before he can be expected to acquire the complex feelings of true religious devotion. His intellectual and moral faculties must be more highly developed before he can be thoroughly raised out of heathendom into Christianity, and no race are less disposed by nature for this development than the islanders of the South Seas. Fear is about the only element, out of the many that constitute religious devotion, that influences the savage mind; and therefore it seeks to

avoid harm by propitiating the evil demon that in its opinion is always on the alert to injure. The Polynesian attributes all his calamities, all his misfortunes to supernatural causes, and is a true believer in the old Latin saying that "a demon is present at the birth of every human being and conducts his life." He has the strongest aversion to the least restraint, he has very little reverence except for his chiefs, his feelings of love or gratitude are but slight, and he is certainly not well adapted for the strict moralities of Christianity.

Sunday is most scrupulously observed by the natives. Nothing will induce them to sell anything on that day, and vessels arriving at an island on the Sabbath must wait till the next day in order to obtain fruit and fresh provisions, &c. I once tried to buy a curious necklace from an old lady in the native town near Apia on a Sunday; but she could not sell it on that day, but would bring it to me on the following, and she kept her promise. No fishing is allowed, and the canoes are all hauled upon the beach; no one rides on horseback, or even climbs a tree for a cocoa-nut, and the native police have power to take up anyone, native or foreign, who breaks the rules of Sabbath observance. Sunday is even more strictly observed than in Scotland, for there

> "Law ordered that the Sunday should have rest,
> And that no nymph her noisy food should sell,
> Except it were 'new milk' or 'mackerel!'"

At Apia the natives not only attended service in the churches in the white part of the town, but also

that in their own chapels. It was very amusing to see them trooping down to church dressed in their best mats and tappas, those who had shoes and shirts carrying them in their hands, and dressing at the church door. Most of them carried bibles carefully wrapped up in white tappa, and when service began those who could read seemed to enjoy their newly acquired power of giving utterance by the aid of books to the same sounds and the same words at the same moment. What they thought of it all I do not know, but I think some of them might have said:

> "My words fly up, my thoughts remain below,
> Words without thoughts never to Heaven go."

When service was over, those who had not already found their garments too hot undressed at the door, and throwing them over their arms returned to their homes to sleep and eat until it was time to attend the next meeting. They had no chance of oversleeping themselves, as the time was indicated by the beating of wooden drums, a contrivance which sounds most ungodly, that may be heard a long way off, and utterly banishes slumber. They must really be very fond of books, although strangers say that they prefer them large, thereby getting a greater quantity of cartridge paper. I hardly ever entered a house without finding one or two of the inmates reading hard, or appearing to do so, though certainly the book was sometimes held upside down, but still there was the disposition to read at all events.

They admire pictures extremely, and I have often

thought it strange that picture books and illustrations of all sorts are not sent out in great numbers by the Missionary Societies; they would assuredly be appreciated. Plates of the fashions would also be useful, now that the native women have taken to wearing hats with artificial flowers and feathers. One old lady I remember well, whose Sunday costume was an ancient coal-scuttle bonnet, which she used to wear sometimes properly adjusted, at others perched coquettishly on the top of her head. Now and then I used to see straw bonnets of such an extraordinary shape and make, that I was once very nearly buying one as a Samoan curiosity; but on inquiry I heard that they had been imported from Germany, and had been eagerly bought up by the natives. The charitable lady who sent them out, doubtless conjectured that next to a new heart a poor benighted heathen woman would prefer a new bonnet.

The native teachers of Samoa are everywhere highly spoken of for their devoutness and their capabilities, and are amongst the foremost examples of the successful labour of the missionaries in those islands. Not many years ago the only teachers were the priests, who did all they could to increase fear and superstition by ascribing the simplest phenomena of nature to the work of evil spirits, who could only be propitiated by sacrifices and offerings. They thus enriched themselves at the expense of a credulous people, who enjoyed being deceived, and who willingly paid a high price for it. The power of the priests in those days equalled

that of the king in Samoa, as the following history will show.

In 1837, the seat of the Government was in the small island of Manua, hardly a mile in length or breadth. Here the king and royal family resided with the great functionaries of state, and the principal aristocratic families in all Samoa, for in no country was social rank more sharply defined. Thither were sent from the islands tributes of fine mats, tappa, pork, and kava. At that time there used to be continual disputes between the two groups of islands, known as the Navigators or Samoa, and the Friendly or Tonga Islands. The men of Tonga alleged that the Samoans encroached on their fishing grounds—a modern complaint in more civilized lands by the way—and the Samoans accused the others of being quarrelsome neighbours.

One morning in April a fleet of ten war canoes set sail from Tongataboo, and landed in the dead of the night at Felialupe, the largest village on Savaii, containing about three hundred houses. They rushed on the doomed village with spear, club, and faggot, set fire to the houses, and slaughtered the inmates. By break of day, wild with joy and sated with blood, they returned to their canoes with twelve captive maidens of high rank. The Samoans who had escaped sounded the alarm, whereupon the Samoan warriors, brave and fierce, rushed forward to release the living and to avenge the dead, and just as the Tongans were launching their canoes, the Samoans, suddenly filling the air

with yells aud imprecations, surprised them in turn. The shock of encounter was terrible and desperate. On one side they fought for escape and their lives; on the other for revenge, the desire for which was rendered more keen by the sight of the village, the smoke from whose ruins rose on the still morning air, and by the memory of the dead, the wild wail of whose relatives rose high above the din of battle. On the first approach of the Samoans, the Tongans hastily divided their forces, one half to act as vanguard, to arrest the advance of the enemy; the other half to launch the canoes and prepare for embarkation. The Samoans made a parallel disposition of their forces to counteract the plan of the invaders, and as they were hourly reinforced, their canoes were soon ready outside the breakers and prepared to intercept the Tongans. There was now a fierce battle between the two parties, both on land and water. Here hostile canoes grappled and were lashed together as in more scientific naval warfare, while warriors rushed upon one another thinking only of killing the enemy. Men wrestled on the giddy deck, until in deadly grip they fell together into the water, and even then, being good swimmers, fought until one or other fell beneath the club of his antagonist. The battle raged till noon, when the Tongans sought safety in flight. Three hundred of them had fallen, and many were captured to be held as slaves. Sixty men alone escaped, with only one canoe of the whole fleet.

When the news reached Manua, a council of war

was at once held, and it was urged by the high-priest, a bold, violent, unscrupulous man, who combined in his own person the threefold office of warrior, prophet, and priest, to put the prisoners to immediate death. This proposal the old king emphatically vetoed. It was determined to retaliate by invading Tonga. While they were making the necessary preparations, ambassadors from that nation arrived at court to plead for the captives, and to negotiate their release. They were received coldly by the monarch, and with insult and reproaches by the high-priest. After prolonged ceremonies of unintelligible import, and the delivery of presents, they were admitted to audience in the public square and this ceremony extended over ten days. On the most interesting occasion speeches of a day's duration were made, and in no assembly could there have been greater etiquette and courtesy. The king and all his chiefs sat in a circle two hundred feet in diameter, and behind this great circle sat the common people.

The venerable monarch, eighty years of age, opened the proceedings in a long speech, in which he conjured his subjects to hear the ambassadors with courtesy and respect, as became brave warriors conscious of their own prowess and the justice of their cause. The ambassadors deplored the wicked and unjustifiable descent on Samoa; their old and wise men had forbidden it, but the voice of wisdom was drowned in the hot blood of rash young men whom the brave warriors of Samoa had well and deservedly

chastened. If Samoa and Tonga were to make a friendly alliance, they, the two nations, instead of weakening one another by perpetual strife might safely defy the jealousies of surrounding nations and dictate to their enemies. The aged king was alive to the many solid advantages that the realisation of this suggestion would confer on both peoples, and expressed his concurrence and satisfaction. The high-priest, however, made a violent speech in which he emphatically declared that the burning of Felialupe must be avenged, and openly reproached the king with weakness and dotage. He then boldly avowed his determination of sweeping from his path any or all who resisted the work of retributive vengeance. The sentiments which he thus expressed were addressed to the popular mind, and represented the popular wish; but the insolent language he had used caused violent commotion, and the king commanded the immediate release of the captives.

So far the high-priest had spoken in his capacity of warrior and high-priest. Now he spoke as prophet. Quaking in every limb, and foaming at the mouth as was his wont when in communion with the Great Spirit, he prophesied evil days for Samoa; that ere the moon had thrice filled her horns a cloud would settle on the island; that brother would fight against brother, and that Samoan blood would flow on Samoan soil as freely as the mountain water. The great council then broke up in disorder, and the ambassadors with their released countrymen departed in peace.

The high-priest prepared for revolution, and made

offerings to his gods. In three weeks, through his machinations, Samoa was plunged into civil war. In two months the king was deposed and sent with his family to Upolu, while the high-priest assumed the reins of government. The usurper reigned only three years, when he died, leaving his daughter, Avola, a girl of sixteen, to inherit his dominion.

Avola was beautiful and of a kind disposition. In due time, in accordance with Samoan custom, she made a progress throughout all the isles of her newly-acquired kingdom, accompanied by the magnates of the nation, and was everywhere received with profound homage and the veneration due to her rank. The daughter of a famous warrior, high-priest, and prophet, she was respected even by those who fought against her father, and her age, her sex, her beauty, but above all the sweetness of her disposition, charmed her friends and conciliated even those who were opposed to the new dynasty.

When she arrived at Upolu the venerable king and the princes, his sons, hastened to meet her and lay presents at her feet; and far from evincing any jealousy, cordially welcomed her to their place of exile. At sight of the fallen monarch and the magnanimous bearing of him and his sons, the royal maiden wept in tenderness. The interview was conceived to be of happy augury. What could be more rational and more just than to avert in time a possible future calamity by uniting Avola in marriage with one of the king's sons. But alas for the plans of Samoan statesmen, Avola

already loved. In due time she returned to her home in Manua. Her return was the signal for general rejoicing, feasting, and dancing. In the evening, after the banquet, a throng of youths and maidens assembled on the beach to dance, and sing love-songs, while on the crag, screened from view, sat Avola and her lover.

"The sun," said the youth, in continuation of their converse, "no longer shines on the shrub, the tall trees on the mountain shade it from view."

"Affairs of state so ordain it," observed the maiden, with downcast mien and melancholy brow.

"The shrub that rejoiced in the sunshine," continued the youth, "shall wither and die and be forgotten."

"O Thama, Thama! say not so; you know how I have loved you—how I love you still! But—"

"When the birds shall wake the morning sun, wilt thou think of Thama?"

"I will."

"When the noontide sun shall be bleaching yonder beach, wilt thou think of him?"

"I will."

"When sea-gulls skip on the evening tide, wilt thou—"

"What do you mean?"

"Kiss me, Avola; there—again; 'tis well, adieu—farewell!" and dropping his tappa mantle in her lap, he sprang to the edge of the crag.

"Oh stay, Thama—stay!" she cried, rushing to seize him. "I'm thine—thine—for ever thine!"

But it was too late, the plunge was already made. Then came a shriek, and another plunge; and the angry waves washed over the remains of both.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PATH TO THE WATERFALL—A PRETTY SCENE—THE FALLS—NOVEL MODE OF ENJOYING A BATH—KINDLING FIRE—COCOA-NUT CRAB—NATIVE STORY—TROPICAL BIRDS—NATIVE CUSTOMS—EXCURSIONS—SHELLS—HERMIT CRABS—CORAL—DEPARTURE FROM SAMOA.

A FEW miles from Apia is a charming waterfall, peculiar on account of the native fashion of enjoying a bath in its broad basin. The path to it is rather intricate, and on my first visit my guide even was sometimes embarassed to find his way amongst the tangled and overgrown bushes of the now seldom used trail.

After leaving the banana and cocoa-nut groves with their fairy occupants of the feathered tribe—parroquets and dainty little honey-suckers, &c.—we ascended the bed of a tidal creek with a mangrove swamp on each side, which was alive with thousands of quaint little red and purple-clawed crabs. Presently we heard the clear ringing sound of the tappa mallets, and in the sparkling water of a small stream we saw the pro-

cess of the manufacture in full swing. It was a very pretty scene, and, as we passed, the industrious damsels only looked up to wish us the usual "talofa," and then instantly resumed their washing, hammering and singing. Soon we were in the thick forest where the great gnarled veterans entirely shut out the blazing sunshine. Now and then the ruins of a little leafy hut showed where many a pigeon had been decoyed by the bird-loving natives, but they were all untenanted as it was not the season for decoy. Great vampire-bats, disturbed by our intrusion, occasionally flapped heavily away from some dark roost, and dazzled by the light, flew aimlessly about amongst the overhanging branches. The natives are very fond of these bats, and make great pets of them.

At last, after ascending a steeper part of the mountain than usual, we heard the whisper of a waterfall, and down in a beautiful ravine we saw a swiftly flowing rivulet. The stream tumbled from ledge to ledge of broken rock, and rushed in little rills from a high background of sea-green foliage into a broad stretch of rock and moss-covered stones. From this gorge, whose sides were a mass of ferns and broad-leaved plants over which water trickled and sparkled like shaken dew-drops, it leapt again down an almost perpendicular precipice, about five-and-thirty feet high, into a deep broad pool, cradled in fern and surrounded by lofty trees and wild plantains, and finally disappeared amid foliage and verdure, leaping and dancing on its way to the valley below.

I was going to descend from the first plateau, in order to indulge in a plunge into the broad basin; but the guide stopped me, and intimated that he would show me how the bath was to be taken. He then entered the stream, and cautiously advanced until he reached the edge of the high fall. There he balanced himself for a moment in a sitting posture, holding on with his hands to the slippery rocks on either side; then letting go, he suddenly shot down like an arrow into the deep pool. I did not half like it, but as it would never have done to be beaten by a browny, I crept to the edge, holding on like grim death. Just as I was letting go, the thought struck me that if I was not exactly in the right place, a sharp projecting rock might make me commit an involuntary "hari-kari." But the thought came too late, I was already sliding into the pool, and the next sensation I experienced was that of reaching the surface of the water from apparently fathomless depths. Having accomplished the slide once, there was no difficulty in repeating it several times, and each plunge was more delightful than the preceding one. The only drawback to the pleasure was the necessity of climbing up very steep and slippery rock-work to get back to the starting point. I must say I should like to have the pleasure of seeing somebody else make his or her—for women slide down as well as men—first attempt; for my part I know I shut my eyes and opened my mouth, and the smiles on the native's face, which were playing long after I had sputtered to the surface, showed me what amusement I had caused.

The continual flow of water over the rock has rendered it as smooth as glass, and as slippery as ice, consequently there is no danger of hurting yourself, and the novelty of the situation, combined with its safety, makes a bath in the Sliding Fall thoroughly enjoyable.

Before we went home that evening, my guide initiated me into the method of obtaining fire from two pieces of wood. I am quite sure that if he had not wanted to smoke he would not have gone through the operation, as it requires great exertion, and takes some time, so that the perspiration poured from him before he had completed it. Taking a long piece of dry wood, he placed one end obliquely against a rock and held it firmly in its position by pressing against the other with his body. Then grasping a short stick in both hands he rubbed its pointed end up and down the longer stick until a small groove was made. Gradually increasing the pace, he worked away with might and main until the groove began to smoke, and finally the little heap of wood-dust caused by the friction caught fire, and the performance was over. It is extremely hard work, and if the rapidity of the motion is diminished in the slightest degree after the smoke has appeared, the labour is in vain. A man must be very fond of tobacco in order to undergo such labour, but as I have before said there are few things a native will not do for a smoke. Their devotion to tobacco is a great incentive to exertion, and to gain it, or money to buy it, many curious fish, snakes, and birds

were brought to me that otherwise I should probably have been unable to obtain. One day I received an enormous land-crab—called by the natives "ūū." This is a very peculiar species, and is only found in Samoa, and a few of the islands in the South Pacific. They live on the rocky shores, where there are plenty of cocoa-nut trees, as cocoa-nuts form their principal food, although they will not refuse other fruits, such as candle-nuts, nutmegs, figs, &c.

One would hardly expect to find the structure of a crab adapted to the task of obtaining its food from a cocoa nut, and yet it is so. Its front pair of legs are terminated by immensely large, strong, and heavy pincers, and its hind pair by others which are very narrow. The sagacious creature obtains its food in the following manner. It ascends a cocoa-nut tree and pushes down a brown nut that is nearly ripe, and consequently easily detached from the stalk. It then descends, goes to the nut and with its strong claws tears off the fibrous husk, always commencing at that end where the three eye-holes are situated, just as a native would. When this operation is completed it re-ascends the tree, if the situation is favourable, and holding the nut by a bit of the fibre, which it leaves on for the purpose, it lets it fall upon a rock or stone and thus breaks it. When there are no other means of breaking the nut, it hammers away with its heavy claws on one of the eye-holes until an opening is made large enough to insert its narrow pincers, with which it scoops out the white food. These crabs live in deep

holes, and make very comfortable nests of cocoa-nut fibre. The natives say that they go periodically into the sea about the change of the moon to bathe and drink. They also have a story that one of these monsters was so large that it grasped a man between its pincers without doing him any injury, but that his friend, who climbed the shell in order to release him, was dashed to pieces by a back-stroke from one of its claws. If these crabs perceive that they are discovered up a tree, they form themselves into a ball, drop down and endeavour to escape; they think nothing of rolling over a precipice seventy or eighty feet high on to the rocks below. They are extremely good eating, when baked or boiled, and are esteemed a great delicacy. They are very oily, and a single crab will sometimes yield a bottle of oil. The natives have a saying that, "All land-crabs are good; sea-crabs doubtful."

I kept my crab for about six weeks, and was in hopes I might succeed in getting it alive to England. So strong was it, that the box I kept it in had to be lined with zinc and strong iron bars placed across the top. Even these it sometimes succeeded in displacing, and great were the outcries when it was discovered that the crab had escaped. I always got him back though; and eventually he met his death through the carelessness of some of the crew of the vessel in which I went to Fiji. They had moved his box for some reason or other, and forgetting to replace it, had left it for some hours under the full blaze of the scorching sun, which, falling with extra power on the zinc, had

literally roasted the poor thing to death. I also had some tropical birds for pets, but they could not bear the confinement, and pined away so that I had to let them go. In one of my excursions in the hills I found, under a bush, a young bird like a powder-puff, but I should not have known what it was had it not been for the old bird, which ran about in dismay at my appearance. It is curious that in the Samoan islands the two long tail feathers of all these birds are black and white, whilst in the Society group they are red and white. These tail-feathers are always of unequal length, differing two or three inches perhaps. The natives pluck them out and let the bird go again, the feathers being used for ornaments. This hardly agrees with their supposed reverence for this bird, which is sometimes shown by their bowing if one should happen to fly over their heads—just as in England some people take off their hats to a cuckoo. They have by the way another custom analogous to one of ours, and that is, that when anyone sneezes they say, "Soifua," which means, "Bless you."

There are many pleasant rides, walks, and boating excursions to be made from Apia, but as the scenery differs but little from what I have already tried to describe, I will not render myself still more tedious by a repetition of similar descriptions. One excursion combines the three exercises. It is to a large lake on the top of a mountain; the water of which is wonderfully clear, and into which the natives declare that no leaves or branches from the trees ever fall. Another

trip by water, and a very charming one, especially by moonlight and at high tide, is to a small creek which is so overhung by the branches of trees that they must be pushed aside in order to open a passage for your boat, and when through the opening thus made a beautiful little bay appears—but there, I shall be amongst the palms and ferns again if I go on.

The pleasant book of Nature is always open to one in these delightful islands, and no one knows till he has tried how amusing and instructive its pages are. Whether observing the plants and birds on shore, or wandering over the coral reefs and along the coast, something interesting is continually presenting itself. Certainly the shells that may be collected are not of rare species, for Samoa excels rather in ferns and plants than in shells; but then there is the pleasure of picking them up oneself, and common shells of the cone, cowry, and conch species are not to be despised because they may be bought in other lands. Perfect shells, especially with their living inmates, are hardly ever found on the shore, but among the reefs both they and the wonderful animals that inhabit them may be discovered. One is apt to forget when admiring the collection of a conchologist that the beautiful shells once had inmates as graceful as themselves. How beautiful, for example, are the strange mollusca with their silky fringes and gay mantles! One of the commonest shells in Samoa is that familiarly know as the "Helmet," which is so extensively used by cameo-cutters, *Cassis Madagascarensis*. The queen conch is

also frequently met with. A yellowish shell, *cypræa moneta*, is used for giving weight to their fishing-nets and is the commonest of all Samoan shells. The white shell, *ovulum ovum*, is the only species used in ornamenting the prows of their canoes, and common as it is, nevertheless it is "tabu."*

Hermit crabs exist in great numbers, and sometimes parts of the beach looked as if they were walking away, so many shells were on the move. These little creatures are not at all particular about the size of the house they choose to occupy, and I have occasionally seen one walking along with a large cowry that looked much too big for it even to move.

Some of the Samoan coral is very beautiful. One species is of a rare pink, but it grows at such a depth that the natives seldom trouble themselves about getting it, and large specimens are uncommon. One fine piece I received as a memento from one of the many friends I was soon about to leave. Yes, the vessel which at one time I had been so longing for was ready to start on its roundabout voyage to Fiji. Ah! how I then wished she had never arrived, and that it might be my

* I have, since my return, classified as well as I was able, some of the shells I obtained in Samoa, and find the principal ones to be as follows:—

Murex elatus
„ bicolor
Tridæna gigas
„ squamosa
Cyprœa moneta
„ caput serpentis
„ talpa
Neritina porcata
Harpa minor
Mitra filosa
Conus textile
„ litteratus
Cassis Madagascarensis
„ rufus
Ovulum ovum

lot to spend another month or two in Samoa la Bella! But it was no use wishing, as the greater part of my belongings, including doves, pigeons, the didunculus, a vampire-bat, the cocoa-nut crab, two huge living clams (which soon died), and two parroquets, were already on board. How a little kindness endears you to a place! and at Samoa a little develops into a great deal. It did not need fans and corals from white companions, nor rolls of tappa and other little keepsakes from brown, to remind me of kind friends and their beautiful home—still they were pleasant tokens of regard, and suggested happy reminiscences.

The hour of departure at length arrived. Hearty farewells and soft talofas were the last sounds I heard as the ship weighed anchor, and by noon the strong trade-wind had carried us far from the island which soon disappeared beyond the horizon, and all around nothing was to be seen but the vast ocean.

"When the waves are round me breaking,
As I pace the deck alone,
And my eye is vainly seeking
Some green leaf to rest upon;
When on that dear land I ponder,
Where my old companions dwell,
Absence makes the heart grow fonder—
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

BOUND FOR WALLIS ISLANDS—SISTERS OF CHARITY—SAMOAN DRAWBACKS—FEVER AND DYSENTERY—A NEW REFORM MOVEMENT—EXTINCTION OF RACES—A BARRIER REEF—INTRICATE NAVIGATION—LOSS OF THE FRENCH SHIP 'L'HERMITE'—NATIVE WAR—DEPARTURE FROM UVEA.

OUR small craft was bound for the Wallis Islands, or Uvea, a small group lying some distance west of Samoa. The object of our going there was to land five Sisters of Charity on the principal island, where a nunnery had been established, and also to deposit a quantity of stores, including an harmonium, which had been brought from Sydney for the Roman Catholic Mission. The Sisters—young white women—suffered a great deal from sea-sickness, and as the cabin was too small to accommodate them, they were forced to spend the whole voyage, fortunately only five days, stretched on the tiny deck at the mercy of the rain and squalls. Their three attendants, men of Samoa, were most devoted in their attentions and care for the poor ladies,

and did their utmost to relieve the extreme discomfort to which they were exposed.

Up to the present I have only given a few sketches of the bright side of life in Samoa, and have refrained from mentioning the drawbacks which would seem to go far towards counterbalancing the charms, to a resident at least, of wooded slopes, soft balmy nights, flashing cascades, and glowing skies. The progress of our miserable voyage to Uvea will give me an opportunity of speaking about a few annoyances to which one is exposed in these islands, some of which are common to all hot climates, others peculiar to the South Seas. Chief amongst the latter is the terrible "fê-fê," or elephantiasis, which is very prevalent in Samoa amongst the natives, and from which the whites themselves are not free. It is very shocking to see men of splendid physique, with well made forms, whose lower limbs are as large as those of an elephant. Apparently, however, this disease is painless to the afflicted, as they walk about as actively and, to all appearance, are as cheerful and happy as those who are untouched by it. It is said that there is no cure for it, and yet whites recover their usual health and natural appearance by departing for colder climes. The cause of the malady is unknown, but the hypotheses respecting it are many. One is that it is brought on by eating unripe bread-fruit, another that it is caused by drinking cocoa-nut milk, and a third ascribes it to the inordinate use of kava. This latter idea is not improbable, as with the disease the legs assume a scaly

appearance, like that of the skin of an old kava-drinker, even though he may have no symptoms of fê-fê.

The malady has prevailed among the Samoans from the earliest antiquity, and is one of the few evils whose introduction is not attributed by the natives to the invasion of white men. Samoa is essentially the abode of flies and mosquitoes, the former being worse plagues than even the latter. They pursue you in your walks, become your guests in myriads at your meals, and are a cause for constant apprehension. Natives seldom go out without carrying a fly-flap, which is kept constantly employed, but whites seem to consider such an article as superfluous. There is no doubt that the flies contribute to the numerous cases of ophthalmia and scorbutic eruptions, a fact which makes their horrid presence still more unendurable. To a stranger these unpleasant surroundings would seem to render a prolonged residence most undesirable; but happy habit which familiarizes us with all things, renders them bearable after a time and enables us eventually even to regard them with indifference.

Samoa is free from dysentery, which is one of the scourges of the islands of Polynesia, but in its place it has fever. The former is one of those ills said to have been introduced by whites, and is even called "the white man's disease." It is strange that those islands which are free from dysentery suffer from fever, while those which are free from from fever—Fiji for example—are afflicted with dysentery.

Amongst the natives of Samoa lung disease is fre-

quent, and the ominous dry cough heard from many a house painfully reminds one that this is another aid furnished by the white man for hastening the extinction of the doomed race. The missionaries have taught the natives, whether rightly or wrongly I am not prepared to say, that men professing Christianity must be clothed, that without shirts and trowsers they cannot expect to go to heaven, and that calico dresses are imperative for the admission of their wives and daughters. Consequently the confiding savage dresses himself up on Sundays and high days in as many garments as he can procure, goes to church, gets thoroughly heated, returns home, doffs all his clothes and lies in the coldest draught he can find. Sometimes, when arrayed in his Sunday clothes, rain wets him through and through. Accustomed in his primitive days to pay no attention to the rain that fell on his easily dried and oily skin, he keeps up the same careless habit now. Is it wonderful therefore that the seeds of consumption are rapidly sown, and every variety of cold and fever speedily contracted. It only wants the introduction of little close wooden houses like those found in the Sandwich Islands, to get rid of the few survivors by the process of smothering them. It is hopeless to imagine that the savage—I only call them savage in contrast to the nations termed civilized, as many tribes, Samoans for example, can hardly be called savage—race will not soon be as extinct as the dodo, but something might be done to prolong its existence. If houses and clothes are proved to be

prejudicial to the native, he can burn the one and adopt a more suitable garment for the other, and if fig-leaves and sleeping in the open air are contrary to the principles of Christianity, surely healthy substitutes might be advantageously introduced.

The South Sea islands seem to be specially set apart for the lazy Polynesians, and nature and climate both unfit them for the employments and requirements of civilised existence. The very cultivation of land, instead of helping the natives in their struggle for life, is fatal to them in many ways, for they cannot change their habits nor adopt an industrious mode of life in place of their indolent one, and civilization steps in that competition of race with race which can only result in the extinction of the child of nature and the "survival of the fittest." Of all civilized tribes, the negro alone flourishes and holds his own side by side with the white race. When in Apia, I was often struck by the mental superiority of the hideous old negro over the islanders. This man, who always gave himself out as being the first Englishman who landed on the island, was small, ill made, and very repulsive in appearance. Nevertheless he ordered about the natives, any of whom could have thrown him into the sea, insulted them with impunity, and so worked on their fears that his position was made perfectly easy by the forced contributions of those who hated him. He could read, play the fiddle, and turn his hand to a good many things when he chose, and these accomplishments, together with his unbounded impudence, impressed the splendid but untaught natives with a

feeling of respect for his superior qualifications. Of course I did not look upon this drunken old reprobate as a good specimen of his race, but I felt very sorry to think that probably the whole of the beautiful tribe that he so despised or envied—I am not sure which—would be extinct when that of the tormentor would be flourishing and perhaps increasing. It is said that even the most industrious nations have passed though the stages of inactivity and indolence, but, when the Polynesians have passed through theirs, how many of them will be left? I think I must have been as glad as the Sisters when the great barrier reef which surrounds Uvea appeared in sight. The narrow entrance through the reef was startlingly intricate; indeed our course after we had entered was, as far as the anchorage, through a perfect labyrinth of channels that crenellated through the dangerous coral belts. It was port! starboard!—starboard! port!—every instant, and it was more through the efficiency of the captain than the skill of the native pilot that we arrived in safety at our destination. Had the wind not been in our favour, or had the sun been right ahead, we could not have entered at all. I was not surprised to hear that the French Government steamer "L'Hermite" was wrecked there shortly after we left. When attempting to pass in, she was met by a strong tide running out. Her commander, thinking she would not round to in time, shifted the helm and attempted to go out. It was, however, too late, and the vessel was swept broadside on to the reef, where she became

hopelessly fixed, lying on her beam ends, with the heavy surf breaking over her.

Our little craft was handled in the most masterly manner. We could distinguish the white sand and pieces of coral below us, and the coral rocks on either side, the pass between being often so narrow that it appeared of hardly sufficient width to admit the vessel.

Just as we came to the end of the passage, and when we were so near to the reef that we could have jumped on to it from the deck, down would go the helm, "about" would come the heavy boom, and round the little vessel would go, to repeat the performance almost instantly again. After some miles of this dangerous navigation, we reached our anchoring ground off the largest of the four or five islands that surrounded us. All the islands were high, with very picturesque outlines, and thickly wooded. We had hardly dropped anchor before canoes full of natives approached from the large island, Wallis, and the deck soon swarmed with their dark forms. They were all very anxious to buy muskets—old-fashioned guns. Gin and tobacco constitute the principal articles of commerce with South Sea traders, but war was now imminent between the Queen's party and that of one of the chiefs. Such an opportunity for turning old weapons into coin seldom presented itself, and our worthy skipper made the most of it. By the time he had disposed of the greater part of his stock, a message came from the queen, who lived some distance off, begging him not to dispose of any firearms to her rebellious subjects;

but the mischief was already done. I am not sure that it mattered much which party obtained them—as Her Majesty intimated that she would invest in the whole lot—for very little bloodshed occurs in these native quarrels. The report of a gun, if it should happen to go off, is sufficient to win a battle, and the only danger is to the individual who fires it. There were only one or two houses on the island, and they had been deserted probably on account of the want of water. On landing there, all I could find was rain water which was contained in large cavities cut in the trunks of some cocoa-nut trees, and facing to windward.

I was very much amused at the way the cargo for the Roman Catholic Mission was landed. As after waiting for two days the owners did not seem inclined to send off the large canoes for it, and as the captain was anxious to proceed on his voyage, he hit upon the happy plan of landing the whole of it in his own boats on a small uninhabited island close to which we lay. Irrespective of the distance to the large island, the water inside the fringing reef which lay between us and the land was so shallow that the ship's boats, heavily laden, would have been unable to reach the shore. By the time half the cargo had been deposited on the shelving beach, out of reach of the tide, a priest from the Mission arrived. He at once protested against such an informal proceeding, but his protests came too late. I think he would have protested more if he had seen, as I did, the large case containing the harmonium glide gently from the overloaded boat into

the water, where it remained for a considerable time.

When we visited the big island, at the invitation of the rebel chief, we made our landing in a very undignified manner, as the water was so shallow we had to take off our shoes and stockings and walk for about half a mile to the beach. Fortunately the water was very clear and the bottom sandy, so we could avoid the prickly dwellers in the sea. We landed in a motley crowd, all very delighted at seeing strangers; and not having the slightest idea of being deprived of that sight, they accompanied us in procession. One of them having started a song of welcome the others joined in chorus, and, in spite of the incongruity of our attire, our entrée into the village was quite romantic. We walked through an avenue of palms, fragrant with strange flowers and perfumes, to the village, at the entrance of which stood the house of the chief. There our musical and fantastic friends sat down in a circle outside, and discussed the visitors with much earnestness and gesticulation. In the evening, on our return to the vessel, a similar demonstration occurred, and we received a few presents of harpshells, for which Uvea is celebrated, and shell ornaments in addition. The unsophisticated natives, although very pressing with their gifts, took care that they received a very substantial return, and probably more was paid for one shell head-dress than the whole collection would have cost in London.

Wallis Island presented very few interesting features, and we were glad to set sail, on the fourth day after

our arrival, for Futuna, another small island about two or three days sail from Uvea. We left on a Sunday and of course the pilot declared he could not take the vessel out on that day, but as the captain told him he intended to leave whether he went or not, he not only consented to pilot us, but made up his mind to accompany us to Fiji. Three other natives who were desirous of seeing the world, also agreed to work their passage there, and many more evinced an anxiety to leave their own island to visit foreign parts; but as they declined to work their way, or to pay their passage money, the captain was obliged to refuse to gratify their iuclinations. Their idea of the world was only a little more extended than that of the Dutch farmer, who told his son that he ought to improve his mind by seeing the world and therefore he might go and spend a month with Mynheer von Thwœkenbaum who lived nearly twenty miles away.

The last human being I saw in Uvea was the poor padre sitting on a packing case on the white beach, with the cargo strewn around him, suggesting a very distant resemblance to Marius among the ruins of Carthage.

CHAPTER XXV.

ALOFI—FUTUNA—ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST—PRINTED TAPPA—TODDY—ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL—A PORTABLE RELIGION—LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS—NATURAL FORTRESS—NATIVE TREES—THE "UTI"—THE TIMANU—CANOES—DOUBLE CANOES—ROTUMAH—VOLCANIC ORIGIN.

FROM Uvea we sailed along merrily, and on the morning of the third day banks of grey cloud rose high on the horizon. Nearer still, the grey changed to purple, then to green, as the lowlands of Futuna rose from the sea, sloping upward and fringed with tall palm-trees. Soon we passed the island of Alofi and anchored off Futuna.

Futuna is far more picturesque than Uvea. The island is mountainous, and the towering piles of rock which rise above the deep and lonely glens stand out with romantic effect amidst the luxuriant vegetation. At the back of the town the ground rises in terraces carefully cultivated, and a fine stream, diverted from its course in many places to irrigate the vast taro beds, wanders silently and stealthily from high up in the

bosom of the mountain, beneath overhanging banks, and in the cool shadow of the dark foliage. In the neighbourhood are to be found hills with magnificent prospects of fertile valleys veined with sparkling streams, and bounded by mountain ridges covered with forests of palms and broad-leaved bananas; and ever in view is the blue sea, silvered here and there by the white spray from the coral-reefs, and enlivened by fleets of canoes, each darting through the water like "a thing of life."

The inhabitants of the island are strictly Roman Catholic, and the good old priest, who has spent the greater part of his life there, asked us to pay him a visit. The beach-road which led to his house was thoroughly tropical in its scenery—all cocoa-nuts and creepers, grand bread-fruit trees and bananas. Narrow paths intersected the groves leading to the native houses, most of whose occupants were engaged in printing the tappa for which Futuna is celebrated. It is a curious fact that these Polynesians knew not only how to manufacture such cloth, but also exercised the art of printing it in different patterns long before printing was introduced into Europe. The fundamental principles of their tappa printing are the same as those of our book-printing. Raised forms made of bamboo, which stand in the place of our types, are used, and on these the colours are laid and the tops pressed. Some of their patterns are very ingenious and intricate, others are quite Grecian in their graceful simplicity.

They have a variety of vegetable dyes, but their

favourite colours are red, chocolate, and yellow. I saw them ornamenting one piece of tappa in much the same fashion as cushions and screens are ornamented in England. They carefully stained some ferns and other leaves, and then after laying them on the tappa in the proposed design, pressed them firmly down, thereby producing a clear impression.

A curious circumstance regarding letter-printing is said to have occurred on another island. An English missionary on that island tried for a long time to get hold of the sounds of the native language in such a way as to represent them by signs. Having, after two or three years' labour, obtained a clew to the sounds of of the language, he had neither pen, ink nor paper to embody the result of his labours; there were no trees on the island, and no material out of which he might cut the letters, which he thought corresponded with the sounds. But he had a knife and a wooden leg, on which he carved the letters, and in time worked out an alphabet, and taught it to the natives. He then left for a distant island, and there had other letters made after the pattern of those on his leg, which he used for printing on tappa.

He died shortly after his return to the former island, and a traveller eventually found a few sheets of the printed tappa, which he carried away with him and gave to a celebrated philologist. The sage was struck by the fact that the sentences were printed in short paragraphs, and he thought that they might have been copied from the Bible. He found a psalm which had

the same number of verses as one of the chapters on the tappa; and on comparing the words of the writing with those in the psalm, he made out the alphabet of the tribe, and laid a complete translation of the pages before the Oriental Society.

We found fruit and coffee ready for us at the priest's house, and that refreshment was very acceptable in place of the usual beverage. It is a strange circumstance that, with the craving for intoxicating drinks which all Polynesians possess, they have never discovered the art of brewing toddy from the cocoa-nut tree, a process continually to be seen in other palm countries. Stranger still, they have not been initiated into its mysteries by the thoughtful whites, many of whom must be well acquainted with it. They can distil spirits from the "ti" root, get drunk off a piece of wood, *viz.* kava, and prepare orange rum; but the cocoa-nut, which seems to be the most natural source out of which to manufacture a strong drink, has been totally neglected.

After coffee the priest took us to see his cathedral, which is in course of erection. When finished it will be a great deal too large for the island. At present the walls are about five feet high, and as over ten years have elapsed since its commencement, it is probable that they will never be more than a monument to the energy of the old priest. He began, and has carried out, as far as it has gone, the construction quite alone and unaided, except by the good-natured natives, who voluntarily bring the masses of coral rock of which it is

composed, and execute the masonry. The good old father appeared very well satisfied with his life-long labour among these people, but for my part I think the whole of their religion—in the shape of little brass charms and medals of the Virgin—was hung round their necks. The children, strict examples of "the naked truth," wore no other clothes than these lockets, which were generally fastened round their necks by string or shreds of old boot-lace. The value they attached to them was evidently very great, far exceeding that of their pretty shell-lockets and ornaments.

Some of the maidens wore very artistic head-dresses of natural flowers and ferns, and the priest told us several anecdotes of their love for gay flowers, and the use they make of them. It appears that they have a language of flowers, and one of their customs is that if a coolness has arisen between a betrothed pair the damsel gathers a flower, and partially separates it down the centre. One half of the split flower is intended to represent the lover, and the other his intended, and this signifies that though different bodies they are united at the heart. She then sends the flower to the youth, and if puts it in his hair it is a token that he wishes to preserve her favour; but should he tear it apart, it is a sign of his wish that they should separate. This system entails quite a lengthy courtship, though native love-making is usually of a short and simple description, something after the style of that described by Christopher Marlowe when he says:

"A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love."

On the top of a steep overhanging hill at some distance from the village there is a natural fortress, or stronghold, to which the inhabitants could retire if the island was invaded by a superior force. A rugged path leads up to it, of so precipitous a nature that occasionally one has to scale projecting rocks with hardly anything to hold on to. The summits of these rocks, hidden from view by the drooping foliage of most luxuriant vegetation, were generally crowned with a cocoa-nut palm, a few of which grew in two rows at unequal distances on either side of the track. On our way we saw several birds of the king-fisher family, having a most formidable beak. We were told that they committed great havoc amongst the poultry, killing chickens whenever they could. I had seen the same species at Samoa, but had not heard of this propensity.

After climbing over a smooth wall of rock into whose crevices we had to insert our fingers and toes in order to gain some sort of support, we arrived at the fort. The only evidence of its ever having been occupied was in the remains of a small earthwork and the ruins of a cocoa-nut palisade, both of which seemed totally unnecessary adjuncts to the sufficiently difficult means of access. The view was very beautiful and quite compensated us for the weary climb. I could not understand how the old and infirm managed to

reach the position, but probably they were left behind to the tender mercies of the invaders.

There were many varieties of trees and flowers on the island. One splendid species, which grew in great numbers, had leaves of such a bright crimson tint that at a distance the whole tree looked as if it was in bloom. Another magnificent tree, which is found in most of the South Sea islands, and generally by the sea-shore, resembles the magnolia in foliage. When in bloom it is covered with large yellowish white flowers, whose long petals are tipped with pink. The natives call it the "uti," but I do not know its botanical name. The "timanu" is also a wide-spreading, shady tree, with leaves like those of a laurel. Its white blossoms are very fragrant, and much used by the natives for decorating their hair, and for scenting cocoa-nut oil. Its wood is extremely hard, and many of their large double canoes are made from it. These great double canoes are seldom used now, but we saw several drawn up under the trees, roofed over and evidently "laid up in lavender," more as reminiscences of the past than for present use; cared for in fact like old hunters who have done their work and become pensioners. The small Polynesian canoes have not the graceful outlines which are so marked in those of the North American Indians. They merely consist of a hollowed log, rounded on the outside and sharpened at one end. They seldom carry more than one, and are very ticklish affairs for those who are unaccustomed to the use of the paddle. They all have an outrigger attached to

them to prevent capsizing. It consists of a long pole which floats parallel to the canoe, and is attached to it by two pieces of wood, five or six feet in length. Even with this contrivance the canoe is frequently upset, but the natives care little about such an event which they treat as a matter of course. They used often to come out to our vessel, when at Futuna, in tub-shaped boats, which they upset on purpose to amuse us. I afterwards discovered that these tubs were merely old cocoa-nut oil troughs, which thus answered two purposes.

The large war or double canoes are built of several pieces of wood sewed together with sinnet; no nail being ever used—I suppose because the builders never had any—but the sinnet was as strong and not affected by salt-water. They are deep and narrow, and each canoe being double, and the two parts of different lengths, the smaller answers the purpose of outrigger. They are kept about six feet apart by cross beams lashed and made fast to the gunwales of both canoes. The beams are planked over, furnishing a deck or platform, of from fifteen to eighteen feet in breadth, on which they can stand when fighting. Some of them are capable of carrying a hundred men, and natives of Futuna have ere now gone in them to Fiji from their own island, a dangerous feat of navigation, considering the frailty of the craft and the distance, some hundred miles. In former times when the population exceeded the means which the island supplied for their support, oracles were consulted, and at their instigation parties

would start off in one of these double canoes in search of fresh land. The result of the generality of such adventures was never known, but probably the fate of the adventurous crews was the same as that of the smaller expeditions I have before mentioned.

We left Futuna with many regrets, and after a pleasant run of between four and five days, sighted the island of Rotumah, which was to be the last place at which we should touch before reaching Fiji. We coasted along the high island, which is encircled by barrier reefs, and saw two or three of the little extinguisher churches, which are so common on Hawaii, looking very pretty half hidden among the palm trees. The island is about fifteen miles long, and from three to seven broad except at a narrow neck, where it is only a couple of hundred yards across. Opposite to this neck of land we anchored, but at some distance from shore, as the reef and shallow water as usual prevented a near approach. The neck of land is an exact counterpart of the one on Maui in the Sandwich Islands, and in each case it is thought that originally the island was in two parts, which have been joined into one by an accumulation of sand and vegetable matter. Like Maui, Rotumah is of volcanic formation, and is covered with ashes and scoria, but unlike Maui it is everywhere clothed with luxuriant vegetation, and is strikingly picturesque both on the coast and in the interior.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A HURRICANE—L'AFRICAINE—GOVERNMENT—A NEW RELIGION—FINES—ORIGIN OF ROTUMAH—HOUSES—BURIAL-GROUNDS—EXPRESSIONS OF GRIEF—SNAKE-CHARMERS—POISONING FISH—CRATERS—SPLIT ISLAND—LANDING—DISCHARGING LIVE FREIGHT—ATTAU ISLAND—A PLEASURE PARTY—WEA ISLANDERS—THE RESCUE—SHIPPING OIL.

TWO or three months before our arrival the island had been visited by a tremendous hurricane, which had laid it completely waste. Every house and every church had been blown down, and the beach was strewn with fallen trees, and the beach road blocked up with them. In many places there was no palm tree to be seen with its head on—nothing but the long bare stem. The bread-fruit trees had nearly all been destroyed, and the natives were afraid that starvation would be their lot. The way they boarded us reminded me of the scene in "L'Africaine," but fortunately they only came to get biscuit and gin. They are very like the Samoans, and wear the same dress, tattoo; but they

have a disagreeable practice of lubricating their bodies with a yellow powder made from the root of the turmeric mixed with oil. The colour comes off on everything it touches and impregnates it with a peculiar scent.

Formerly the island was under the rule of two chiefs who divided it between them. War ensued, and the losing party was made to dwell in the centre of the island, whilst the conquerors occupied the two extremities. As the centre was the most fertile portion of the island, the losers had to cultivate it and the produce was at the disposal of the victors. Later on the island came under the sway of one chief called the Emperor, subordinate to whom were kings who were annually elected, but for what purpose nobody ever knew. It would be difficult to say who rules in the present day, but probably the Wesleyans and the Roman Catholics have the chief authority. Just before we arrived war had been raging between those two sects, and it was feared that hostilities might break out anew at any moment. The Wesleyans attributed the cause of the war to the malignity of the Roman Catholics, urged on by their spiritual advisers, and they in their turn asserted that the animosity was caused by the overbearance and jealousy of the professors of the cocoa-nut oil religion, a favourite appellation with the natives of the South Seas, who allude to the trade carried on by the Wesleyan missionary schooner "John Wesley."

The natives everywhere have their own opinion as

to the value of the religion and civilization imparted to their island homes. They say the missionary came first, and told them of one God and of one religion, both of which they must obey. By and by another missionary, a Roman Catholic, came and informed them that the former missionary was a heretic and they must renounce his religion and adopt another. Next comes a Wesleyan, who tells the natives that both are wrong, and so it goes on. From such conflict of religious ideas war has frequently been produced, and the natives have become consummate hypocrites, and change their religion as often as their girdles. In Samoa a chief will change his religion to spite another chief, and if that produces no result he will return again to the old one. The natives are very quick in perceiving that practice does not always follow preaching. They say, "Mickonaree no go to each other's house, and no love one another; he all time preach he right, and other mickonaree all wrong, that no good." And so it will ever be until the different persuasions regard themselves as brotherhoods, differing perhaps in minor points and ceremonies, but united in aim and end, and all forming part of one great Christian communion; and even then it would be very doubtful whether a stronger motive for religion than self-indulgence could ever be implanted in the savage mind. The results of missionary labours have been great, but another power has aided in producing them; that power strengthens its hold surely and swiftly, and against it Christian charity and teaching

can avail little. The power to which I allude is a poison, which is represented by the horrible tobacco and still more infamous gin bartered to the natives by white traders.

At Rotumah I was struck by the ingenious method the Roman Catholic priests have adopted for paying the natives for their labour. They, the priests, are all poor men, having as a rule barely sufficient means to support themselves except in native fashion, and consequently they have no money to expend in wages. They have therefore adopted a system of fines, which when enforced are usually found to exceed in amount the sum due for service. Absence from church is fined ; smoking on Sunday, or even walking out, is against the law. Women are fined for not wearing bonnets when attending mass, kava drinking ensures a heavy penalty, and fishing on holy days is strictly forbidden. The chief source of revenue comes from absence from church, as service goes on two or three times a day, and most probably just when the poor people are fishing or cultivating the ground. The fines go on increasing in geometrical progression until the patience of the debtor gives way, when he either changes his religion or passes through the bankruptcy court and begins anew.

The natives have a tradition concerning the origin of Rotumah. Many ages ago they say it was only a rock, but a man and woman swam across the sea with baskets of earth upon their shoulders and there deposited it. From the earth thus amassed sprang the fertility with which the island is

now clothed, a result due to the providence of the original couple—Adam and Eve. The houses are built on terraces made of earth and stone, and levelled off with fine sand, so that in wet weather the inmates always have a dry floor. Every village has its own peculiar burial ground, which is constructed by building a stone wall four or five feet high, and filling it on the inner side with sand. The bodies are only just deposited beneath the sand, and after a few months a large stone is placed on the top, the size of the stone being regulated by the importance of the dead. Some stones that I saw could not have weighed less than five or six tons, and the violence of the late hurricane may be imagined from the fact that these huge blocks of stone had been lifted from their positians by the waves, the burial ground not being far from the sea-shore, and lay piled up in heaps at some distance from their original locality. The loss of the bones of their ancestors which were swept off by the sea was a great grief to the natives, who regarded it as a greater calamity than the impending famine. The placing of the large stones is the occasion for a grand festival, which is provided by the relative of the deceased, and the bigger the stone the grander is the feast. The size of the block is also a criterion by which the intensity of the grief of the bereaved may be judged, just as in their imagination the louder their lamentations for the departed, and the more painful the injuries they inflict on themselves, the greater is the affection they display toward the friends and relatives they have lost.

They have several modes of expressing grief, such as burning rows of spots about the size of a wafer on the body, an operation so painful that the sufferer is unable to lie down for many days after. Cutting off the first joint of the little finger is a very favourite sign of grief, and in Samoa I have seen women *minus* the first joint of both little fingers. Beating the head, pommelling the face, and rubbing the skin off it are other expressions of intense sorrow; but as these modes are not so painful as the others, they are chiefly adopted by the men who thoughtfully give up to the women the higher tokens of suffering.

Like all Polynesians the natives of Rotumah are very superstitious. Amongst other peculiarities they have a great reverence for snakes, and will never allow one of their large black ones to be killed. They make pets of them, feed them, and distinguish them by proper names. It is amusing to see a snake glide up a tree with its whole body extended in a straight line, ascending as easily as a native climbs a palm. They are very fond of basking in the sun, and might be seen continually stretched out on the branches of trees enjoying a siesta. These black snakes are not poisonous, but they have an unpleasant habit of tying themselves in a bow round chickens and other poultry.

Whilst on the island I saw a curious instance of snake reverence. An old lady was standing outside her house rubbing a great black snake, which lay stretched out on the low eaves, with cocoa-nut oil, and talking to it in a most earnest manner. I asked what

she was saying, and found out that she was telling the snake that she had no food for it, all the chickens having been eaten, and that there were no eggs, but if it would go up to the chief's house it would find plenty to eat. The reptile did not, however, seem inclined to move, but the next day I met it actually going along the path which led to the chief's house, and the old lady walking behind, conversing with it with the greatest animation.

Amongst the numerous methods employed for catching fish at Rotumah, that of poisoning is frequently adopted. The natives are acquainted with the properties of most trees and shrubs, and from the nut of a very deadly plant they prepare a paste which they drop into the hollows of the rocks where the fish lie. Almost immediately the fish become intoxicated, and rise to the surface of the water. Sometimes they make a powder of the poison, and throw it into the streams at whose mouths the fish congregate, and great numbers are taken in this way.

There are several extinct craters on the island, the abode of the spirit chiefs, and trees grow to the very edge of the largest whose depths are said to be unfathomable. Some years ago a party of New Zealanders landed on the island, and one of their number dying, his body was carried to the mouth of this crater and launched into its depths, thereby ensuring, as they thought, a speedy voyage to heaven. I suppose if they had wished him to proceed to the other place, they would have sent him up in a balloon.

Having had enough of volcanoes at the Sandwich Islands, I did not visit this one and was told afterwards, as is invariably the case, that I ought to have done so as it was worth seeing. One of the most interesting excursions to be made from Rotumah is to Split Island, about nine or ten miles distant. The name of this island is derived from its singular formation, which seems as if it had been the result of a convulsion which had rent the island asunder; and when the abyss yawned, an enormous block of rock must have fallen from the top and become firmly wedged about one third of the distance down, forming a natural bridge connecting the two sides. The passage underneath the bridge is only just wide enough to admit of a canoe being paddled through, and is about seventy or eighty yards long. The island is a wall of rock, and between five and six hundred feet in height. When viewed from the sea, this remarkable passage bears a stiking resemblance to the "Grey Man's Path," at Fairhead on the North Eastern shore of Antrim. The natives have a saying that "he who does not visit Auth Luna, will die a fool." Auth Luna is the native name of Split Island, and means the "hollow stone." First visits to the island are made the occasion of great feasting and dancing, and days are often passed on the narrow summit, on which there are a few cocoa-nut trees, and coarse grass and shrubs.

Immense quantities of sea-birds congregate there, and the natives, who are splendid cragsmen, go to catch

them for the sake of their eggs. As we approached the passage, we found a smooth swell sweeping through it in long glassy undulations. The water looked of unknown depth, and the rocky walls rose up perpendicularly from the edge. After paddling through, we found ourselves in a crescent-shaped bay (the Hollow), where the water seethed and foamed in a wild and furious manner, not very pleasant, considering we had to land there. The skilful natives, however, take advantage of the crest of a wave, and springing into the foam drag the canoe on to a small bit of shelving beach where we can land without getting very wet. The ascent to the summit is rather dangerous on account of its steepness, and the projecting rocks round which you have to creep, their slippery sides affording a very insecure grip, and consequently little protection against a sheer fall below of about two hundred feet. Having arrived at the top, the bird-catcher uncoils the rope he has brought with him, and to which are attached a number of thin cords, and fastens one end round a projection over the precipice, allowing the other to dangle in the air. Then seizing the rope he coolly walks over the edge of the rocky wall and steps down its precipitous sides.

When he reaches the bridge he commences his pursuit of the young birds, whose parents whirl about in thousands over the intruder's head, making his position to all appearance one of extreme peril. He heeds, however, neither the noise nor the flapping, but catching as many birds as he wants, ties them by their necks to the

cords. Then leaving the bridge he descends still farther, and in the caves and recesses of the cliff finds eggs in sufficient numbers to fill the little grass baskets which are also attached to some of the cords, and finally he returns up the precipitous side of the cliff as easily as he had descended. The natives catch great numbers of birds at night also by means of bag-nets, which resemble butterfly-nets, and are used in the same way. I was told that it was an extraordinary sight to see these cragsmen creeping along paths that no goat would attempt, scaring the wild fowl from their roosting places, and dexterously catching them in the nets as they fly about.

It must be a very entertaining spectacle to see the landing on the occasion of a feast, as very often the only means of reaching the shore is by swimming through the surf. As pigs constitute the principal portion of the food, they have to be landed as well; and so the legs of the poor animals being tied, they are pitched over board. The men, women and children immediately jump in after them, and tucking them under their arms swim off with them, diving with great dexterity under the heavy rolling waves before they can break, and carrying the little grunters with them.

A small island called Attau, about eight miles off, is another favourite resort of the natives for feasting, but it is even more difficult of access than Auth Luna owing to the reef which entirely surrounds it. When a party does go there, care is always taken to provide

sufficient provisions for a long stay, as owing to atmospherical transitions peculiar to these islands, the heavy surf on the reef may prevent a return for weeks. There is a story that once over a hundred natives who had gone there on a pleasure excursion were reduced to eating grass. For two weeks they were surrounded by such a foaming sea of breakers that no canoe could face them; and in one attempt three were dashed to pieces on the rocks, and their occupants killed. The captives on the rock were at last rescued by the Wea islanders, who are the boldest sailors and swimmers, and the most dexterous cragsmen of all the islanders in those parts. These men loaded their canoes with provisions, and approached the reef as near as they could with safety. Then they plunged into the surf, carrying the provisions with them. Had it not been for this timely aid all would have perished. When the Wea islanders returned to their canoes no one attempted to follow them, as it was a feat of boldness and dexterity peculiar to themselves.

The natives of Rotumah will probably be employed in large numbers in Fiji, as they are splendid sailors and inclined to industry. Their mats are considered superior to most in the Pacific, and I saw some straw hats of native workmanship that might almost have passed for Manilla or Panama work. We remained some days off the island, taking in cocoa-nut oil, which was floated off to the ship in casks, and when no more was to be obtained we left for Fiji. Floating the casks gave a good proof of the lasting powers of the

natives in the water. The casks were always tied one to another, and towed from the beach at high tide by boats; but in order to prevent their breaking away, a native swam behind them keeping them in position, and after arrival at the vessel remained in the water to fasten the ropes by which the casks were hoisted on board. This was invariably a long, tedious proceeding, and now and then a couple of natives would remain in the water for nine or ten hours at a stretch, working hard all the time with their hands and paddling with their feet to keep themselves afloat. They seemed regardless of sharks, several of which I frequently saw gliding stealthily around the ship. One monster in particular followed us after we left, but I must reserve an account of his fate for the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXVII.

NEW METHOD OF KILLING SHARKS—PILOT-FISH—PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR — VELELLA — JELLY-FISH — PHOSPHORESCENT MEDUSÆ —PYROSOMA—ZODIACAL STARS—YASAUA GROUP—TONGA—KING GEORGE—ORIGIN OF TATTOOING MEN—AT ANCHOR.

ALTERNATE days of calm and head winds made our progress towards Fiji very slow. We were becalmed the very day after leaving Rotumah, and in consequence we devoted ourselves to fishing for sharks, but our wiliest efforts failed in securing a large fellow that we believed had followed us from that island. At last the captain hit upon a happy mode of giving a warm reception to the monster when he next appeared. Having a quantity of dynamite on board, he made a large charge to which he attached a long fuse, and imbedded the whole in a very tempting piece of pork. As soon as the enemy appeared, another piece of pork was thrown to him to gain his confidence, and that he speedily swallowed. Then the fuse was lighted, and the dainty morsel at once offered to the savage creature who turned over and seized it almost before it had touched the water. Then there was a bang, followed

by a disturbance of the water, and all that remained of our visitor was a small bit that a gull pounced on and demolished.

A more complete method of getting rid of sharks could not be invented, nor a more satisfactory one to all parties, as it combines charity, duty, and humanity; charity in feeding your foes, duty in ridding the world of the treacherous monsters, and humanity in making their death as painless as possible. I do not know whether it has ever been satisfactorily revealed why the little pilot-fish, which is invariably to be seen in company with the shark, gave up his attachment to his original friend the whale.

> "A slender fish conducts the whaly kind.
>
> . . . . .
>
> Bold in the front the little pilot glides,
> Averts their dangers and heir motions guides,
> With grateful joy the willing whales attend,
> Observe the leader and revere the friend;
> All to their little chief obsequious roll—
> Friendship has charms to soothe the savage soul."

There is no doubt that he has changed his companion, but when he did so, and on what grounds the misunderstanding arose has never, I believe, been explained. Fish are fickle, perhaps, but it must have been a strong motive to make the pilot desert the whale and take up with a hungry shark! During the days when we were slowly drawing near our destination, many were the curious zoophytes that sailed past us. Occasionally a Portuguese man-of-war, with its fringed crest and long purple tentacles, would float by us followed by a still more nautical-looking velella with

its flat oval disc and upright membrane, like a sail crossing it obliquely. There were jelly fish of all shapes and sizes, some globular, some bell-shaped, others like mushrooms, some with green transparent bodies, and some spotted or tinged with a delicate pink. Prettily marked water-snakes glided about, innumerable flying-fish flickered for an instant like silver moonbeams and were gone, and the variety of marine life verified the saying of Humboldt, that "the sea contains within its bosom an exuberance of life of which no other portion of the globe could give us any idea."

But night was the time for enjoyment, and then the sea looked more full of life even than in the day. The phosphorescent sparkling of the water, as the vessel ploughed her way, was extremely brilliant, and gave the idea of a river of molten silver in the midst of which balls of white light were shooting backwards and forwards. Myriads of medusæ, throwing off a bright phosphoric light, swam around, and now and then a school of dolphins would race past, their path being marked by sparks and flashes of light. The delicate and transparent pyrosoma which, with its wonderful tints of colour, looks such a beautiful object when seen floating during the day, now sends forth its phosphoric brilliancy, and resembles a floating globe of fire.

"Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watch'd the water-snakes;
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

"Within the shadow of the ship,
I watch'd their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coil'd and swam, and every track
Was a flash of golden fire."

It was like sailing on an inverted firmament, the great fire-balls as they rose to the surface equalling in splendour the magnificent constellations of the Southern hemisphere. And what occupation there was, too, in watching those grand planets, as they seemed to dance under the cross trees and over the main-yard-arm, in an erratic course as the ship rose and fell. There was the Southern Cross, which gives the North and South bearings, there were Orion and Arcturus, which give the East and West, and many other magnificent constellations and orbs of light moving in silent grandeur at their immense and incomprehensible distance. And as now and again a bright ball of fire would indicate the path of a falling star, it was not difficult to exclaim with Béranger, "It is a soul which passes!" What questions arise at the sight of these planets! Are they inhabited? If so, by what class of beings? What is their purpose? When we look at them, how small and insignificant do we ourselves feel, and how utterly unimportant appear the discussions and affairs of the world which so occupy our minds. Can the inhabitants of the worlds above have the same hopes and fears, the same——

"Ship a-hoy!" shouts a voice from aloft, and presently the light of the first vessel we have seen since we left Samoa appears. The next day "Land, ho!" is

the welcome cry, and we soon sight the Yasaua Islands. This is a small group of about thirty islands, which lie on the west of the Fijian archipelago. Though the Yasaua Islands are included in the great barrier reef which extends along the western side of the two great islands of Fiji-Vanua Levu and Viti Levu, and which stretches to a distance of from twenty to twenty-five miles from their shores, yet the Tongans claim them as their own. The Friendly or Tonga Islands lie over two hundred and fifty miles to the south-east of Fiji, and as the inhabitants of the two groups are of totally distinct types and possess widely different languages, it is difficult to understand the claims set forth by the Tongans unless the right of conquest is urged. The natives of Tonga enjoy the reputation of being the most civilized and the most conceited of all the South Sea islanders. They have a saying, "Tonga first, the rest of the world afterwards." It was King George of Tonga, who, when he heard of the war between France and Germany, requested that a message might be sent to the Emperor and to the King to the effect that he "intended to preserve a strict neutrality, so that the friendly relations between Tonga and France, and Tonga and Germany, might continue as heretofore." The practice of tattooing is confined to the men in Tonga as it is in Samoa, and the Fijians, who tattoo the women, account for the custom in this way. They say that the Tongan who first reported the fashion was anxious to state it correctly to his chiefs, and so when he returned to Tonga he kept on repeat-

ing, "Tattoo the women, but not the men." As ill-luck would have it, he stumbled over the root of a tree that stretched across his path, and in the confusion of the moment reversed the order of his message, and for the rest of the journey repeated, "Tattoo the men, and not the women;" hence the practice.

Communication between Tonga and Fiji has long been maintained by means of the large double canoes; but the Tongans are bolder sailors by far than the Fijians, and so the visits of the former were more frequent than those of the latter. The Tongans assert that the honour of first possessing a Bible belongs to their islands. As we approached the islands of Yasaua, shoals and reefs were plainly visible, and we were soon threading our way through a passage almost as intricate as the one at Uvea. The aspect of the islands was very different from that from which we had lately come, and though green in some places they seemed unclothed and devoid of trees. But when we had got fairly within the group the appearance improved, and we saw cultivated tracts of land, and large groves of cocoa-nut trees. We anchored for the night in a pretty little bay in one of the islands, and we then heard that the same hurricane that had visited Rotumah had laid waste this group, causing great loss to the few planters who reside there.

Early the next morning we left for Viti Levu, whose coast line we could plainly see rising in front of us, and by the evening we were safely inside the reef, and at anchor on the north coast of the island.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE FIJIAN ARCHIPELAGO—SUBSIDENCE OF ISLANDS—ISLANDS RISING—VITI LEVU—MOUNTAINEERS—PROCESS OF CURING—FIJIANS—DRESS—VISIT TO THE CAVE OF A DEVIL-PRIEST—AN INTERESTING FAMILY RELIC—APPEARANCE OF COUNTRY—TRUMPET-SHELL—PRIEST'S MUMMERY—POISON—MEDICINAL HERBS—COTTON—INCREASED VEGETATION—REEF-NAVIGATION—ECHINI AS A HAIR-DYE—BARBARITY OF FIJIANS.

TO form a general idea of the Fijian archipelago it is only necessary to regard the islands as the elevated portions of a submerged continent, with a present superficial area of about four thousand square miles. Ages ago this continent gradually sank into the sea, and it has been estimated that even where the subsidence was least, it could not have been less than between two and three thousand feet.

Scattered over the Pacific are numerous records of once lofty lands, of which owing to their subsidence nothing remains but small islets whose highest points are but little above the level of the sea, and which would have disappeared altogether had it not been for

the growth of coral. Much has been said about the extremely slow growth of coral, but when it once reaches the surface it does not take long to form an islet by the accession of débris and the chance planting of seeds by birds, &c. On the north-east coast of Viti Levu I saw an islet with seven trees on it, which had at low water a dry platform of about eighty feet by twenty. Our skipper, who had navigated Fijian waters for more than fifteen years, told me that eight years ago there was no sign of a reef above water, but since that time land has been gradually appearing and vegetation increasing. Thus in time, perhaps, a large portion of the ten thousand square miles which were lost by subsidence may be regained. Out of the two hundred islands which compose the Fiji group only about sixty are inhabited, and of these perhaps twelve only are of importance. The whole population of Fiji is estimated at 140,000. Within the sea or barrier reefs which surround the whole archipelago, are countless shoals, sand banks, fringing reefs, knolls of rock, and every conceivable impediment to navigation. The vast lakes or lagoons which the reefs enclose are hot-beds for the most beautiful corals and the most magnificent marine growths.

Fairy like as some of the islands are, they are not more so than the transparent water in which they lie. The two largest islands of the group are Vanua Levu, Great Land, and Viti Levu, Great Fiji. The word Fiji is merely a corruption of Viti. Viti Levu mea-

sures about one hundred miles in length from east to west, and about sixty from north to south. It lies to the south-west of Vanua Levu, the two islands being nearly encircled by a single reef belt. The capital of the group is Levuka, situated on the east coast of the small island of Ovalau, which lies to the east of Viti Levu, off whose northern shore we anchored last night. The scenery of Great Fiji is most varied, and as we skirted its coast line towards Levuka the changing panorama was very attractive. We sailed past bluff shores indented with little bays, hemmed in by silvery belts of sand and shaded by palm groves, past abrupt precipices and conical hills on which stood defiant little native villages. Red cliffs, rising out of coasts of white sand were backed by mountains of an altitude of two or three thousand feet, a distant lofty expanse of crag and battlement. A border of mangrove bushes fringed the shore where streams emptied themselves into the sea, and tropical shrubs enriched the lower land; but there was an absence of the luxuriant vegetation which characterises other parts of the island. There was a general air of wildness and volcanic irregularity, and the charming effects which we occasionally perceived were due more to the vivid hues of the fantastic rocks, and to the bright red and yellow colours of the soil than to the beauty of foliage and vegetation. Then too there was the interest caused by knowing that within these mountain fastnesses were the homes of the man-eating mountaineers; that as yet no white man had penetrated into those wild regions; and

that a slice of "long pig," as they designate human flesh, would still be too tempting for the cannibals who dwell there to resist.

At night we anchored off a village where there was a large curing house for *bêche de mer*, and the following day I went on shore to witness the process of curing. There are several varieties of these sea-slugs, and the best are found at a depth of about ten or twelve feet. Midday is the most favourable time for diving for the creatures, as the higher the sun the more easily are they seen and caught. One would hardly think that a burning sun on the dripping heads of the divers was conducive to health; but they do not mind it, and men, women, and children all take part in collecting the slugs. I saw about forty large baskets full brought from the reef, and their contents at once went through the operation of being cured. The slug is about six inches long and two in diameter. The living animal is thrown into a cauldron of boiling water which is constantly kept in motion by stirring. After a few minutes it is removed, split open, cleaned, thrown into another large cauldron, and left for half an hour to stew. Finally it is carried to the drying house, where it remains for several days over a slow fire. When dry, it looks like a leather sausage, and before the material can be used for soup it has to be soaked for days in water.

Most of the people employed were natives of the Line Islands and Tanna, the Fijians apparently preferring to look on. The latter are a fine well-made race, but

they look as black as negroes in comparison with the Samoans, from whom they differ also in having thick curly whiskers and beard. Their great pride is their hair, which is remarkably thick and wiry, and naturally assumes a bushy form. Some of the heads of hair belonging to the mountaineers are miracles as regards the abundance of the crop, and the labour expended in its construction. The women are universally ugly, with flat noses, big mouths, and short frizzly hair. Their dress is a girdle—liku—made of bark and fibre with a fringe of different kinds of grasses, and varying in depth from two to twelve inches. The age of a woman may be guessed by her girdle, the depth of which goes on increasing after her marriage in proportion to her years. These girdles are very picturesque, as they are made of different colours, some yellow, some red, some white and some brown. The men wear the same sort of girdle and also a kind of sash called the "masi," which is wound round the loins and falls to the knees. A sort of fringed knee-band, made of fibre and ornamented with beads, completes the costume. Their ornaments are boars' tusks, whales' teeth, and shells. Some of their armlets, made of a black wiry root and fastened with a rose-coloured knot, are pretty, and their pearl-shell breast ornaments frequently display some tasteful carving.

After having seen the curing of the *bêche de mer*, and having partaken of a favourite native dish made of taro and cocoa-nut milk, and of a very satisfying

nature, I set off with a guide to visit a celebrated cave, the ancient abode of a "devil priest; "the dwellers on the coast applying the term "devil" to the mountaineers. Before starting I made strict inquiries about my guide, as I had no wish to be made into "long pig" so soon after my arrival in Fiji. He had a very uncomfortable-looking club, inlaid with teeth which had been extracted from various friends he and his ancestors had killed. I did not want any of mine to increase its value, so I bought it from him before we started and sent it on board. However he was determined not to go unarmed—a Fijian never does if he can help it; and after a brief absence he returned with a shorter but more dangerous-looking club than the other. Probably he thought I might purchase that too, but as most likely he had a relay of them at hand, I made no more remarks and we commenced our journey.

The country through which we travelled was wild and in many places very dreary. Often there was no track or impression which gave the slightest indication of a path, but now and then well-worn traces round some rocky point would indicate the proper road. It was all up and down hill, and intensely hot, as there was very little shade, and the sun beat down with prodigious force. The country round seemed admirably adapted for cattle, and the lower lands for cultivation, as very little clearing would be required, the screw pines which wete dotted about being nearly the only attempt at trees. At last we saw a small opening

in the side of the narrow ravine which we were ascending, and in front of the cave some large stones which evidently had once formed part of a platform or altar. On entering the cave, I was surprised to see a pair of eyes looking at me from a corner. They belonged, however, to nothing more formidable than a small owl called the "monkey-face." I afterwards obtained a pair of these owls, and they certainly had a resemblance to a monkey.

The only interesting object I found in the cave was a large trumpet-shell, which had been used by the natives to inform the "devil priest" that they had brought offerings of pigs, bananas, taro, yams, &c., for the gods. These shells are perforated with a small round hole near the apex, and when this is blown through, a most dismal sound, that can be heard a long way off, is produced. They are much used by boatmen, every canoe having its own trumpet. What strange and terrible scenes that cave must have witnessed in its time! In the Fijian religion the gods are supposed to delight in human flesh, and to propitiate them human sacrifices were absolutely necessary. When requests were made to the gods the most absurd mummery was enacted. For instance, if rain was wanted, the priest would suddenly appear dripping wet, as a sign that the request would be granted; if a good yam crop was demanded, he came out of the cave with a piece of yam given him by the god; if peace or war was to be declared against another town, a stream of blood issuing from the cave decided for the

latter. These priests were also the vendors of magic sticks and stones, which would bewitch the individual for whom they were intended, by being placed in his house or garden. Poisons and love potions also came within their jurisdiction, but the former are so well-known to all Fijians that it was hardly necessary to go to a priest to obtain them. Fiji abounds in poisonous and medicinal trees and shrubs, and the natives are extremely expert in their use of them. A planter who lived on one of the Yasaua Islands told me that once without getting ill he gradually lost his appetite, and at last was obliged to go to Levuka for medical advice. Hardly had he left home when his appetite returned, and he was quite well by the time he reached Levuka. The same symptoms returned when he got back, and again he had to go to Levuka, this time very ill. The doctor told him that undoubtedly he was suffering from slow poison, and he had only just left his home in time. He recovered, and on returning he dismissed his cook, whom he suspected of owing him a grudge, and never afterwards had a moment's illness. Another settler, who was afflicted with ophthalmia—which is prevalent in some parts—was entirely cured in three or four days by some ointment which was rubbed on his eyes, but the native who accomplished the cure positively declined to give the recipe. Fijians are very chary about imparting to others, and particularly to strangers, their knowledge of medicinal herbs and shrubs. Some old natives have particular remedies that have been known to their families for generations, and are trea-

sured as carefully as the "certain cures for hydrophobia" are in England.

On our return to the village I paid a visit to a settler who lived near, and there I saw the first evidence of the decline of cotton-planting in Fiji. He was only a small planter, but he had found it impossible to obtain remunerative prices, and so had given up cotton and taken to planting sweet potatoes, &c. He showed me a quantity of very fine cotton lying in his store-house, which would be utterly wasted, as it would not even repay him the cost of shipping.

Though very little rain falls on the lee-side of the island, yet there are many little streams which run down from the high mountain ridge that divides it, and thus the lowlands are well fertilized. The air, too, is always charged with moisture, as the annual rainfall in Fiji is estimated at an average of 150 inches and upwards. Thus the evaporation constantly going on is extensive. A very heavy dew falls at night, and always when I got up in the morning from my deck-bed my coverings and clothes were dripping, and water lay on the deck itself as if it had been raining hard. On our way towards Levuka we stopped at several little villages, all very much resembling one another, but the vegetation grew more luxuriant and trees more plentiful. Beyond the white beach, grassy slopes ran back to the mountains, which were crowned with fantastic rocks that looked like castles and forts, and whose lower portions were clothed with forest-trees. Numerous bays indented the shore, and high green

[illegible] out alone in the bright blue water, only [illegible] from the land by shallow reefs. Very beauti- [illegible] the winding channels, like land-locked lakes, [illegible] gation was very intricate, and twice we [illegible] ng of the bottom of the ship against the [illegible] was so slight, however, that no damage was [illegible] we were sailing so close to a reef that all [illegible] were visible from the deck. We gazed with [illegible] on radiantly beautiful actiniæ in full blow [illegible] and blue-tipped tentacles, and seven or [illegible] in h[illegible] diameter; gigantic astreas, six or seven [illegible] eter, their pale polyps having blue discs [illegible] tentacles, and each polyp as large as an [illegible] one; and many coral groups, amongst [illegible] bright coloured annelides conspicuous [illegible] were the Nereides, so called from the [illegible] old Nereus:—

[illegible] oodly damsels, deckt with long green hair."

[illegible] positively bristled with echini, whose [illegible] were of varied tints, blue, purple, and [illegible] I have seen some pretty ornaments [illegible] these spines arranged in gradation, but [illegible] has been made of these sea-urchins accord- [illegible], as he says, "If any man wishes to colour [illegible] k, he must make an ointment of calcined [illegible] and if he apply this to the part he wishes [illegible] ck, he will presently find it succeed to [illegible]." We also saw two or three turtles floating [illegible] the water, but we never succeeded in captur-

ing one in spite of the most strenuous efforts on the part of the mate, who might have made a good sum by them, as they were of the Hawkesbill species, and valuable for tortoiseshell. The chiefs in Fiji preserve these turtles in pens, and formerly—perhaps still—they had a most barbarous way of removing the shell from the living animal. A lighted torch was held close to the outer shell until it curled up and separated a little from that beneath. In the gap thus made, a small wooden wedge was inserted, by which the whole shell was easily removed from the animal's back. After this painful but not fatal operation, the creature was put back into its pen and a new shell allowed to grow. But cruelty and disregard of human life are as characteristic of the Fijian as treachery and suspicion, and when he has been taught from his childhood that it is just and right to bury his parents alive when they grow old and useless, and after his death to club his surviving wife in order that she may keep him company, with other articles of faith equally extravagant and horrible, it is not to be expected that he will hesitate at such a trifle as stripping the shell off a live turtle.

CHAPTER XXIX.

OVALAU—AN ALPINE SCENE—LEVUKA—LOST IN A HURRICANE—*SOCIETY — TRIBUTE TO THE COMMISSIONERS — FIJIAN COUP D'ETAT—THE NATIONAL DEBT—ANNEXATION—ELEMENTS OF DISCORD — THAKOMBAN'S ESTIMATION OF FIJIAN NATURE —* MOAFU—CHIEFS—DUTY OF ANNEXATION—STILL A CHANCE FOR FIJI.

AT length we left Viti Levu and crossed over to Ovalau, passing two or three very picturesque and fertile islands on our way. The different views along the coast were exceedingly striking, and far more romantic than those in Viti Levu. The island of Ovalau is very high and deeply wooded, varied by rocky cliffs, undulating hills, and cultivated lowlands. The white villages at the foot of the hills which sloped upwards almost from the water's edge, looked too quiet and lazy to belong to a land haunted by such dark traditions. One valley we passed was particularly beautiful, and resembled an Alpine scene with tropical vegetation. The foreground was occupied by patches of the broad-leaved taro, which were surrounded by small plantations

of coffee and cotton. Lofty palms and flowering shrubs covered the sides of the valley, the background being shut in by rocky peaks and pinnacles, crowned with cocoa-nut trees and pandanus. A torrent rushed down from the height passing on its way a quaint wooden house standing on a green platform, which was approached by an avenue of dwarf palms. Two rustic bridges crossing the stream near some overhanging rocks gave a civilized finish to the picture.

Soon after, we rounded a fantastic rock standing out from the shore, and which at high tide is almost an island. On the top was a dilapidated old hut which must at one time have been intended for a look-out. Then we glided into the harbour of Levuka, and dropped anchor close to the shore opposite the centre of the town. The site of the present capital of Fiji is most picturesque, but of very limited extent, as the hills rise so abruptly that there is very little level land between them and the water. The harbour is divided into two semi-circles by a rocky promontory, on which stands the court-house, and the row of houses facing the beach constitutes the town. Pleasant shady houses with pretty gardens and lawns are dotted about the hills, and are very suggestive of Indian bungalows. A stream from the mountains separates the native from the foreign town, and where it makes its exit into the sea stands the British Consulate. The hills themselves present the most charming prospects of wood and dell. Bold rocky pinnacles lie in shadow under the thickly wooded heights which form the background, and the

deep glens shut in by sharp mountain ridges, give promise of great botanical riches.

I was not sorry to say good-bye to the schooner, so as to be able to get my birds into more comfortable quarters. I little thought when I left her that she had completed her last voyage, as about two months afterwards she was totally lost in a hurricane. The account which I read of it did not state whether those on board were saved or not, but finished off with the rather peculiar announcement that "the only passengers were Mr. ——, who owned three-fourths of the cargo, and the captain's wife."

I had heard so much of the rowdyism and ruffianism at Levuka that I was surprised to find it during the whole of my stay as quiet and orderly as a town in England. True there were a few men of the vagrant type—termed beach-combers in the Pacific—men who were habitual loafers, and who had lived on the natives as long as they could, and who probably only gave them up when the natives threatened to live on them; but they were peaceable and did no great harm. There was no evidence for the unenviable notoriety which has been attached to the island ever since the escaped convicts from New South Wales first landed in Fiji, but rather ample poof of a civilized and educated community. It was plain that the respectable class of settlers had obtained the mastery over the lawless, and had driven out the restless old hands, whilst new ones were deterred from coming by the momentarily expected annexation of the islands to Great Britain. I

must here mention, now that the annexation has been accomplished, that it has been generally acknowledged that almost the entire success of the negotiations was due to the able manner in which the English Commissioner, Mr. Layard, and Commodore Goodenough carried out their instructions. I was a witness of Mr. Layard's indefatigable labours, and was familiar with the incidents attending his appointment. Great was my astonishment, therefore, when I saw in the *Gazette* that the post of governor had not been awarded to him. I felt all the more sorry as, irrespective of his worth, my sojourn in Fiji was made very pleasant, thanks to him and his hospitable house.

A governor or acting-governor of a colony has a most difficult *rôle* to play as the presiding genius of society, and his wife has an equally exhausting task. The idea that all men are equal is often resented by colonists, and Levuka was not free from its petty jealousies and cliques. But these follies and second-rate pretensions were only characteristic of a few. Happily good and intelligent men and women were not rare, nor were true ladies and gentlemen unknown, and these strove by their example to combat prejudices and to elevate the less cultivated members of the community. A casual visitor cannot pretend to know much of the character or worth of a scattered body of men by his own personal observation; but I may be allowed to say from what I have seen myself, and gathered from reliable sources, that the two or three thousand settlers in Fiji are mostly men of sterling

integrity, and who, instead of being the slave traders and abandoned characters that ignorant and prejudiced persons have held them up to be, have uniformly assisted the missionaries in their work of civilization, and have made Fiji what it is. Since the annexation many more of the best class of settlers have probably been drawn to Fiji, and it may be expected that the white population will ere long attain the same number that it before possessed three or four years ago, before the obnoxious measures of the self-elected Fijian Government had driven half of them away.

The members of this so-called government, having elected themselves, thought the next best thing would be to elect a king, so they easily persuaded a chief named Thakombau that he was the rightful heir to the crown of Fiji, and that he could not do better than appoint the king-makers his ministers. These men declared that they had a right to create a kingdom, modelled on that of Hawaii, but a strong opposition was raised by the colonists who objected to be ruled by men who they declared were unscrupulous and aspiring, and who had only won an ephemeral local reputation in Fiji after having gained an unenviable one in Australia. Those who took a leading part in the *coup d'état* were British subjects, and both the Colonial Secretary of New South Wales and the Consul at Levuka pointed out to the Government at home the illegality of the proceedings. Although it was clearly shown that the establishment of authority on such a basis, and the strong local feeling of

opposition to it would certainly lead to anarchy and commercial depression, yet the right of government was allowed to these self-appointed men by Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal Ministry. Then followed a despotic rule of so malignant a character that the settlers determined to overthrow Thakombau and his ministers.

To show how strong was the opposition and how much it was dreaded, I may state that once when the ministry met at the Government Buildings, which are situated at some little distance from the town of Levuka, native soldiers were posted in force along the road to prevent ingress to the assembly, and it is stated on reliable authority that native troops with loaded muskets were in ambush in the surrounding hills, ready to fire upon the white settlers in case of need. At a time when the settlers had gained an advantage over the Government forces, the British naval authorities stepped in and intimated that the Fijian rule must be obeyed. And so by the interference of the naval power the Government was kept alive, and dragged on its precarious career, which has resulted in the creation of a debt of about £80,000 and nothing to show for it. This expenditure was in addition to the revenue, which was estimated at £40,000. Certainly it was time for some great Power to come to the rescue of the unhappy kingdom, which was passing away, divided by a series of difficulties and complications augmented daily by those who ought to have struggled for its unity. Already in 1859

had the question of annexation been mooted, and Colonel Smyth was sent to Fiji as a Special Commissioner. But the proposals fell through, in spite of an offer of cession by the most influential chiefs.

In 1872 a resolution in favour of annexation was brought forward in Parliament, and rejected. In 1873 the question was renewed, and Mr. Gladstone instructed Mr. Layard and Commodore Goodenough to inquire into the state of affairs, and open the way for annexation. This was no easy matter, as there were two elements of discord in Fiji, and both opposed to annexation. Certain of the whites had gained a great influence over Thakombau, and these men did their best to prevent annexation, knowing that it would put an end to their lawless proceedings. They instilled their own doctrines into the minds of the king and some of the chiefs, and by their harassing pertinacity worked upon the unstable nature of the Fijian. Thakombau himself, who may be supposed to know something of Fijian nature, said: "If a white man wished to get anything out of a Fijian and could not succeed in his object to-day, he had only to try again to-morrow, until the Fijian was either worried out or over-persuaded to give in."

The other element of discord was the Tongan chief, Maafu, whose object had always been to conquer Fiji. The lofty aspirations of this man had long ago become causes of suspicion to his relative, King George of Tonga, who had consequently got rid of him by sending him off to Fiji, with a hint that the Fijian islands

would not be an unwelcome adjunct to Tonga. Gradually, by craft and decision of character, he established himself in a position of almost sovereign power, and though banished to Lomi-lomi in the island of Vanua-Valavo, the largest in the Eastern group, yet by intrigue, and by his skill in setting the Fijians one against the other, he managed to maintain his authority and set the king at defiance.

As events turned out, however, he gladly accepted the rule of England, and his ready acquiescence and friendship are by no means to be despised. His mental powers and his civilization are far beyond those of his Fijian compeers, and he is feared and venerated by the natives. It will be a matter of curiosity to notice, as time goes on, what effect foreign rule will have on the Fijians in respect to their implicit acquiescence in the power and privileges of their chiefs. At present they are quite contented to believe that these men are too vastly their superiors, to admit of any question of their authority in matters either of life or death. "What a chief orders must be done," is a Polynesian maxim, and a Fijian above all has an innate feeling of mental and physical inferiority to his chief. What will a native think when he finds that he need no longer come and go at the beck of his chief, and that henceforth he may keep the produce of his own labour for his own use. Will he still retain his pride in the illustrious descent and unapproachable rank of his ruler, or will he gradually come to regard him as an ordinary mortal, who is himself alike submissive to the rule of

others? For my part, I think a proper reverence, on the part of the natives, for the chiefs ought to be encouraged, as it thereby necessitates a government only of the latter, who, in their turn, will rule the people. It is a question, I suppose, whether any rule can be of much benefit to the Fijian race, which is stigmatized as lazy and worthless by those who have the best opportunities of judging, but it has a bright opening now, and one that will re-invigorate it if it be possible. The annexation of Fiji had become a duty, not a mere matter of choice. To establish order and to secure equal justice between the natives and the white population—the latter, as usual with "la race blanche," regarding the former as aliens—it was necessary to annex the islands if offered upon unconditional terms. This was made all the easier, as the offering was as much a necessity as the acceptance. It now rests with England to make or mar her new colony. With the wonderful productiveness of its soil, new enterprises will spring up, and the natural resources of Fiji will be largely developed. With systematic and intelligent cultivation the fertile lands will produce a profusion of useful articles for the home market; and above all the motive for industry, with a tolerable chance of remuneration, will be strengthened tenfold in both native and foreigner, by the knowledge of a firm and generous rule. Success rests with the administrators of that rule,

> "For just experience tells, in every soil,
> That those who think must govern those who toil,
> And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
> Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each."

CHAPTER XXX.

NATIVE SOLDIERS—FIJIAN BRAVERY—MURDERERS—THE BURN'S MURDER — TARGET PRACTICE—COTTON GINNING — RELIEVING GUARD — FIJIAN HOUSES — RIDGE-POLE — YAGONA-SHELLS—AN ORANGE DOVE—ORANGE COWRIE—YAM PLANTING—MADRAI—A FIJIAN OVEN.

EARLY one morning a great noise was heard in the harbour; singing, shouting, and the sounding of the trumpet-shell. We went down to the beach and witnessed the arrival of five war canoes filled with native soldiers, who had been up in the mountains of Viti Levu fighting the cannibals. They were most ferocious-looking warriors as they were in full fighting costume, which consisted principally of a coating of jet black paint. They looked like demons as they sang and danced their war dances on the platforms of the canoes, waving their large fans and brandishing their muskets in a perfect paroxysm of feigned anger. I remembered what I had read about Fijian bravery consisting in boasting, challenging, and mere words; that the "show of war" was all their ambition, and certainly

their present performance seemed to verify that account, but I was told that under white leadership they were very obedient and fought well. This was only a "let off" to their military ardour, and presently I was assured they would subside, dress in their usual semi-European uniform, and return to military discipline.

After they had landed we followed the procession, which marched off to the barracks at the Government buildings. Our road was along the main street in the town, and as every third house or so was a tavern there was not much of interest to be seen. A little side street in the centre of the town led to the prison, in which at that time were confined some of the mountaineers, who had assisted in the murder of the Burns family on Viti Levu. Why these atrocious ruffians had not been hanged I cannot say, unless the report was true that assigned to Thakombau words to the effect that, "as the whites would not hang the murderers of his subjects, he would not hang his subjects who murdered the whites."

The terrible murder had taken place some months before, and was one of the fruits of the government order forbidding settlers and their labourers to carry arms. The circumstances of the murder may be briefly related as follows: Mr. Burns, who owned a large plantation on Viti Levu, was aroused one morning by the intelligence brought by some of his labourers—Line islanders—that "the devils were in the bush." He hastened out, and when still within sight of his house was suddenly attacked, clubbed, and killed by

a band of mountaineers, who sprang out of the surrounding thickets. His wife witnessed the occurrence from a window, and at once wrote a note for help and sent it off to a neighbouring planter. One of the surviving plantation "hands" stated that Mrs. Burns then barricaded herself in as well as she could, and armed with a gun tried to defend herself and child. But the savages soon broke into the house, seized the child from her arms. and dashed its brains out against the door-post. Then they despatched the mother and proceeded to cut her up. In this work they were interrupted by the arrival of the white settlers, and the wretches decamped carrying with them part of their prey to enjoy a cannibal feast in the mountains. Some of them were afterwards captured, but the majority escaped.

Close to the prison is the Levuka cricket-ground, of rather confined dimensions, perhaps, as a hit for anything over two sends the ball into taro patches where it is lost; but then who would have expected to find a cricket-ground at all in Fiji! The energetic Levukans have their rifle-ground as well, away up in the hills, where they contest against the Navy and others; and in spite of the wearing-out nature of the climate and its enervating influence, both recreations are carried on with surprising zeal. I found the weather delightfully cool after Samoa, with a refreshing trade wind always blowing, but I heard it was an exceptionally cool season, and that in the Summer the heat is intense. As the nights are very little cooler than the hottest part of the

day, great languor and depression are experienced in the hot season, though the highest reading of the thermometer is seldom over 97°.

Near the end of the town is a cotton-ginning establishment, and from the amount of work going on one would never think that the decline in the cotton trade was so great as it really is. Before I left Levuka I was very grateful to that establishment for unlimited supplies of cotton wool for packing shells, &c. After leaving this, a broad path under the hills takes us to Nasova, where the Government buildings are situated. A prominent feature in the scene is a tall flag-staff, from whose summit floats the Fijian flag (this was before the annexation), bearing for its device a dove and olive-branch on a red shield beneath a crown. This flag-staff stands in the centre of a quadrangle, on three sides of which are the buildings originally erected for the Fijian Parliament. They have a very neat appearance, the cane walls and thatched-roof adding to the cool aspect of the broad verandahs. The guardian of the premises is a native soldier, who at present is fast asleep in his sentry-box. Here comes another man evidently to relieve him. Let us watch the ceremony. It is a very simple one. The new comer advances cautiously, and gives the sleeping man a prod with the muzzle of his musket. The latter suddenly awakened screams out, "Who goes dar?" Then recovering from his fright, and recognizing a comrade, he breaks out into a broad grin and steps out of his box. He then gravely presents arms to the sea, and

hastens away, probably to resume his slumbers. The new comer enters, lays down his musket, and prepares in his turn for a comfortable snooze. Could anything indicate better the peace and security of the realm? Continuing our walk, we soon arrived at a pretty little village in the chief house of which King Thakombau usually resides when he visits Levuka. Fijian houses are not open like those in Samoa and other places, but have walls made of reeds or thatch. The shape differs in different localities. Sometimes a village looks like a collection of square baskets made of wicker-work; in another district conical hay-ricks are the fashion. In Ovalau most of the native houses were oblong, and only differed in the ornamentation of their reed or leaf walls. Sometimes sinnet of different colours is worked in with the reeds, and the patterns thus produced are often very artistic. The manner of arranging the different rows of reeds gives a most picturesque appearance to the cottages and a vandycked exterior has a very charming effect.

The ridge-pole of the houses usually projects two or three feet beyond the thatch, and receives a great deal of attention; the extremities, which are blackened, are decorated with white shells of the *Ovulum ovum* species, and the whole pole which is generally made from the trunks of tree ferns, and thickly bound with bands of grass thatch, is covered with a curious kind of creeping fern (*Lygodictyon*) for which the natives profess a profound respect. The thatching of grass and ferns is admirably worked, and when the thick

eaves project in a horse-shoe shape over a doorway the Fijian "vali" (house) assumes something of the character of an English rustic cottage. Sometimes these rural retreats have a small pane of glass heavily framed in the whole side of the house, and which is suggestive of those tiny windows sometimes still seen in houses in England, belonging to the era of the "window-tax." Let us enter through that strange-looking door that is swinging upon dislocated wooden hinges, and examine the interior of the house. The arrangements are the same as in Samoan houses; the only peculiarity of the structure being that the pillars which support the roof have an unfinished appearance, as they are all cut away at the top to a long thin neck five or six inches in diameter. The clumsy door—fortunately seldom seen in native houses—makes the interior dark and close, otherwise the soft, clean mats and the tappa curtains give a comfortable air to the apartment. In most of the houses part of the floor is raised, forming a bed at night and a divan during the day. In Samoa this was the exception, and not the rule. Bamboo pillows, gourds, fans, and the invariable old sea-chest, which is to be found in nearly every house in Polynesia, make up the furniture.

An offer of "yaqona," which is only Fijian for "kava," was declined, and we resumed our walk upon the shore, after crossing the dry bed of a stream over a bridge of cocoa-nut trunks laid side by side. We might have ascended the steep hill in front of us, on the top of which is a small cemetery, but the walk on

the beach round the promontory brings us to the same point, and we may find some shells worth picking up. Shells there are in plenty, but all of one species, *Trochus niloticus*. If other trades fail in Levuka, I should think a moderate income might be assured by the exportation of these shells, as the nacreous substance of which they are composed is as brilliant and almost as rich as mother-of-pearl. They are found in incredible quantities, and of all sizes, their shapely pyramids sometimes rising to a height of five inches, with a diameter at the base of five or even six inches. At present, the only use to which they are put is the manufacture of armlets and breast ornaments for the natives. An industrious native will scrape away for a month at one of these shells until he has filed it down to suitable dimensions.

After a couple of miles we passed through another small village, and then a broad deep stream made us pause. Whilst considering the best means of crossing it, as there was no bridge, a friendly voice was heard proceeding from one who asked us to enter his house, which was close at hand, and to rest after our walk. This proved to be the home of a clever German gentleman, who had a mania for natural history. In his garden were several aviaries, monkey-houses, and fish-ponds. He had some beautiful pigeons from the Solomon Islands and New Caledonia, but nothing particularly rare, except one orange dove. This species is found only on one small island in the Fijian group, and is so delicate that hitherto it has been

found almost impossible to keep one of them alive for any time in confinement, even in its own climate. It is of a bright orange colour, and eats only the berry from a certain tree which grows at one place or another nearly the whole year round. Without these berries the orange dove dies, and our host had them brought every morning fresh from the hills for his specimen. The fondness shown by this bird for a particular kind of food, verifies the saying of Bernardin de Saint Pierre, "that we should never succeed in transplanting it unless we imported along with it the plant to which it is especially partial." Sun is also essential to it, and the least cold or wind soon kills it when caged.

It is curious that the calebrated orange cowrie, *Cypræa aurantia*, is also found in the same island oftener than on any other. This beautiful shell is very difficult to obtain in a perfect state, owing to the custom which the chiefs have of boring a hole through it and wearing it round the neck. The high price that these shells commanded years ago, when orange cowries were in fashion, still prevails in the South Seas, where they cost as much as they would in London. They are by no means so rare as they have generally been imagined to be, and those who remain long in the islands—settlers, for example—have many chances of collecting these as well as other rare shells; but, as it so often happenss, those who have the best opportunities of obtaining them care least about them. In Fiji different species of shells seem to congregate by themselves in certain localities. For instance, in one

part of Viti Levu I found nothing but tiger cowries, *Cypræa tigris*; in another part the spider shell, *Pteroceros ... ibis*, was very abundant; then again I would stumble on a large area of reef, with hardly any other shell to be seen except the mitre, *Mitra episcopalis*. In point of numbers the Cypræa and Trochus family certainly exceeded all others. Before we took leave of our host a native brought in a fine large ribbed shell, which we ascertained to to be a *Dolium maculatum*. I afterwards tried to secure a specimen, but never succeeded.

On our way back to Levuka we watched the preparation of a large tract of land for the great Fijian vegetable yam. Hillocks or ridges, like celery beds, were thrown up on the cleared ground and made ready for planting. A piece of old yam is merely set in the top of one of these hillocks, and in a short time it begins to sprout, and is ripe by the commencement of the year.

As we passed through one of the villages, we were greeted by the disagreeable smell of a favourite native dish called "madrai." This unpleasant compound is made from fermented bread-fruit, taro, or bananas. A large pit, four or five feet deep, is hollowed in the earth, and lined with thick layers of banana or other leaves. The fruits or vegetables are stripped of their skin, and thrown by the bushel into the hole which is then covered with more leaves, and earth, and stones. Sometimes pungent fruits, such as the mami-apple and strong smelling herbs, are added to the mass to assist the fermentation. Like good wine, "madrai" is

said to improve by age, and months, or even years, are allowed to elapse before it is considered ready for use. It is then taken out in small quantities, mashed up, and mixed with cocoa-nut milk; afterwards it is made up into leaf packages, and baked in an oven in Fijian style. It tastes like sour cream cheese, or very indifferent curds and whey. The natives say that taro madrai is the best and makes them dive well; but possibly that may depend on the quantity eaten.

No one knows till he has tried it how extremely juicy and well done meat is when cooked in a ground oven, *à la* Fiji. This is the way I once saw a pig prepared for the table. A hole was dug in the dry ground and filled with firewood, which was lighted. A lot of stones were thrown into the fire, which was allowed to burn itself out. The oven was then swept out, and a layer of hot stones placed in it. These stones were covered with green leaves, and the pig, which was ready for cooking, was laid on them. More hot stones were wrapped in leaves, with which also the pig was stuffed. It was then covered with more green leaves and hot stones, and finally, over all, the earth was heaped up. Before long a most agreeable vapour arose, and the pork was found to be delicious.

The names of some of the shells I collected in Fiji are as follows:—

Pteroceros lambis.
Murex elatus.
„ bicolor.
Triton chlorostomum.
Triton lampas.
„ variegatum.
Cassis Madagascarensis.
„ rufus.

Cypræa tigris.
„ histrio.
„ mauritania.
„ mappa.
„ argus.
„ carneola
„ achatina.
„ caput serpentis.
„ cruentala.
„ heloola
Tellina rugosa.
Trivia nucleus.
Neritina porcata.
„ numerosa.
„ chrysostoma.
„ polita.
Cardium mundum.
Trochus niloticus.
„ virgatus.
Terebra maculata.
Bulla ampula.
Conus textile.
„ hebræus.
„ litteratus.
Strombus luhumanus.
Cypræa Vitellus.
„ arabica.
„ talpa.
„ intermedia.
„ lynx.
„ erosa.
„ tabescens.
„ Isabella.
„ scurra.
Strombus plicatus.
Nassa monile. Pinna rudis.
Bulimus Seamani.
Terebellum subulatum.
Partula lirata.
Cassidula.
Vexilla vexillum.
Modiola. Tiara acanthica.
Mitra episcopalis.
„ filosa.
„ turgida.
Oliva carneola.
„ erythrostoma.
Nautilus pompilius.
„ macromphalus.
„ umbilicatus.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A RAMBLE ROUND LEVUKA—TURRET-ROCK—CROTON OIL—PARASITES—DAMU-DAMU—WI APPLE—A VIEW—A BREEZE—TREE-FERNS—VESI—FALLS OF WAITOBE—TARO ; A TALE—MISSIONS—TUI LEVUKA—DEVOTION TO A CHIEF.

TO the north of Levuka, and behind the town, a grey barren rock crops out about half-way up the thickly-wooded hills. It is the very ideal of a castle turret with three distinct windows, about which ivy is creeping. The illusion is so perfect that, with the aid of a guide, we set off one morning to examine it more closely, and to explore the surrounding hills. We first followed the stream which separates the native from the foreign town, and whose bed was almost composed of the Trochus shell, until we arrived at an enclosed bathing place and an open washing ground, surrounded by the croton oil bushes, so dear to the heart of a Fijian washerwoman. Both the croton oil and the castor oil plant flourish in Fiji, but little use is made of either except for fences.

Crossing the stream at this point, we soon began the steep ascent to Turret Rock. On all sides were tall

fences and branching grasses "What is that large-leafed fern sheltering three or four different species of smaller ones?" I asked. "That is the 'Ota,' from which the natives make a very good sort of spinach," was the answer I received. Since my return from the South Seas, I have often thought how I must have bored my friends by my continual questioning. "What is that?" was always on the tip of my tongue; but as I was fortunately aware how little I did know, I could not resist getting all the information available, and jotting it down as I received it. Sometimes it came in learned classical terms, at other times in plain English, or in the sweet-sounding native tongue; but it was always acceptable, and I give it again to my readers as I received it. Ascending leisurely, for it was very warm, we at length found ourselves on a level with Turret Rock. But where were the windows and the ivy? Gone. There was nothing to be seen but a rounded perpendicular rock, with a dark patch here and there which glittered in the bright gleams of the sun. Well, let us climb to the top of the hills and wander through the forest. Presently we reached the point, looking so sharp from a distance, but which certainly did not seem to be the highest now we were actually on it, and we paused—merely of course to look at a group of ferns or a still higher peak, which was seen to great advantage from below.

Thicker and more tangled became our path as we pushed our way upward through a dense mass of undergrowth, fallen trees, and beautiful creepers. There

were trunks and stems of every size and colour—grey, green, pink, and silvery white. Up this stem scrambles, we observed, a feathery creeper, with starry heads ; up that we could see a filmy fern climbing till it was lost in a garden of vegetation. Parasitical plants were twisted about in hopeless entanglement, and woven together in slender, thread-like lace work, half-smothering the delicate fronds about which they were entwined. That delicious fragrance comes from the creamy-white blossoms on the tree with the dark shining foliage, called Damu-damu. The natives use the flowers for necklaces and head-dresses. The oval-shaped fruit on that high tree is what we have been eating in puddings and pies every day since we arrived at Levuka. It is the "Wi," or Fijian apple, and just as insipid as the Hawaiian "ohea." Under the proud, high-climbing creepers and lianes are numerous humble and modest little plants, equally beautiful, but content if they catch a falling raindrop and an occasional glimpse of the bright blue sky.

This must be the summit which we have now attained; at all events, it is high enough, and the view is splendid. Let us throw ourselves down upon the springy ferns and enjoy it. Through an arch of magnificent tree ferns, whose widespreading feathery crowns formed a transparent canopy of green lace we looked down upon the sea, on whose surface the sunlight was showering gleams of gold and bright flashes of trembling colours. The ocean blue was seen beyond the wooded point which stretched away to our

But it is time we were off again as clouds are rising in the far distance, and already the tall palms by the seashore are waving their plumes to the soft breeze that is stealing towards us. Soon we feel—and thankful we are to feel it—a rush of cool air. How it enlivens everything; rippling through the small scaly leaves of the lofty vesi,* stealing the fragrance from the white blossoms of the damu-damu, and alluring even the indolent pandanus to stretch its leaves longingly towards it. The light clouds moving leisurely across are reflected upon the broad sides of the steep hill slopes now alive with rare pink and purple hues that the chasing shadows cast on the rocks and ferns. Everything is awake, so we must continue our walk. Passing down into a deep glen we found ourselves in a world of fern trees, some twelve and fifteen feet high—others quite juvenile. I used to imagine that the simple outline of a palm-tree was as graceful as it is possible for anything to be; but I now think that a tree-fern is even more beautiful. The stem straight and erect as a chiselled pillar, the thick fibrous bark netted over with delicate fernlets, and the wonderful stately crown of feathers springing from the living capital, make the tree-fern a masterpiece of Nature. Our path ran through aisles of these columns, their thick-ribbed, arching leaves forming a groined roof so dense that the sun's rays only gleamed here and there in a few slanting showers.

At the head of the glen we clambered over a rocky

* The vesi has a compact resinous wood, and is used for canoes.

spur, and after a tiring scramble of nearly two hours we came to the stream leading to the falls of Waitoba. We followed this stream from where it issued over ledges of splintered rock down to a grassy fern-clad ravine. Presently, we found ourselves overlooking a succession of waterfalls, each terminating in a deep pool. This is a favourite bathing-place, and on an elevated rocky platform overlooking the water a neat little dressing-room has been built—I think by the crew of H.M. Ship "Pearl." The falls are not very grand, but the water is delightfully cool, and the pools are large enough for a good swim, while the situation is picturesque. The sides of the gorge are covered with the evergreen foliage of the South Seas, and over the palms at the entrance you catch a lovely view of the sea and the distant islands. Dwarf-palms and tree-ferns feather over the high banks between which the river runs, and ivy-leaved Ipomœa shroud the low bushes with hundreds of white convolvulus flowers. Lower down we come to a few native houses, and the deep rich green of the broad-leaved taro plants which rise three feet or more from their watery beds, contrasts beautifully with the profuse vegetation of the surrounding uncultivated land. Much of the taro grown here was of a kind known as "kurilagi," and I never passed it without remembering the perfectly authentic story, told by Mr. Seeman, unpleasantly connecting the fate of a whole tribe with this taro.

In the interior of Viti Levu, about three miles N.N.E. of Namosi, there dwelt a tribe known by the

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In the interior of Viti Levu, about three miles N.N.E. of Namosi, there dwelt a tribe known by the

name of Kai-na-loca, who in days long ago gave great offence to the ruling chief of the Namosi district, and as a punishment for their misdeeds were condemned to die. Every year the inmates of one house were baked and eaten, fire was set to the empty dwelling, and its foundation was planted with "kurilagi." In the following year, the ripening of this taro was the signal for the destruction of the next house and its inhabitants, and the planting of a fresh field of taro. Thus, house after house, family after family, disappeared, until Ratinbuna, father of the present chief, Kuruduadua, pardoned the remaining few, and allowed them to die a natural death. Picture the feelings of these unfortunate wretches as they watched the growth of the ominous taro! Throughout the dominions of the powerful chief whose authority they had insulted, their lives were forfeited, and to escape into territories where they were strangers would, in those days, only have been to hasten their awful doom. Nothing remained save to watch, watch, watch the rapid development of the "kurilagi."

The path through the taro beds soon brings us out on to the beach road, and a pleasant walk by the sea will take us back to Levuka. The little cottage, perched on the hill under which we pass, belongs to the one Episcopalian minister in Fiji—the Rev. W. Floyd —who took up his residence there about 1870. The Roman Catholic and Wesleyan missions have been settled in the group for nearly thirty years. The latter regarded the arrival of the Episcopalian minister with

much jealousy, and, as it owned a great deal of land in Levuka, it was able to throw many hindrances in the way of his obtaining a suitable site for a church. A little stratagem eventually overcame the difficulty, and a church was built.

The road into Levuka skirts some overhanging cliffs, which, by the way, ought to be blown up before they fall and crush somebody. The Turret Rock again appears in its illusive form, and we soon enter the native village. But before we come to the stream from which we started, we pass a very neat well-matted house, belonging to Tui Levuka—King of Levuka—a fine handsome man, and a descendant of the chief of whom the following story is related. Once when he was in his large canoe, about seven miles from Ovalau, he was upset with forty-six of his followers who were with him in the boat. As the canoe sank these men made a circle around their chief, joining hands and keeping themselves afloat with their feet. One by one the sharks, which quickly gathered to the spot, seized and devoured the attendants of the chief. The remainder joined hands afresh over the gaps thus caused, and Tui Levuka continued to swim about comfortably in the midst of the constantly narrowing circle. The sharks kept steadily at their work, and when at length the party was picked up by another canoe, only twenty out of the forty survived. It is generally supposed that the retinue were the less inclined to shirk their duty, from the knowledge that if they had landed without their chief they would have been considered candidates for the oven.

CHAPTER XXXII.

COMMON SCENES AT LEVUKA—LABOUR GOING HOME—FAREWELL—SNAKES—A PICTURESQUE GROUP—AN ALBINO—A STAMPEDE—A VASU—THE EASTERN GROUP—LOMO-LOMO—MAAFU'S HOUSE—TAVIUNI—PARROQUETS—VANUA LEVU—RITOVA—A FATHER'S LOVE—SOMO-SOMO-GORO.

BEFORE leaving Levuka, we must take a glimpse at every-day life as seen from the broad verandah of the comfortable hotel facing the sea. There, away to the left on the consulate jetty are groups of Line islanders, each man with his bundle and newly acquired musket, waiting for the schooner which is to take them back to their own homes from whence they will probably return at the earliest opportunity. Yonder lies an English man-of-war, and dotted about the harbour are numerous craft of all descriptions, from the large German trader down to the little native coasting canoe. An island schooner is sailing in merrily through the reef entrance, and another of the same class is endeavouring to beat out; already she has tacked ten times or more, and most likely she will continue the manœuvre for some hours.

What are those natives who have stopped to chat just opposite, sniffing one another for? It is merely their mode of greeting or saying good-bye; a slight sniff on each side of the face, that is all. Here comes a string of men and women clad in the garb of Eden, carrying cocoa-nuts and packages of banana leaves, containing vakololo (native pudding) and other delicacies. What does this man want who is squatting on his hams in the old Fijian attitude of respect? He uncorks a bamboo and pulls out a snake, for which he asks a dollar, and will be very glad if he gets sixpence, bamboo included. Talking of sixpence reminds me that Fiji is the only place I was ever in where gold was at a discount. Silver is in such request—chiefly for native circulation—that you actually have, or had, when I was at Levuka, to pay for the privilege of changing gold into silver.

Look at that gay group! how picturesque the girls appear with those bright yellow girdles (likus) and white shell bracelets. The men, too, are fine broad-shouldered, narrow-flanked fellows, and, as they lounge along hand in hand like charity-school children, form a pleasing picture of simplicity and power. This must be a festival with them, as the natives round Levuka are generally pretty well employed during the day. But surely that cannot be a European who is approaching with some natives; and yet his skin is white, almost too white, but he is dressed, or rather undressed, like his companions. As he draws nearer, however, his appearance becomes repulsive, and

you see that his skin is spotted and scaly, and looks as if the poor creature had leprosy. He is an albino, several of whom are scattered about Fiji. Hark! what is all that shouting and screaming about? Has the entire native population gone mad? Everybody is rushing into the sea, men and women, old and young. Children of every age are swimming off amidst much laughter and excitement towards the head of that long jetty. What does it all mean? Why, simply that somebody has exploded a charge of dynamite amongst the great shoals of fish that congregate at that point, and the natives, furnished with baskets, dishes, and anything they can lay hands on, are hastening to gather the spoils. How they dive! Why! that old lady with the big basket has been three or four minutes at least under the water. Up she comes smiling, empties her creel into that of a less enterprising friend, and down she goes again. The junior portion avail themselves of the opportunity to play all sorts of pranks and tricks on one another, forgetting that the spectators on the jetty can see their movements in the deep clear water as plainly as if they were executed on dry land. In half-an-hour the murdered fish are all collected, and quiet once more reigns in Levuka. I need hardly say that dynamite is not allowed to be used in the harbour for fear of driving all the fish away, but an occasional explosion, nevertheless, takes place, killing and stunning a vast number.

That dandy young fellow who has just landed from

his large canoe, and is walking up the beach, is a representative of the strangest of all Fijian institutions. He is a Vasu, *i.e.*, nephew, and it will probably be an unlucky day for the uncle if his relation has come to pay him a visit. According to the custom of the country he—the Vasu—possesses the extraordinary privilege of holding at his command the whole of the moveable property belonging to his uncle. Anything that may take his fancy—whether it is a club of little value or a canoe of great value, it is all the same—he seizes at once, and no resistance or objection is thought of. Every family has its Vasu, and even the king is not exempt from the misfortune of having a nephew who is one. They are great impediments to industry, as no one cares about working for the benefit of another, and that one probably a lazy good-for-nothing. What a benefit the annexation must be to Fijian uncles!

We shall now cross over and pay a flying visit to one or two of the principal islands in the eastward group. A small steamer to run between the different islands would be of the greatest benefit to Fiji. At present, distances that a steamer would accomplish in a few hours sometimes take days, and even weeks. However, we have a fair wind, and will soon run over to Lomo-lomo, a district of Vanua Balavu, which is the chief island of the eastern group, called the Exploring Isles. Our course is due east at first, till we sight the island of Chichia (lispingly pronounced Thithia), the home of one of the most agreeable of the many hos-

pitable planters, and then we take a north-easterly direction. The distance is about one hundred and thirty miles, so we pass a night on board, and the next morning we sight Vanua Balavu, the land lying in the shape of a horse-shoe with some very pretty islets close to one another. Three great green rocks rise up in the centre and have a very picturesque appearance, but they are surrounded with treacherous reefs and shoals.

The entrance to Lomo-lomo is very narrow, owing to a long sandy promontory which runs out from the inner side of a high island that is situated near the mainland. The neat white dwellings of the settlers have a most attractive look, and Maafu's house which stands in extensive grounds, surrounded by a six foot reed fence, and shaded by splendid trees, seems to be very comfortable. The interior is worthy of the civilized Tongan, being furnished with tables and chairs, sofas, and a French clock. Tea is made by a very pretty Tonga girl, and an acceptable breakfast is quickly served. The whole atmosphere of the settlement is fresher, and the appearance of the Tongans is more refined than is usually the case in Fiji and amongst Fijians. That well kept road which is shaded by palms and bread-fruit trees, and lined with bananas, extends for about ten miles, affording a splendid ride or drive. That hill is covered with tree-ferns, over which blue and white convolvuli are hanging in garlands. Beyond the ground rises gently, and there are some of the cotton plantations for which Lomo-lomo was once celebrated.

But we have no time to linger, as one of our crew comes to say that it is time to start for Taviuni, which is the third island of the group in size, extremely fertile, and of great beauty. Taviuni, or Somo-somo, as it is also called from its chief town, is about twenty-five miles long, and of an average breadth of nine. As we approach, we see that the mountain range which traverses it is covered with forest; villages nestle in groves of tree-ferns, and the numerous cleared patches show that cultivation is by no means neglected. Rain is so constant here that vegetation is in an overflowing profusion under the warm moist sky. Fanciful orchids suspend themselves to the trunks of enormous trees, whose branches are festooned with different creepers. Leafy arches of evergreens, through which rare gleams of light shoot, form charming vistas, and in these shadowy recesses the beautiful "kula," a species of parroquet, dwells. This is the bird I have before mentioned, whose scarlet feathers are so much prized by the Samoans and Tongans for ornamenting their mats. They are extremely delicate, and I do not think any have, as yet, been taken alive to England. Whilst I was at Levuka there were eight or ten on board the "Rosario," but they all died. The natives manage to keep them, as they well understand their wants and requirements. The cages in which they place them are of basket-work, the hole at the top being covered with a cocoa-nut shell. When the birds go to sleep they retire into this shell, which has an opening just large enough to admit one at a time. I have seen

four or five come out of one shell. Like the orange dove they require great warmth.

Taviuni is well watered, as there is a lake on the summit of the mountain-ridge, from which streams descend, one of them flowing through the town of Somo-somo. Some of the plantations are very rich, and of great beauty; but the fall in cotton has been severely felt there as in other parts. More than two hundred species of ferns are known in Fiji, and a considerable majority of these may be found in Taviuni.

The narrow straits of Somo-somo separate Taviuni from Vanua Levu—Great Land—the second largest island of the group. We will cross over and coast along the southern shore as far as Savu-savu Bay, from whence, if the present wind, which has changed to the north-east, continues, we can quickly run down to Levuka. Vanua Levu measures about one hundred and ten miles in length from north-east to south-west, and is only about twenty-five miles broad. As in Viti Levu, a mountain range between four and five thousand feet high runs through the island, which is divided into three kingdoms, viz., the Macuato district on the north, under the rule of Ritova the Tui (king) Macuato; the Bua district on the south-west under the Tui Bua, and the Cakaudrove district on the south-east, under the Tui Cakau.

Civil war makes up for the most part the history of Fiji, and the chiefs have always been fighting amongst themselves. Tribal war was going on at Macuato during the proceedings connected with the annexation,

and has broken out again since. The quarrel is purely one of their own making, in pursuance of old feuds, and if continued in, will be put down without difficulty by a few native soldiers under white leaders, who will remove the combatants, if necessary, to separate islands. Ritova, the chief, has ever shown himself to be a man of the most cruel and revengeful passions, and deeply imbued with the worst Fijian characteristics. The following story, well known in Fiji, will illustrate his disposition. Some years ago he was returning to his district, and when a good distance from shore his large canoe was capsized in a squall. He and his daughter, Moala, reached the shore in safety with the aid of some of their attendants, and all were presently out of danger, with the exception of one young man who had been knocked down by a breaker. He was struggling hard to reach land, and it seemed doubtful whether he would succeed, when a huge wave threw him almost at Moala's feet, and happily without injury. The girl was so pleased that, forgetting for a moment that she was the daughter of a chief, she embraced the half-drowned man. The action was witnessed by her father, and he swore she should die. Moala was a great favourite in the district, and the old men brought offerings to Ritova and did all in their power to save her life, but without effect. At last they offered themselves to die in her stead, but all the satisfaction they could get was that they might be killed first, if they wished it, and afterwards the daughter. The old men had no desire to lose their lives gratuitously, and poor Moala was strangled.

Having crossed the straits, we are now coasting along the Great Land, which looks very like Viti Levu, but with a more profuse vegetation. The principal river in Vanua Levu is the Ndreketi, and is of considerable importance to planters, but is not of much commercial value, owing to its shallowness. Our eyes wander from peaks and glens to the slopes of cultivated lowlands covered here and there with bright green cane and stretches of taro or yams. Lovely little bays, shut in by palms and masses of red sandstone, glitter in the clear blazing sunshine, and behind them black depths of cloud shroud the central range in mystery and gloom. To him who knows the past, a dark pall must ever shadow these islands, and the air, even in the brightest light, be peopled with ghosts.

We soon reached the fine bay of Savu-savu, behind which rises the sharp peak called the Needle. There are some remarkably hot springs here, which we had not time to visit, and therefore had to be satisfied with a knowledge that their tempetature rises to 200°, and that they occupy a basin over forty feet in diameter. The cause of our hurried departure was that, according to the native who commands our small craft, the tokalau or north-east wind, which is now blowing, is going to change, and that would interfere considerably with our return. We are soon, therefore, under weigh again; and after passing the island of Goro, to which, if the natives are to be believed, the souls of all the pigs killed in Fiji go, we once more land in Levuka.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HURRICANE MONTHS—LEVUKA AS A PORT OF CALL—THAKOMBAU THE DELTA OF THE REWA—SUVA—A SUGAR PLANTATION—SUGAR WORKS—LOTU—CLUBS—CANNIBAL FORKS—BOWLS OF THE "DEVIL PRIEST"—WHALE'S TOOTH—SORO—EXPERIENCE OF A HOSTAGE—HIS MESSAGE—CANNIBAL DANCE—THE OVEN READY—A DISPUTE—ESCAPE.

THE prophetic native was right about the change of wind, and for some days we were unable to visit the royal island of Mbau, and the fertile delta of the Rewa, which is the chief river in the south-east of Viti Levu. So strong did the wind blow from the south that at times it almost assumed the proportions of a hurricane, although the hurricane season was long past. The three first months of the year are locally called the hurricane months, and great damage is often done in that time. But hurricanes are not of annual occurrence luckily, and consecutive years have passed without any; when they do take place houses are blown down, plantations are destroyed, cotton is uprooted, and general destruction ensues. No hurricane

swept the land either in 1872 or in 1873, but in 1874 the one that I have before mentioned passed over the western group, and this year (1875) Levuka has suffered greatly from the effects of another. The river overflowed, trees and houses were blown down, canoes were swamped, two small schooners were lost, and great damage was done to the growing crops.

It is chiefly on account of these hurricanes that Levuka, with its somewhat intricate navigation, has been avoided as the port of call for the steamers running between Australia and San Francisco. If Levuka was made the touching point, then probably the Nanuku passage between Taviuni and the Exploring Isles would be used, as there is plenty of room, and I believe it is capable of being properly lighted. The late Commodore Goodenough sailed through it in H.M.S. "Pearl" without difficulty in the night time, and with no pilot. The hurricanes are the principal source of danger. At present the steamers only touch at Kandavu, which is the southernmost island in the group and almost outside it. Passengers for Levuka have, therefore, to make their way thither in the best way they can, the distance between the two places being about ninety miles.

At last a change in the weather took place, and we gladly seized a favourable opportunity for visiting Mbau. This word looks a curious combination of letters, and is pronounced like the "bough" of a tree; in Fijian Mb being sounded like the letter b. The Fijian language is spoken in fourteen or fifteen different

dialects; but the Court dialect, that into which the Bible has been translated, is that of Mbau. Fijian always sounded harsher and more guttural to me than Samoan, but that may have been only imagination, because spoken by rougher voices. Some of their expressions struck me as being very poetical. For instance, "death" and "sunset" are described by the same word; and the "furling of a sail" is represented by the same expression as that which describes "a bird folding its wings for rest."

A few hours were sufficient to sail down to Mbau, by coasting along inside the reef, and passing on our way the pretty little island of Viwa. The appearance of Mbau is very singular, as the island is only about a mile in length, and rises at the back to about two hundred feet. It is literally covered with quaint houses, and the general absence of trees makes the buildings more remarkable, as the sacred groves, which were always so closely connected with Fijian Paganism, had been cut down by Thakombau after he embraced Christianity. There was a gloomy interest attached to the great square where thousands of victims had perished, and it was not difficult to conjure up the pagoda-shaped temples from whence issued the commands of the devil-priests, and under which were ranged the ovens and caldrons ready to receive their victims.

On the foundation of those temples a large church now stands. Close to the mission-house is the old dancing-ground, where the cannibal dance was per-

formed before the sacrifices. Here the victim was seized by two powerful men, who grasped an arm and a leg at each side, and, running across the ground, dashed his head against a stone slab with such violence as to split it open. Such a death was said to afford more amusement than mere clubbing. A large tree which used to grow near the place was called the "Mbau larder," as from its branches different parts of the slaughtered victims were suspended.

Near the beach is the palace, a long low house, with a lawn in front, and groups of native shrubs scattered about. A tall, dignified old gentleman, dressed in a shirt, masi, and native turban, is Thakombau Tui Viti. I must refrain from relating the terrible stories I have heard about this man, who has so lately surrendered his kingdom to England with a great patriotism and manly dignity. These events happened in the long past, before he had learnt to understand the difference between right and wrong, when his only teaching had been derived from his own savage nature and cruel Fijian customs. Perhaps the misdeeds were forgiven when the better life began; there is no need to recall them.

Mbau is connected with the large island of Viti Levu by a long coral bank, parts of which are almost bare at low water. Taking advantage of the tide, we were a very short time in crossing over to the Bay of Rewa, which is enclosed by a reef extending about three miles from the shore, with two narrow openings for ships. The Rewa, the largest river in Fiji, is more than one

hundred miles in length. It is navigable for about sixty miles, and at a distance of twenty-five miles from its mouth its width is nearly three hundred yards.

Rivers are numerous in Viti Levu, but they are usually shallow, and the sources of them have never been explored, as the cannibals of the hills have hitherto effectually prevented white men from penetrating into the interior. The delta of the Rewa covers an area of nearly twenty square miles of extreme fertility. Suva, which is considered by many to possess the best harbour in the group, lies to the south of the Rewa, from one of whose mouths it may be reached by a canal dug out by the natives in olden times, and which is two miles long, and sixty feet wide. It is not impossible that some day Suva may become the capital, as it is surrounded with the best agricultural districts in the islands, and these are watered by two rivers. The harbour is entered from the sea by a wide reef-opening, and the reef itself which runs round the island affords safe inside communication. The scenery of the Rewa is very beautiful. On each bank the soil is most prolific, and the planters' houses, set in the midst of cotton and sugar plantations, and backed by densely-wooded hills give an additional charm to the view from the river.

The Waimanu flows into the Rewa about five-and-twenty miles from the sea, and penetrates the country for about twenty miles. On these rivers are the principal sugar plantations. Ten years ago the exports of sea-island cotton amounted to about a

£100,000 annually. Now all the cotton estates are being turned into sugar plantations as fast as their owners can obtain the means of supplying themselves with machinery to crush the cane. Cotton has proved a failure after a trial of some years, and planters now expect that sugar, which can be grown with the greatest luxuriance, will retrieve their fortunes. One of the planters with whom we stayed a night already had his machinery up; and a walk through his plantation gave us a general idea of those on the Rewa, which is now said to be the finest sugar district in Fiji.

Crossing a creek by means of the usual Fijian bridge —the trunk of a palm-tree—we came upon a number of huts thatched with the long narrow leaves of the sugar-cane, and looking cool, but not very inviting, inside. These belonged to the labourers on the estate, islanders from the New Hebrides and Solomon groups. All round were patches of sweet potato, yams, and taro. A little further on was a field of Indian corn, and in the middle, apparently one of those picturesque objects so frequently seen watching over a corn-field in England, and which is made up of a cross-stick, dressed in an old coat and battered hat. But as we approached the scarecrow a gun was suddenly fired off, as a proof of the vigilance with which it had been attending to its master's interests. Hundreds of parrots rose screaming from amongst the corn, and flew leisurely away. These common Fijian parrots are large, handsome birds, but commit great ravages in the banana plantations and fields of maize. Their wings are of

bright green, head and body of a deep crimson, and round the neck they have a broad blue band. They are very numerous on all the islands except Ovalau, and are a perfect pest to the farmers. Parrot-pie is a common dish, and by no means to be despised.

After passing through the corn we came to the sugar fields. Planted in long, straight rows, the cane has a very rich appearance. Some of the stalks are red, some yellow, and some purple, and the long green leaves show off the different colouring to great advantage. The purple variety seems thicker and taller than the others, and grows with great luxuriance. We soon arrived at the works by following the mule-carts, laden with sugar-cane. Bundles of the cane are put into the rollers, which are driven by steam power, and what comes out looks very different from that which went in. It is no longer called cane but begass, which is dried, and then burnt as fuel in the furnace.

The juice of the cane is conveyed by spouts to the clarifiers, where it is purified, and then carried by other spouts to the kettle in which it is boiled down into thick syrup. From the kettle the syrup passes to the cooling cisterns, where it is transformed into sugar and molasses. From one of the cisterns we perceive that a black fellow is taking something that looks like coal tar, which he puts into tubs. Other blacks come, take it out of the tubs, and put it into large round machines which are revolving rapidly. One of the machines is stopped, and out of it a bright yellow

crystalline substance is taken, which is carried to another room, and put into bags and casks. It is the sugar which has been separated from the molasses in the cistern by the revolving machine standing over it. All that remains now is to pack the sugar on the tramway leading to the wharf, and ship it to Australia or New Zealand. At one of the villages where we stopped, we found many men of a tribe who had just embraced Christianity—the "Lotu," as it is called in Fiji. This was extremely opportune, as I was thus enabled to purchase from them all sorts of clubs, spears made of human bones, cannibal forks and bowls, and other curiosities that the unconverted will not part with. Some of the clubs were very terrible, and marked in different ways to show the number of people they had killed. Many had rings of sinnet round the handle, others were notched—each notch indicating a victim. The sizes and shapes were various, but all were equally formidable, from the long mace-like variety down to the small missile club which has a large knob at one end, and can be thrown with great precision. Nothing can be more typical of Fiji than the club, and Thakombau could hardly have fixed upon a more suitable offering to the Queen, when he laid down his authority, than his celebrated war-club. It could tell a tale of horror if it could speak, surpassing that of King Koffee's umbrella, by the side of which it will probably rest—better there than as the mace of the Fijian Parliament, for which it was once intended. I also obtained two cannibal forks, three-pronged, cut out of a very hard wood.

Human flesh is the only food ever eaten with a fork, which was highly valued, and handed down as an heir-loom from generation to generation. Every fork has its own peculiar name, and I think it is Mr. Williams who mentions one which bore the name of "Undro-undro," signifying "a small person carrying a great burden." Mr. Seeman tells of another shaped like a club, and bearing the ominous name "Strike twice"—first the man and then the dead body. I was nnable to find out what mine were called, as Fijians have a great dislike to allude in any way to their fondness for human flesh, and no greater insult can be offered even to the most inveterate cannibal than to ask him if he likes "bakolo"—*i.e.*, human flesh. Two curiously-shaped bowls and a dish that I also secured were said to have belonged to the "Devil Priest," who drank from them the blood and ate the flesh of his victims; but I am more inclined to think that he used the bowls for oil, whatever use he may have made of the dish. These dishes always had a long piece of sinnet attached to one of the legs, and when the priest was enjoying the horrible repast, which was always handed to him by a "Devil Priestess," this string was laid out on the floor, and across it no one could step under pain of death.

Another curiosity was a celebrated whale's tooth, very large and red with the constant turmeric polishing it had received. Whales' teeth in Fiji are, or used to be, very valuable, and were constantly employed, with other property, as bribes for the commission of some

ill-deed. For instance, if a Fijian wished the death of another living at a distance, he would send a message and presents to the chief of that district, accompanying them with a whale's tooth. If the chief accepted the tooth, it was a token that the request should be attended to and the man killed. The present, or bribe, is called a "soro," and no one is ever expected to ask a favour of a chief unless he brings a soro. The manner of presenting it is rather peculiar. After a little speech the bearers clapped their hands respectfully, then dropped on their knees and advanced slowly on all fours, pushing the soro before them up to the feet of the chief, who accepted it or not, according to its value. The bearer of a whale's tooth was sacred, the tooth being regarded in some measure as a flag of truce. I have entered into these explanations—on points which perhaps are all well known to many—in order to render intelligible some of the expressions made use of in the events I have soon to relate.

When we arrived at the Rewa we found that a gentleman to whom I had a letter of introduction had already gone on a mission to the hill tribes. He—Mr. W. Carew—was secretary for the Upper Rewa, and to him had been entrusted the very dangerous task of persuading the "devil chiefs" to come to terms, and to embrace the Christian religion. These chiefs had been for generations the hereditary foes of the tribes lower down, and they dared not leave their mountain fastnesses except to fight, so bitter was the feeling against them on account of the number of people they had slain and eaten. It was by these savages that the Wesleyan mis-

sionary—the Rev. W. Baker—was killed and eaten in 1867, together with some native teachers, when endeavouring to cross the country on an exploring expedition. It had always been a favourite amusement with Fijians to "lotu"—*i.e.*, to become Christian for a time, and then when they were tired of it they would send word to the missionaries and teachers that they were not to visit them for a week, as they were going to eat, dance, and be merry, and if they came amongst them they would be clubbed. Not very long ago, on the death of a chief, a similar notice was sent to the teachers, thirty or forty women were killed and eaten, and as soon as the cannibal feast was over the tribe returned to Christianity.

The difficulties and dangers attending a mission like Mr. Carew's may be gathered from the following account given by a native of rank, named Timothy, who had been sent some time previously to a hill tribe to try to persuade them to allow teachers and missionaries to come amongst them.

EXPERIENCES OF A HOSTAGE.

"Timothy states that the time spent as a hostage at Nabutautau was most wretched, as he did not know at what moment he might be knocked on the head. After being there for three Sundays, messengers arrived from Namosi with a whale's tooth, asking that Timothy might be clubbed, and stating that he was engaged in a conspiracy against them—meaning the Government. He was sent for, and informed of this by the chief,

Nawawabalavu. He denied being concerned in any conspiracy, and told how he had come there. The Governor of Viwa had asked some one to come up and promote peace, but nobody offered, and he was directed to go. He told the people to please themselves as to whether they killed him or not, and after some more talk the Namosi people departed. Shortly after, a whale's tooth was brought up from Tavua, with a request that he might be killed, as they (the Tavuans) hated peace—a fact of which he was informed in the presence of the people. Nawawabalavu objected, and the Tavuans left. Then a heathen temple was built, and when he was seized and bound, a cannibal dance was performed over him, as is the custom before cooking men. The dance being finished he was unbound, and allowed to return to his sleeping-place, where something was given him to eat. On the Sunday they took him out and made him cut wood, to show their hatred of the 'lotu.' They did not do this on the week days. One day he went to Nawawabalavu and asked him why they tortured him as they were doing, dancing the cannibal dance over him, and making him cut wood on Sunday. He asserted that he preferred to be killed outright. Nawawabalavu said nothing in reply. Shortly after he was informed that unless the two who went to Mbau returned that week they would kill him. Fortunately on Saturday they made their appearance. Nawawabalavu asked if they had brought any 'soro' from Mbau, and they replied that they had not. Messengers were at once despatched to the various towns round, calling the inhabitants to attend a meeting on

the following day (Sunday). At night an old man came to him and said, 'In the morning you will be clubbed, baked, and eaten.' In the early morning he looked out and saw them cutting wood for an oven, and he saw the oven was prepared. When everything was ready, Nawawabalavu was standing in front of the house with an axe in his hand, and said, 'Come out and be killed, for your oven is prepared.' Timothy replied, 'Let me dress first; do not think I desire to live.'

"He dressed and went out, expecting to be killed. Nawawabalavu then led him to the oven, and Timothy wept beside it. Nawawabalavu addressed the people of Nabutautau thus:—'Here is Timothy, who shall be baked to-day, to be eaten with the taro; but I do not approve of this: I say let him live!' One of the other chiefs then stood up and said, "Let him die, and be eaten with the taro; if he is not to be killed we shall go home, and you shall eat the taro if you like.' While they were disputing he was weeping on the edge of the oven. The son of Nawawabalavu then took him by the hand and led him away to his house, and gave him tobacco. That night he slept. In the morning he went to say farewell to the chief, and to thank him for saving his life. Nawawabalavu then said, 'I make you no presents; we do not want the 'lotu' here. They (the teachers) go about unguardedly to every place, as is their custom; but they must not come here, lest coming here they be clubbed. As for yourself, do not sleep on the way by night; if darkness overtakes you, push on.' Then Timothy left, and neither ate nor slept until his arrival at Mbau in the night time."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SURRENDER OF MOUNTAIN CHIEFS—A WIFE DIFFICULTY—AWOULD-BE CHRISTIAN—TAXES—A WISE ORDINANCE—EXPORTS—BANE OF FIJI—ORIGIN OF CANNIBALISM—HUNGER—DROUGHTS—NATIVE EXPRESSIONS—GAINING COURAGE—RELIGIOUS DUTY—SAMOAN CANNIBALISM—DORIAN—PITY.

SINCE my return from Fiji, I have heard of the complete success of Mr. Carew's enterprise. By persuasion and personal influence he succeeded in bringing down from their hills the chiefs and headmen of all the mountain tribes, numbering about three hundred men. The Government officials, and Ratu Abel, one of the sons of King Thakombau, as representative of their old enemies, met these men who had so long kept the lowlands in terror on the Lower Rewa, and Mr. Layard addressed them through Mr. Carew. The chiefs declared that they were anxious to embrace Christianity, but that two or three little difficulties lay in the way. They did not like putting away their wives, the possession of whom every chief always considered his right. What were the women to do? Mr. Layard

assured them that if they accepted Christianity, and followed its precepts, the wife difficulty could be easily managed. Thakombau and other chiefs had been in the same predicament, and had overcome it by marrying their extra wives to minor chiefs. It is to be hoped that these untutored savages will not follow the example of the old chief who years ago asked to be taken into the arms of the Church and to be baptised. This poor man turned sadly away when told that it could not be done so long as he had more than one wife. Shortly afterwards he returned to the missionary with a joyful countenance, and informed him that he was now fit to become a Christian as the wife difficulty no longer existed. Pleased beyond measure at such a positive proof of the man's earnestness, he gladly consented to baptise him and was about to proceed with the ceremony, when he casually inquired what he had done with his wives. The minister's enthusiasm was somewhat crushed when the aspirant to Christianity unhesitatingly replied, "Eaten them."

Another knotty point with the chiefs was regarding taxes. Mr. Layard told them that their money would be spent on themselves, as their people would be employed in making roads, &c., and opening up their country. The wisdom of such a provision speaks for itself. The hills and valleys of the new country are remarkably fertile, and the roads made by native labour—if they will work—when labour is cheap and plentiful, will be valuable for military as well as agricultural purposes. Coffee, cocoa-nuts, sugar,

arrowroot, nutmegs, sago, india-rubber, indigo, &c., can be advantageously cultivated, and if only half as much care is taken in Fiji to improve varieties by culture and selection as is taken in England, there is no reason why ample returns should not reward the planters. At present, the custom in Fiji appears to be to grow one thing extensively, and to leave the rest to chance. First it was coffee, now it is sugar, and goodness knows what the next mania may be should sugar become a drug in the market. The exported products now reach an annual value of about £120,000, and consist of cotton, *bêche-de-mer*, cocoa-nuts, oil, tortoiseshell, bananas, oranges, and maize. With the exception of cotton, these products are all natural resources, requiring no skill, and in most cases no cultivation. Exclusive cotton cultivation has been, in my estimation, the bane of Fiji, just as the exclusive cultivation of anything must ever be, no matter where. Thorough and varied agriculture is suitable to Fiji, and if it were adopted we should no longer hear of failures and embarrassments when prices suddenly fall, or when a crop is destroyed by blight or otherwise. The true old proverb says, "He is a bad farmer who stands on four legs when he could stand on five."

The surrender of these mountaineers is an event for Fiji second only to the annexation. Cannibalism, infanticide, and club-law may be said to have ceased, and a more propitious commencement for the new régime could hardly have been hoped for. The origin of cannibalism is such a vexed question that it will be

interesting to glance at some of the reasons which have been alleged for its existence. Let us first take into consideration the cause which has been most generally assigned—viz., scarcity of animal food. It is probable that want had much to do with it, as in New Guinea, where there is abundance of food, cannibalism does not exist to any great extent. Now a Fijian is well acquainted with hunger. Poultry and pigs are not indigenous to the islands, and even now pork is reserved for chiefs and their followers. As a general rule, the common people are forced vegetarians, though occasionally the coast tribes vary their repasts by fish, and those who dwell in the hills by snakes or similar delicacies. Droughts, which were formerly more frequent than in the present day, used to cause much distress even in the best watered islands, whilst the suffering in some of the windward islands can be imagined from the fact that some of them have no running streams, and the inhabitants depend on natural cisterns in the rocks for their fresh supply.

There is no doubt that man is a carnivorous animal, and requires flesh sometimes. The Fijians have a word "kusima," which means "a craving for animal food." They say, "We eat yams till we are tired, and yet we are 'kusima;' we eat fish, flesh, or fowl, and we are satisfied." In the Mbau dialect there are four or five words each signifying hunger, and this alone shows that famine often prevailed, as no Mbauan ever went hungry as long as other tribes had any food to be robbed of. It has also been insisted that cannibalism

arose out of a belief prevalent in Fiji, that by eating an enemy they absorbed his good qualities. Fijian mothers rub the lips of their infants with the flesh of a dead enemy, if he happen to be celebrated as a hero, in the full belief that the courage of the latter will pass into their children. Just as some of the North American Indians wear the head of a certain woodpecker, believing that its ardour and courage will enter into their system.

Another theory has been advanced—viz., a sense of religious duty, mixed with superstition. Shipwrecked sailors, and others, if cast on these islands, especially during a famine, were looked upon as a present from the gods, and not to eat them would have been an act of impiety. If they arrived in a time of plenty, still they must be eaten, as their misfortune was a proof of the anger of the gods. Another reason given for ascribing the horrid ceremonies to religion is that all the implements were used for the one purpose alone, and were sacred; the natives are still reluctant to allow strangers to handle them. Then, again, the root of cannibalism has been thought to be a thirst for revenge. It was not sufficient to kill an enemy; he must also be disgraced; and by eating him, not only he himself, but his whole tribe was humiliated. Do not the Indians consider a victory incomplete unless they can take the scalps of their victims?

The Fijians have only one greater humiliation for a vanquished foe than that of killing him, and that is to refuse to eat him. It was a sign of undying hate if

a tribe took the body of an enemy, cut it up, and threw it away as if not worth the trouble of being cooked; but it was the acme of revenge and insult if the body was cooked, and then left in the oven as a thing too loathsome to be touched. When I was in Samoa, I once asked Mr. Williams to inquire of one of his boatmen whether the Samoans ever ate human flesh. The man looked intensely mortified, and replied "Do you?" He eventually allowed that they used formerly to eat a very small piece of an enemy slain in battle, so that they might be able to taunt his tribe with such an insult; but cannibalism was never practised in Samoa, he added, for the love of the thing.

It is not improbable that the origin of the practice in Fiji may be traced to the promptings of hunger, and that its superstitions and religious associations were superadded to it. It has been generally admitted that cannibalism produces a great liking for human flesh amongst those who practise it. A young man belonging to a slave tribe once asked one of his conquerors, who had eaten hundreds of men in his day, whether human flesh was really delicious. The old warrior replied, "Only because your chiefs have compassion on you, do you live."

In such repute was it held that epicures took some trouble in finding out what vegetable ought to be eaten with human flesh. At last a bushy shrub, called the "borodino," with dark glossy leaves and large berries, was fixed upon as being the most proper accompaniment to a dish of "bakolo," which was henceforth

wrapped in the leaves and baked. I remember an instance, showing how practice can create a strong liking for even the most nauseous food. A ship in which I was once, touched at Batavia, in Java, and a doctor on board, who was a thorough *bon vivant*, begged the captain not to allow a certain fruit to be brought on the vessel. This was the "dorian," a large melon-shaped fruit, with an odour so strong and abominable that it could easily be smelt at a distance of a quarter of a mile. On board ship it would not be unlikely to breed a pestilence.

We stayed about a week at Batavia, and when we left, before we were half-an-hour at sea a sickening odour pervaded the ship. It did not take long to trace it to its source. On opening the door of a cabin where the smell appeared to be strongest, the doctor was discovered hard at work on a fine dorian, which was already half eaten, his dislike of it having been changed in three days to a warm appreciation of its merits. It is related of this fruit that those who have once tasted it are sure to eat it again, and that afterwards it becomes a passion with them.

After the Fijians had become attached to their new food, they may have been glad of any excuse that presented itself, such as a stranded boats' crew, &c., for raising superstitious notions. Another step, and it became a religious ceremony, admirably adapted by its bloody rites to lay a firm hold on the cruel and heartless nature of a Fijian. A traveller has remarked that "the natives of Patagonia are gentle, affable, and

social, the greatest drawback being that they are cannibals." My impressions of a cannibal were taken from the first real one I saw, and they were not so favourable. This man was a boatman, belonging to the district on which the planter we first visited on Viti Levu had settled, and his craving for human flesh was well known. He was very tall, and if I can say such a thing of a black man, pale-looking; the eyes, the most remarkable features in his countenance, were cold and glittering, with a stony, far-off look about them, that was very peculiar. He always seemed—poet like—to be thinking of something else, and yet a more unpoetical gaze cannot be imagined. He never smiled, not even when with a gentle pinch of my arm he expressed his sentiments towards me; but his eyes said all that was necessary. I daresay the habit of pinching had been taught him by some white man as a joke, but he, poor wretch, evidently looked upon it as an act having some real significance. I cannot better finish these few remarks on cannibalism than by quoting Toussenel, who says, "Let us pity the cannibal, and not blame him too severely. We who boast of our refined Christian civilization, murder men by tens of thousands from motives less excusable than hunger. The crime lies not in roasting our dead enemy, but in killing him when he wishes to live."

CHAPTER XXXV.

GLAMOUR OF THE SENSES—GALOA BAY—KANDAVU—STRANDING OF THE "MACGREGOR"—COUNTRY WALK—A MANGROVE SWAMP SAGO PALM—ALONG THE SHORE—THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE—FIJIAN TEMPLE — WHALING — NOSE-FLUTE — TORCHLIGHT — A BATTERY ESTABLISHMENT—NAUTILUS—FAREWELL.

I WAS admiring a few days before I left Levuka for Kandavu, a pretty rustic scene, consisting only of a neat Fijian cottage, made entirely of leaf thatching, at the open door of which stood a very plain matron, holding up the youngest of her brood, dressed in a shell necklace, who roared lustily with fear at the terrible sight of a white man. The house stood close to a stream, across which a fallen tree made a much safer bridge than the usual log, and through the surrounding palm-trees there was a glimpse of white sand and the distant coral reef. Suddenly the scene changed, and was replaced by a dear and familiar English landscape of wooded hills, house and garden, with a lake beyond, from whence came the sound of falling water. And what fairy-wand caused the transformation? Merely a

breath of jessamine wafted from the plant that was twisting and twining over the leafy walls and along the broad eaves of the native cottage :—

> "I am touched again with shades of early sadness,
> Like the summer cloud's light shadow in my hair,
> I am thrilled again with breaths of joyous gladness,
> Like the scent of some last primrose on the air."

My unpoetical companion wanted to know whether the infant in arms reminded me of early days. The remark I conscientiously ignored; but the sentiment was dispelled. What a wonderful power over the memory has this sense of smell that can recall, in startling freshness, scenes and places utterly remote from the present, and perchance for the time forgotten! Stronger even than sight or sound, when seeing or hearing is only in fancied resemblances, and almost as powerful when sight or sound is actual and real. I say almost, for can anything approach in deeply moving power the actual sight of the old home, after years of absence, or the sound of the church bells, and the cawing of the rooks, recalling memories of times long past?

When we left Rotumah for Fiji, we brought away a young native, who shipped as a sailor. As we neared land we noticed that he gazed intently at a certain point, whilst the tears were streaming down his face. On asking him the reason of his emotion he could not speak, but pointed to a small group of palm trees, the only ones that were visible on the rocky

island. And have not white men also—men, perhaps, worn and weary with the battle of life—wept and sobbed at the sight of some well-remembered spot, at once more hearing some long-forgotten sound?

Our run down to Kandavu was said to be a very good one, "considering." What the "considering" alluded to we had none of us any idea, as we had a fair wind and yet were over twenty-four hours performing the journey. The wretched small schooner was overcrowded, as the good people of Levuka were anxious to hear tidings of the annexation by the mail steamer from Sydney, and there was nothing to eat. The island of Kandavu, or Kadavu, as it is properly spelt, I believe, is long and narrow, being twenty-six miles in length, and from four to eight wide. Buke-Levu, or Great Yam Hill, one of the highest mountains in Fiji, is situated on the western portion of the island, which has a narrow isthmus, about midway only half a mile across. The harbour is called Galoa, from the largest of three islands situated in the bay and dividing it in half. There is deep water all round, and the harbour is the finest in Fiji, with the exception perhaps of Suva. Galoa island is about a mile long, and half a mile across, rising to a height of two hundred feet. The offices of the mail steamer are situated at one end of the island, and when we were there a small inn was being built on the other. The site for the inn could not have been worse chosen, as the island is uninteresting, whereas Kandavu has some very pleasant walks, and the native villages are pic-

turesque. At present there is no jetty, as there is at Galoa Island, and consequently at low water, in order to reach the shore, we have to take off our shoes and stockings and wade for about a hundred yards, which is unpleasant to those who are tender-soled and afraid of prickles. In one of these villages we stayed during the five days' we were waiting for the mail, and as a fine stream ran through it, with many delicious pools for bathing, we frequently enjoyed that healthy exercise.

The level land at the back of the beach extends but a short distance, and the hills rise abruptly, covered with trees, and with a very irregular outline. Still there is more room for building purposes than there is at Levuka, and a very charming spot for a town it would be were the picturesque knolls on the main island, and the islets in the bay, dotted with houses and pretty cottages. The objection to Kandavu, as a capital, is its distance from the other islands, but that might be overcome by the adoption of steam intercommunication. A great advantage it has over other places is its superior healthiness, which in a wearing out climate, like that of Fiji, is a matter of no small importance.

We were invariably struck, on entering a native cottage at Kandavu, with the array of sardine-boxes, jam-pots, &c., which made a great show on the usual empty shelves. On inquiring how they had collected such a number of them, we discovered that they had once formed part of the stores of the

mail-steamer, the "MacGregor," which, as I have before mentioned, had struck on the reef at the entrance of the bay. A great part of her stores, &c, had been thrown overboard, much to the satisfaction of the not very scrupulous Fijians, who had availed themselves of the opportunity to test the quality of all the Dundee marmalade, apricot preserve, and sardines they could lay hands on. The marmalade, I believe, they spread on slices of cocoa-nut, a piece of which with a thick layer of the preserve was once bought by an epicurean native for a large bunch of bananas, five cocoa-nuts, and a piece of matting.

From our village we visited some very pretty waterfalls about five miles distant; but the path was so up and down hill that we hardly felt repaid for our hot and tedious walk. But it afforded us a good opportunity for seeing what might be made a splendid agricultural district, well watered, and with fine open tracts of land, varied with forests full of kowrie pines and other valuable trees. None of the local kinds of wood have as yet assumed much commercial importance in spite of their beauty, use, and abundance. New Zealand exports kowrie pine, and that supplies the wants of the community. The resin which this pine exudes is used by the Fijians for glazing their pottery, many specimens of which are very graceful in form and artistic in design.

We went one day to call upon the Governor of Kandavu. The path leading to his house, which was about three miles from the village, ran through some

very picturesque inland nooks, and sometimes along delightful little bits of coast scenery. Now and then a stretch of mangrove swamp varied the bright landscape with its sad, repelling aspect, for, no matter how green and brilliant the foliage of the mangrove may be, the swamp itself is always gloomy and forbidding. Like the banyan, the mangrove throws its shoots downwards from its branches, which take root in the muddy shallow water beneath. As far as the eye can pierce, the twining air-roots arch down into the water in hideous confusion, amongst which nothing but a snake could force a passage. But I have found objects of interest even in such a gloomy labyrinth. As soon as the ebb-tide exposes the mud soil of the mangrove shore, hundreds of animals are seen crawling and creeping about. Crabs run about by the million. Hideous creatures, with large blunt heads, and small but wonderfully active bodies, dart about everywhere. Here a heavy holothurian crawls along under a load of care, and there a nimble little hermit-crab finds a house with its owner absent, and having no clear idea about law and possession, at once appropriates it to himself.

Leaving the swamp, we passed on our right a glen fringed with the graceful but sombre iron-wood trees. A little higher up were several beautiful specimens of sago palms, their gigantic plumes fluttering in the wind and rivalling those of the cocoa-nut trees in their languid grace. The mystery which enshrouds the fructification of this tree adds to the interest produced by its magnificent appearance; strange also that it only

bears fruit once during its existence, and if it then escapes destruction by the hand of the sago-gatherer, it quickly dies and crumbles away.

Farther on, in a small bay, we found many shells, chiefly "olives" (*oliva carneola*) which though small are as pretty as any in Fiji. There were also endless numbers of "brittle stars" (*ophiuræ*), those strange creatures that have the faculty of dismembering themselves of their wormlike rays and replacing them at will. We found the Governor's house very superior externally to any we had seen on the island. The reed walls were admirably plaited in patterns, and there was a neat, comfortable appearance about the dwelling. We were told that the Governor was out, but the native who so informed us pointed in the direction in which we should find him, and we proceeded to search for him. For some time we could find nobody at all, but at last we espied a human form sitting in a pool, or rather water-pit, surrounded by taro and sugar-cane. My companion, who spoke the language, approached the bather to make inquiries, and it proved to be the Governor himself enjoying a cool bath. He very soon dressed himself in his towel, and was ready to do the honours of his house, to which we returned.

The interior was prettily decorated with coloured tappa, and the beams were adorned with plaited sinnet, arranged in squares and triangles. Two tables and an equal number of chairs composed the furniture, but the mats were so soft and cool that they afforded a much more inviting couch than the high-backed

wooden hall-chairs. The old Governor was very sociable, and very anxious to hear all about England. He was afraid he should never be able to go so far, as he had heard that it was farther away from Fiji than Sydney was. When my friend informed him that I was going to leave by the mail, he very kindly made me a present of a Fijian temple worked entirely out of sinnet, and standing about two feet high. These ornaments are difficult to obtain, as they are only made at the order of some chief, and it takes a good year's work to finish one.

In olden times every village had its temple (*bure*) which, though expressly built for religious ceremonies, was chiefly used as a sleeping-place for strangers, and as a council chamber. Enormous quantities of sinnet were always used in decorating these edifices, patterns in red and black covering the entire inside walls, and even the eaves being usually adorned with it. No expense was spared in the building, and there was so much rejoicing, both at its commencement and its completion, that on each occasion many men had to be killed, baked, and eaten. As our host proposed to take us back in his own boat we gladly accepted the proposition, and had the good fortune to drop in for a whaling cruise. Whales are frequently seen in the bay, and when we were about half way home we saw one spouting about a hundred yards off. Instantly the boatmen set off in pursuit, totally regardless of the fact that the harpoons which were generally in the boat, were, as a matter of course, not to be found.

However, harpoon or not, they determined to form a closer acquaintance with the little monster—it was only a small whale—and for about three-quarters of an hour we chased it round the bay, never getting within less than about eighty yards of it. For my own part I thought that near enough, as it was not improbable, if we approached nearer, that the creature would come up under our boat and change the order of pursuit. It must have been a most laughable scene from the shore; we flying round the bay, the men cheering, the Governor issuing his commands, as if in a naval engagement, and the clumsy-looking black beast serenely spouting, diving, and re-appearing generally in the opposite direction to that which we were going. At last there were symptoms of fatigue on the part of the crew, and with many regrets the Governor gave the word for shore, and my first and, I hope, my last whaling expedition was over.

The nights at Kandavu had hitherto been restless on account of the mosquitoes, but they were peaceful compared with that which we passed after our visit to the Governor. A native was ill in a house not far from the one we occupied, and his friends and relations amused themselves during all the dark hours by shouting and praying, to keep the bad spirits away, and by playing on a sort of flute to invoke the assistance of the benevolent. The instrument of torture called the nose-flute is a favourite one in Fiji, and consists of a joint of bamboo with three holes in it. It is played by breathing into it from the nostrils

instead of the lips, and it emits a piping sound in a flat minor key. Tune it has none, nor do I think it is intended to have any, and a night with a nose-flute is equal to two nights with a mosquito.

We were glad to go out and join a party of natives, who were spearing fish by torchlight, the extremely low tide having left a large space full of likely nooks and crannies. The result, however, could not have been very profitable to the fishermen, as I only saw them catch a few large cray-fish, but it passed the hours pleasantly for us, until it was time to start for our bathing establishment up the stream.

On our first arrival at the village we had discovered a charming bathing-place higher up the stream than that used by the natives, which was almost in the middle of the village, and there, in a hidden corner we deposited our toilet necessaries, and left them there during our stay at Kandavu.

I have read in some book that previous to the introduction of looking-glasses, the dusky belles used to braid their hair before a cocoa-nut shell full of water. If such was the case, all I can say is that water in a shell must have far greater reflective powers than in a pool. Time after time I used to gaze into a rocky basin of clear water, in the hope of catching a parting glance at my hair—as even in Kandavu there were some social obligations to be attended to; but to no purpose, and so I gave up the attempt, and disbelieved the story of Narcissus henceforth. The bathing-place itself was surrounded by tree-ferns, and numerous

specimens of the "damu-damu," whose fragrant white flowers hung over the water, which flowed past in deep pools, in which one could swim, and in sparkling cascades that were excellent shower-baths. There could not have been a pleasanter spot in which to pass some hours of those hot Fijian days. It was very quiet, no sound being heard except that of the falling water, and an occasional scream from the parrots who divided their attentions between the river and the taro, which grew luxuriantly on the slopes of the surrounding hills.

We were deep in the enjoyment of our early morning bath when a boom from across the water announced the arrival of the expected steamer. How significant was that sound to us! It told us that peace and quiet were now over for a time; that turmoil and trouble were about to commence. What could we do but slowly gather up our brushes, &c., leave the soap as a hint for the first passer-by, and mournfully make our way down to the beach! Already a few canoes were preparing to start for the steamer, with a supply of shells and coal. I was surprised at the number of nautilus shells, as I had seen very few in Fiji; but I afterwards found that the natives get large numbers of them from the New Hebrides and New Caledonia and retail them with profit to strangers in Fiji: just as visitors to Whitby, in Yorkshire, like to carry away mementoes of the place, and therefore purchase the celebrated Whitby "petrified snakes" (ammonites), all of which come from Lyme-Regis in Dorsetshire.

In Levuka I obtained a very fine pair of the *Nautili umbilicati*—the rarest I believe of the species—from New Caledonia, which had been very prettily traced over with leaves by some of the ingenious Communist prisoners who had been banished to that island. A strange contrast between their present and past employment! In Fiji the natives eat the flesh of the live nautilus when they get one, and think it a great delicacy. I had been promised one at Kandavu, but, much to my disgust, the native who had caught it only brought me the shell, as he could not imagine why I wanted the creature alive. They are sometimes caught by the *bêche-de-mer* divers, as their proper habitat is the bed of the sea, where they creep along like snails in search of shell-fish and other prey. They are seldom seen on the surface of the water, except when driven there by storm. But it is time I was thinking about means for getting myself, my treasures, and live stock, to which I have added a few Fijian parrots, conveyed to the steamer. A couple of large canoes undertook the transportation, and an hour before the vessel left I had the satisfaction of seeing all on board safe, and the birds made comfortable for the voyage. That duty being accomplished, I looked back to the shore from the deck, and could hardly believe that my South Sea life was already a thing of the past. But so it was, and island rambles and fair Polynesian scenes were now to be numbered among other pleasant memories.

The vivid memory of those scenes brings painfully before me the utter poverty of my descriptions.

I have often envied the graphic powers of a certain author of whom a lady once said to me, after reading a book of travels by him, "It is so interesting that I really once or twice felt quite home-sick!" The sunset of that day, when we steamed from Kandavu, was as bright and gorgeous as ever, and the crimson and gold lustre streaming across the waves seemed to invite a journey to the islands in its track. But our way lay to the cold north, and the last we heard from those strange lands was the dull roar from the surf-beaten reef, the last sight we beheld was the soft tossing of the palm trees as they waved a friendly farewell.

THE END.

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